

# November Cosmopolitan

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More Than One Million Circulation,  
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Quickly  
Cleans and  
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Utensils



It's Free  
From  
Caustics  
and  
Acids  
Which are  
Dangerous  
In the  
Kitchen

# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *The Helpfulness of Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

COSMOPOLITAN does not believe that there will be dissent from its statement that the purposes and endeavors of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose lashing poems are a monthly feature, stand unmatched amid the work of all who are fighting for higher standards of life and conduct, fighting to keep America from the decay which overtook older civilizations.

The intelligent and appreciative understanding of what Mrs. Wilcox is doing is more than a source of pleasure to the editor of this magazine. It is with happiness that Cosmopolitan pays its own tribute of admiration to her by printing the following short and simple letter, one of the many sent to the magazine with requests that they be forwarded to the poet.

*I have read with deep interest two of your recent poems, and want to thank you for them—as every true woman in the country ought to—"A Son Speaks" and "War Mothers."*

*Why is it that as soon as nations become rich, licentiousness blossoms out like roses in the modern garden? What can be done to check it? I am an old, old lady, and have seen the changes in our country for eighty years.*

*Mrs. J. L. C.*

*Cleveland, Ohio.*



# L O V E

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

*Decoration by William de Leftwich Dodge*

DREAMING of love, the ardent mind of youth  
Conceives it one with passion's brief delights,  
With keen desire and rapture. But, in truth,  
These are but milestones to sublimer heights.  
After the highways, swept by strong emotions,  
Where wild winds blow and blazing sun-rays beat,  
After the billows of tempestuous oceans,  
Fair mountain summits wait the lover's feet.

The path is narrow, but the view is wide,  
And beauteous the outlook toward the west.  
Happy are they who walk there side by side,  
Leaving below the valleys of unrest,  
And, on the radiant altitudes above,  
Know the serene intensity of love.





THE LAST TOKEN  
BY GABRIEL MAX

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

It takes patience and time to make the untaught mind see that a Corot is superior  
to this painting of a beautiful Christian martyr



PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Cup of Gold and Enamel, called the Rospigliosi Coupe, by Benvenuto Cellini

(The collection given to the people by Benjamin Altman includes thousands of pieces. He paid more than \$200,000 for this small piece of marvelously fine workmanship)

# WASTED OPPORTUNITY

*By*  
*James Corbin*

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article deals with a very important matter—practical ways and means for the cultivation of good taste in art. Given the impulse—and we wish to believe that every human being possesses it in some degree—to acquire a right appreciation of the Beautiful, Mr. Corbin's strong protest against wasted opportunities in this direction is something for which there is real need in America to-day. His valuable suggestions must not be considered solely in regard to the famous museum which he uses as an example. We believe that in every community there can be found means of getting large numbers of people together with the object of fostering an interest in the highest forms of art, and opening the way into a wonderful self-created world that it will be a lifelong pleasure to dwell in. What do you think might be done under the conditions in which you live?

**W**E live in the day and in the land of waste. Enough to feed all the hungry in the United States is wasted three times over.

The vegetables wasted in our gardens equal those eaten. The fruit that rots on the ground would supply every poor child and its mother.

Millions and hundreds of millions of criminal waste disgrace this country every year.

The waste in wealth, in food, material waste, is as nothing to the waste of opportunity, starvation of the mind based on neglect of opportunity.

The sun sets and rises in the great cities;

## Wasted Opportunity

the moon shines and passes through its phases. More than half the population live and die without the inspiration of sunset or sunrise or the moon's beauty among the clouds. No wonder city minds are dull.

Parks are beautiful, and usually quite empty. They are there, but the people have not been taught to use them or enjoy them.

Of all the great opportunities that a republic is supposed to offer to the citizens, practically all are neglected except the greatest of all—the public school. There, the children go because the parents send them. And parents send them because the law compels them to send them.

### THE ONE PRECIOUS THING

The one precious thing in the world is knowledge. And we are so near the savage that it is necessary to have laws to compel the people to accept knowledge offered free, as it was once necessary by law to forbid cannibalism, and even the eating of human bodies that had died of the plague.

This is the age of unlimited production and of imperfect distribution. Our power to manufacture, the world's supply of wealth, all that the body and the mind need are unlimited. But the intelligence of the world has been devoted to selfish accumulation, none to unselfish distribution.

The water unlimited is in the oceans and lakes, but little effort is made to distribute it on the parched ground.

Knowledge is stored away in libraries; it is the business of government and philanthropy to pile one row of books above another—but nobody's business to get that knowledge into the millions of parched brains that need the irrigation of scientific fact and good literature.

We have wonderful museums of art and of natural history. Strangers wander through them because they must "see the sights of the city." But the city does not see them.

More than two and a half millions of human beings in intelligent Paris have never seen the inside of Notre Dame. More than four millions of human beings in less intelligent New York have never seen the inside of any museum or great library—opportunity wasted.

What will future centuries think of this

age that sees the great museums almost empty, and policemen with clubs beating crowds away from the body of a murderer electrocuted or of an unfortunate man lynched?

Those future ages will say what they ought to say—that this is in reality one of the dark ages, of which we speak in our ignorance so condescendingly, that we belong to the race of barbarians, being in our intelligence and knowledge of what is worth while far below the Greeks who lived twenty-five centuries before us.

### AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION

This article is written to give publicity to the suggestion that it is the duty of intelligent government and of intelligent citizens to make opportunity attractive, and raise the level of intelligence, by persuading, coaxing, inducing, tempting, everything but forcing, the people to appreciate and avail themselves of the opportunities that are offered to them.

The game of polo started in this way: An Indian ruler too lazy for exercise had unlimited faith in drugs. He was fortunate in his doctor, who told him that the drug he needed could be taken into the system only through the pores of his hands while he was perspiring. The drug was supposed to be contained in the handle of the polo-mallet. The prince played polo; got rid of his fat, and greatly praised the drug and the doctor.

In the hope that Americans might be led in some such way to avail themselves of opportunities presented, this suggestion is offered:

Let the city of New York give each week at least two excellent popular and free concerts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one on Sunday, and one on a week-day, perhaps Wednesday.

For one human being able to appreciate good music, there are a thousand who appreciate poor music. The percentage of those that appreciate good pictures is infinitely smaller. For the human race heard music of a certain kind from the beginning, and used its ears for pleasure long before it had learned to use its eyes.

Give concerts in the Metropolitan Museum; bring the people there to hear music that they like. Give them, with discretion, a little good music with a good deal of poor music. Gathering them to listen to the



ROAD OF TREES  
BY JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

*(Given to the people by Michael Friedsam in the name of Benjamin Altman)*

music, you will teach them to look at the pictures, educate them without hurting their feelings, inspire them without boring them, and make it really worth while for men of wealth and taste to dedicate their collections to the public.

There is in minds not entirely ruined the capacity to appreciate good music. They can gradually be educated away from the horror of "popular music" to the beauty of real music. So, if the people could be made to look at pictures, they might gradually go through a schooling that would lead them from interest in the lower forms of art to the best. And the Metropolitan Museum is admirably adapted to please them with low forms of art, and to complete their education with the higher examples. It is only necessary to turn the eyes of the people for a moment from moving pictures to pictures that last eternally.

#### OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED

It is pitiful to think that in this one metropolitan museum there are thousands of things that every human being in the city should see and understand, and that millions of human beings in this city never have seen, and never will see any of them.

For instance, one illustration in this article shows Benvenuto Cellini's wonderful salt-cellar of gold and enamel, called the *Rospigliosi Coupe*.

The quickest way to arouse American interest in this work of art is to say that for this single piece in the vast collection Benjamin Altman gave to the public, he paid more than two hundred thousand dollars.

At first, the crowd gathered by the suggested popular concerts would look upon Cellini's work, upon the wonderful carved sphinx with the pearls in her ears and on her breast, with as much concentrated understanding as they would lavish on an article in the window of a five-and-ten-cent store. But if the concerts were "good" according to their ears, and they returned often enough, they would learn Cellini's meaning of "pride in your work." Some guide would direct them to the "Life" of Benvenuto Cellini, which is the dime novel of artistic autobiography. From that they might pass to the life of Leonardo da Vinci or of Michelangelo, and, led at first by poor popular music, find themselves eventually interested in the world's real history and the world's real men.

Between "tunes by the band," the public might be persuaded to listen to brief lectures on art by such men as Bryson Burroughs and others officially connected with the museum.

Gently, patiently, they could explain to the primitive mind that there is as great a difference between Rembrandt and Botticelli as there is between Charley Chaplin and Bunny. With enough patience, interest could be aroused.

#### THE WAY TO DO IT

The crowd could be led first to interest itself in what the pictures cost, gradually to interest itself in the pictures themselves, and learn to know the difference, for instance, between the picture of the lady with the animals, which illustrates this article, and the pictures of the Barbizon school, which also illustrate it.

This picture of the lady and the animals, called "The Last Token," by Gabriel Max, is in the world of painting what "Home, Sweet Home" is in the world of music. It takes time and patience to teach an ordinary human being that a Beethoven sonata is really superior to "Home, Sweet Home" or "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." It takes the same patience and time to make the untaught mind see that a Corot is superior to this painting of a beautiful Christian martyr who forgets the tiger about to bite her, because she is interested in the person who threw the rose at her feet.

There is a whole gamut of possibilities in this one picture. The little boy will wonder whether the two animals to the left are fighting or only playing, and he will wonder, too, with keen interest, which part of the lady will first be bitten by the tiger coming out of the cage.

His sister sixteen years old will take it for granted that a good-looking young man threw the rose to the young lady. The mother will tell them both that undoubtedly the young lady's mother threw her the flower. Only affection for her mother could bring that expression into her face and make her forget the tigers so completely.

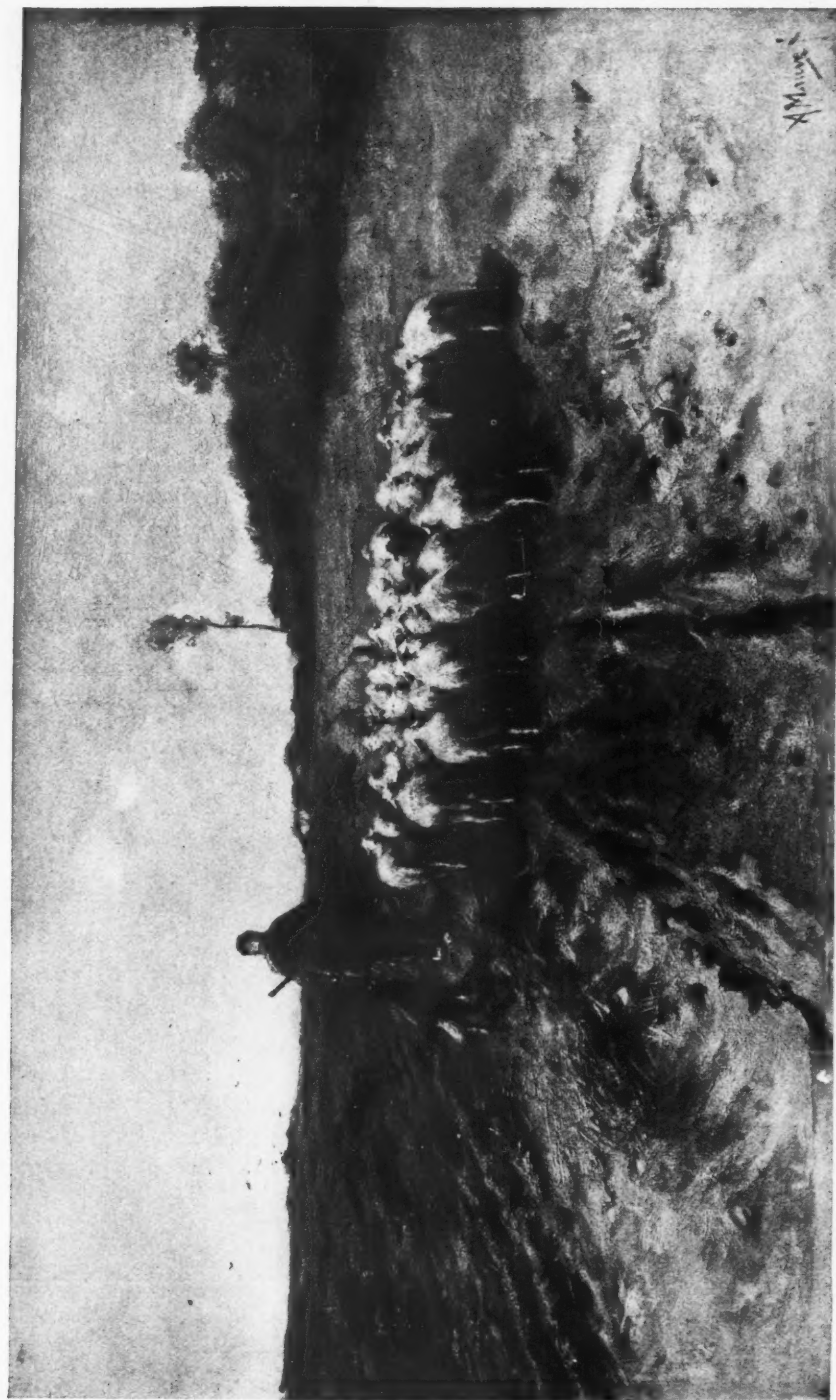
For the first year, and perhaps for the first several years, the crowds attracted by the music would only gather around pictures of the lady-and-the-tiger kind. But, as the ear becomes educated by hearing music that is good, so the eye learns



THE FERRYMAN  
BY JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT

FIGURE 1 OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

*(Given to the people by Michael Friedsam in the name of Benjamin Altman)*



THE RETURN TO THE FOLD  
BY ANTON MAUVE

*(Given to the people by Michael Friedsam in the name of Benjamin Allman)*

PROPERTY OF THE WASHINGTON BEQUE OF ART

CHANGING PASTURE  
BY ANTON MAUVE

*(Given to the people by Michael Friedsam in the name of Benjamin Altman)*

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





LANDSCAPE WITH STORKS  
BY CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

*(Given to the people by Michael Friedsam in the name of Benjamin Altman)*

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

gradually to like pictures that are good. Eventually a great chasm would be bridged, and many that came to hear ragtime would remain after the concert to study such pictures as the landscapes reproduced here, or better still, reproductions of the work of Michelangelo, the greatest artistic genius that has ever lived on this earth with two possible exceptions.

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world—

said one of the possible exceptions.

#### A SPLENDID MEMORIAL

The paintings from the Barbizon collection printed here illustrate admirably those two lines of Shakespeare. A good deed does shine far in this world. In the Metropolitan Museum catalogue every one of these illustrations of the Barbizon school, by Corot, Mauve, and Daubigny, are described as gifts of Benjamin Altman. As a matter of fact, all of them were given to the museum in memory of his friend, the great collector, by his associate, Michael Friedsam. The latter will perhaps not thank the writer for stating the facts as they are, but it is well, "*pour encourager les autres*," to let it be known that, inspired by a shining deed, a man is moved to give his choicest treasures to the public in the name of a dead friend and without taking any credit to himself. Mr. Friedsam has done that. If looking upon fine works of art inspires that spirit, it would be doubly useful to entice the public to the museum, where the poor paintings hang, wondering what has become of the crowd.

Good pictures are wasted; the people do not see them. Parks are wasted; people do not go to them. Libraries are wasted; the books are not read.

Concerts would take the people to the museum of art and to scientific collections in the other museums. The concerts should be supplied.

Concerts and other attractions could, and should, be devised to take the people to the parks, more games for the children, swimming-pools of salt water pumped from the ocean, pure and very cheap milk, and bread for the mothers and their children, private rooms and warm water for changing the children's clothes, and a place to put them to sleep.

The father who can give his children "advantages" sees to it that the advantages are not neglected. The republic that can give its children opportunities should see that the opportunities are not wasted, and should not scorn to devise plans that would make opportunities tempting. The problem of parks and museums is comparatively simple.

Put in the parks and museums music and other attractions that the people want, and they will go. Gradually they will learn to love the green fields and trees, the pictures and the scientific exhibitions for themselves.

The problem of the neglected libraries is more difficult.

How can you make people want to read?

How can you make the limited brain accept and absorb an overdose of knowledge?

Difficult question. The great library is to the human mind what the ocean is to the land. A cubic mile of ocean dropped upon the land would wash it away. The average good book is a cubic mile of knowledge. It crushes the ordinary mind with its excessive weight.

The ocean is good for the land when sun and wind have drawn it up, minus the salt, and sent it to the earth in small drops.

What the power of sun and wind does to the water in the ocean and for the irrigation of land, preachers, teachers, lecturers, magazines, newspapers should do for the knowledge that is in the good books, making it easily absorbed and scattering it in drops. That work must be slow.

#### SOMETHING YOU CAN DO

If you think it a good idea to interest the people in good things, do your share. Do not merely approve the idea.

If you are within reach of a good museum, take children, show them what is good, and make them see that it is good.

If you have not within reach any collection of paintings done by men, make the children see and appreciate the beauty in the clouds, the sunshine, the moonlight, the shadows on the grass, all the minute perfections of nature.

There are many ways of doing good to human beings, but the greatest thing you can do for a man is to teach him to use his own brain and to appreciate that which is beautiful.



Illustration by JOHN ALVIN WILLIAMS

"And I don't care if he does!" she cried. The old people were horrified and flabbergasted

# Golgotha

Mr. Morris, who seems to have a surer and more genuine feeling for the weird than any other living writer, quite surpasses himself in this remarkable tale. He takes us over into the days when the great war is finished. There are some stories you never forget; this, we venture to assert, is one of them.

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

**J**ULES PIPELIN was a vague sort of a dreamer. He was the kind of man who expects to get rich without doing any hard, steady work. He spent more than half his time in the Forest of Argonne looking for heaven knows what—gold, perhaps. But, of course, when the great war broke loose, he had to change his ways and work as hard and steadily as anybody else. We all said it would be the making of him if he didn't get shot. But his was a stubborn character. Some said that he had a drop of German blood.

All through the war he worked like a dog and fought like a lion, not because he loved France but because he loved fighting, and the minute it was over he took up his habit of loafing just where he had left off.

But he never again had the same poverty-stricken appearance of former days. There was always now a little money in his pocket, and a bit of something good to eat in his mother's larder. He still spent more than half his time in the Forest of Argonne, and he always came home smiling, looking, indeed, very much as a handsome tom-cat looks just after swallowing a mouse.

From having a little money in his pocket, he soon passed to having a little money in the bank. People said that, during the war, he must have enjoyed opportunities for stealing and made the most of them. It was rumored that he had valuables buried in the cellar of his mother's house.

After a year or so of continuing prosperity, he began to make little trips to Paris. "A man needs a little change now and then," he would say to some poor friend who worked twelve hours a day in one spot the year round.

He often came back from these trips with a handsome present for his mother and a headache for himself. "I have so many friends in Paris," he would say, "and they can't leave a fellow alone. And what would you? I am a good sport." This was the sum of his English.

Mimi Valons was the belle of our village. A robust, able, red-cheeked girl, full of fun and very beautiful. Pipelin had never paid any attention to her, nor she to him.

When the Germans came to our village, Mimi had a romantic time of it. Her father and mother dug a hole in the cellar of their house, made her lie down in it, and covered the opening with old boards and dirt and goose-feathers. Jules Pipelin was said to have advised this, just before the French withdrew from the village. But old man Valons always claimed the ruse as his own. "It wasn't," he explained, "that we were so much afraid of the Germans as of Mimi. That girl would make eyes at a superannuated Turk."

One day, a crowd of us was at the station when Pipelin arrived from one of his little trips to Paris.

"Hallo, people!" he cried. "How goes it? As for me, I have a perdition of a headache."

Then his eyes lighted on Mimi. She had a red ribbon in her hair, and it was as if Pipelin saw her for the first time.

"By St. Denys," he exclaimed, "there's a girl with power, and I never noticed it before! My dear Mimi, if you love mankind, put your hand on my forehead and take the ache away!"

Mimi came forward giggling and laid her brown, capable hand on his forehead. Then

we all giggled—all except Pipelin. He gave a great, long, happy sigh of relief.

"It is gone," he said, "like the Prussians."

After that episode, he was more often seen with Mimi than not. If he was lazy and a dreamer, he was also a strong, masterful man.

One day he went to see Mimi's parents. He approached them, groaning like an ox.

"What is the matter with you?" they asked.

"Alas," he said, "Mimi is no longer safe in this village! You had better hide her again in that hole in the cellar and cover the opening with old boards and dirt and goose-feathers."

The parents were greatly alarmed.

"What has happened?" they exclaimed.

"Who has threatened her?"

"I am threatening her," he said, "miserable, uncontrolled scapegrace that I am! And if she is not hidden from me, I shall eat her up."

Here Mimi, who had been listening behind the door, rushed out and threw her arms around Pipelin's neck.

"And I don't care if he does!" she cried.

The old people were horrified and flabbergasted.

"Better," exclaimed the old mother, "if she had suffocated when we laid her in the hole and covered the opening with old boards and dirt and goose-feathers!"

"Better she had never been born," cried the old father, "than not to care if a worthless loafer like Jules Pipelin were to eat her up!"

"You think too ill of us," said Jules, breaking into a laugh. "Spare yourselves all pain and anxiety. Even if Mimi thinks herself sick to death, I pronounce her out of danger. In short, we love each other, but I have come to say good-by forever. Take, Mimi, this paltry diamond ring in memory of me, and—"

"Hold on!" said the old father, and when he had examined the diamond in the ring, he said to Jules: "What's your hurry? A man ought not to hurry over his good-bys. And, furthermore, a diamond of this size would set a couple up in business."

"It is not always," said Pipelin, "that one hears wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Come, my dear people, will you hide Mimi in the cellar or will you advise her to accept a plain gold ring in addition to the one with the diamond?"

"Let's see it," said the old man.

It was twenty carats fine and very heavy.

"How I should love to see her eat with a silver fork from a porcelain plate!" said Pipelin wistfully. "And if she happened to marry me, that is one of the first things I should see her do."

"Mother," said the old man to his wife, "what do you think of all this?"

"Better and better," said the old woman, with a cackling like that of a whole poultry-yard. And, from that moment, they hardly let M. Jules Pipelin out of their sight until he was safely bound to Mimi by the sacred ties of matrimony.

They bought a dear little donkey, packed it with a load of good and useful things, and started for the Forest of Argonne, where they had announced that they would spend their honeymoon. They were gone ten days. When they came back, one of us said to Jules, "Well, my old, how did you pass the time?" and he answered, "Ask the donkey, my old."

That got to be their regular answer to everything.

"How do you make your money, my dear old?" they would say to Pipelin. And he would answer, "That, my very dear old, is a question which you would more properly address to the donkey."

Nobody in our village ever prospered half so fast as Pipelin and Mimi; and few grudged them their success. But it was a horrible example for the young. It is true that Mimi worked hard about her house and garden, as all our women do, but Pipelin never seemed to do a stroke. And he was always taking Mimi from her work to go on little honeymooning trips in the Forest of Argonne. They loved each other immensely. I have never seen but one husband and wife so eager even to touch each other.

Pipelin no longer made solitary trips to Paris; he took Mimi with him. And, just to heighten the romance of the thing, they used to pretend to the proprietor of the hotel where they stopped that they weren't married but were merely traveling together. They would come back smelling of perfume and tell us of theaters and dinners, of horse-races and boxing-matches, of great statesmen and generals whom they could have touched with their hands if they had wished to be so forward. And in the early night, if you passed by their house,

you could hear snatches of the newest songs on the oldest themes.

One day I was talking with a friend of mine, and she said,

"If I were a man, I'd hunt up the source of Jules Pipelin's wealth and get some of it."

"And where would you hunt?" I asked.

"Why, in the Forest of Argonne, ninny!" she answered. "With Pipelin and Mimi, a trip to the Forest is invariably followed by a trip to Paris, from which the return is gladdened by new clothes and ornaments and perfume. Do you know what I think?"

"No," I said; "but I believe I could find out for a penny."

"You could find out for less than that," said she, "if you had eyes in your head. That, however, is neither here nor there. I think that, somewhere in the Forest,

Pipelin has discovered some German paymaster's chest full of gold. More than one, perhaps. And, as I said before, if I were a man——"

"Fortunately," said I, "you are what you are. But if you weren't, you would——"

"I'd follow Pipelin on his next excursion. That's what I'd do."

"That," said I, "is because you don't know the Forest. Do you know that, from end to end and from side to side, it is one great graveyard? The dead lie cheek by jowl, French dead and Prussian dead. Some died of bullets, some of starvation; some died of being buried alive; others of being trampled on by retreating men and horses, others died of homesickness and despair. You cannot walk a dozen steps in the Forest without hearing the dry bones crack under your feet, without looking a skull in the eye-sockets."

"And what of it?" said my friend. "Do the skulls bite?"

"At night," I said, "the dead come out of their graves or out of the bushes where they lie unburied, and



I know that we stood looking at each other, and that I had one hand reached forward as if to touch her



groan and tell each other about their wounds."

"If Jules Pipelin faces that sort of thing, I should think you might."

"Ah, but Pipelin fought all through the Forest. He's one of them, you may say, though living. They wouldn't hurt him. He took the same chances that they did, Pipelin did, and they know it and respect him for it. It's different with me; I did garrison-duty in a fort and never even got shot at except once by a comrade who went mad, because of the inaction. So you see the dead don't know *me* from Adam. They don't know if I'm a good sort or not. And if this is not enough, Pipelin has Mimi. And it is well known that when two young people are really in love with each other, the dead leave them severely alone."

"So if you loved some one and were loved back, you wouldn't fear the Forest."

"I wouldn't fear hell. And I'd take that girl with me and follow Pipelin and find his treasure-chest and offer to share it with him."

"What a pity you *don't* love anyone, and aren't loved back!"

"We must follow them," whispered my wife. "of our sight," said I. And my wife said: "We we shall. Those two olds! And

At that moment, walking hand in hand and followed by their dear little donkey, and preceded by a strong smell of perfumery, along the street came Jules Pipelin and Mimi, his wife, heading for the Forest of Argonne. Pipelin carried a gun, Mimi a fishing-rod. They perceived us, where we stood among the bell-glasses, and Pipelin called out,

"Don't you wish *you* were married, good people, like us, and going on a jolly jaunt?"

And my friend shouted back,

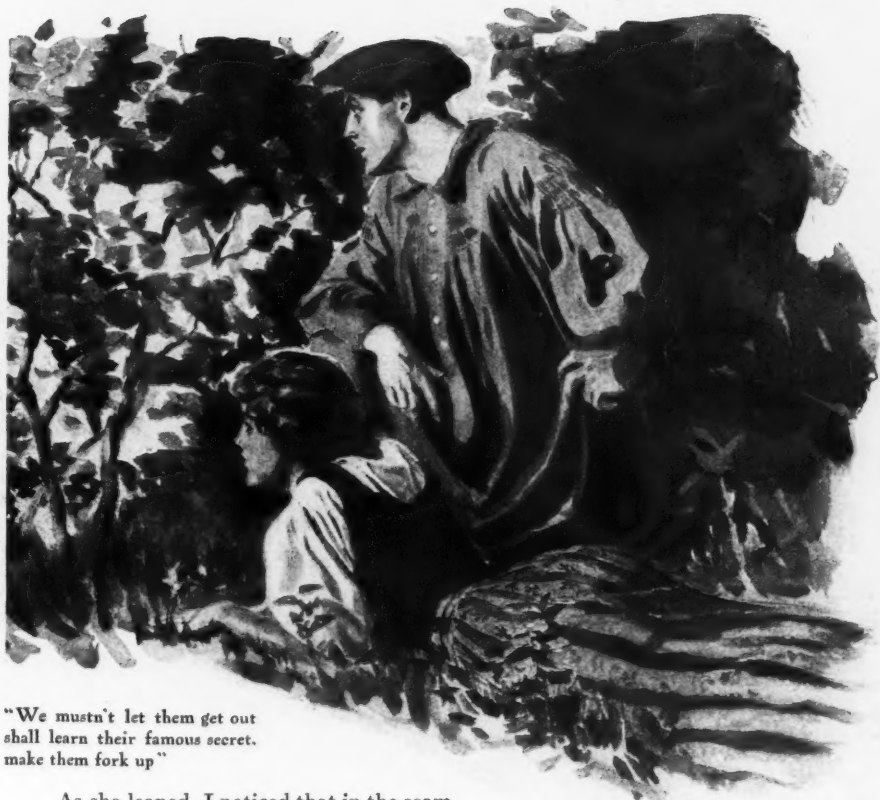
"Don't ask me, Pipelin; ask the donkey."

"Which donkey?" said Pipelin, and that made his wife laugh so hard that she almost fell down. When they reached the turn of the street, Pipelin called back over his shoulder: "Well, farewell, my olds! Think it over!"

My friend gazed after the retreating pair with a certain wistfulness, and she said,

"There will be a full moon to-night."

Then she leaned over and lifted a heavy bell-jar to cover a family of baby lettuces.



"We mustn't let them get out  
shall learn their famous secret.  
make them fork up"

As she leaned, I noticed that in the seam which attaches a girl's sleeve to her blouse a number of stitches were lacking, so that I had a narrow peep of skin as soft, white, and smooth as milk. I cannot explain why, but that little glimpse of her that I had never had before moved me to a sudden melting tenderness and pity. She was no longer the strong, able, romping, merry girl that I had seen grow up, but an exquisite embodiment of all that is precious and delicate. I could have howled aloud to think that she might one day be old, gray, wrinkled, and broken with sorrow. She seemed to me, at that moment, a fragile, appealing little child in trouble—a thing infinitely to be protected. Standing there, leaning wearily after the long day, but courageously, and covering the baby lettuce for the night, she seemed to me like some princess in a fairy-tale, whose body might easily be bruised by the falling petals of roses. Again she leaned, and then I spoke in a voice that was utterly strange to

us both, and she straightened up, immensely startled, and looked at me with round eyes full of wonder. I have never known what I said to her in the utterly strange voice. But I know that we stood looking at each other, and that I had one hand reached forward as if to touch her, as the sick reach out to touch the garment of the Pope. And I know that I trembled from head to foot, shaken equally by passion and compassion.

And she said, "Do you want me?"

And I said: "I want you! I want you!"

Then she said: "And I have always wanted you. And I would rather have you than the king of Spain or the president of France."

And I said: "I would go through the groaning Forest of Argonne, as through a field of flowers, merely to kiss dirt that had been under your feet."

Then our master called from the house,

"Why don't you get to work, you two, and finish covering up the baby lettuces for the night?"

And we answered: "Yes, sir, right away, sir; we were just going to."

But we whispered at our work, and touched hands now and then, and when all the baby lettuces were covered for the night, we gathered up the garden-tools and carried them to the dark tool-house that smelled of earth and tobacco and bone-meal, and then we made the discovery that until that moment our lives had been as nightmares to us, and that we had just waked up. And we discovered that of the millions of things there were to say we could say but one. And that, with the fleeting moments at our disposal, our first kiss took up too much time to permit of a second.

Then I took her to her house, holding her honest hand all the way, and then, giggling very much and simpering, as is customary at such times, we told her father and her mother all about ourselves, and received a pallid sort of blessing from them, and the gratuitous information that poverty gnaws the heart as a mouse gnaws cheese and that marriage is a lottery.

So as soon as we could get married, we got married. And the good old mayor of the village loaned us a dear little donkey, and we spent our honeymoon under the stars and the sun in the Forest of Argonne.

And that, I want to tell you, my dear olds, was *some* honeymoon!

## II

It seemed to us of much more moment that we two should be alive than that all those poor fellows should be dead. And sometimes I felt as if all the lost powers of love and tenderness of which those thousands and thousands of young hearts had been capable had returned from the stars and been gathered into my one breast.

We heard at night no ghostly groans—only a gentle murmuring of leaves, a lapping of water, the twittering of roosting birds, and, mayhap, now and then the beating of our own hearts. Waking, I have rested by the hour on one elbow to watch her placid, starlit face, and to listen to the music of her quiet breathing. And those were sweet hours. But sometimes I simply had to wake her, lest in sleep, which is so like

death, she should be ignorant of how much I loved her. To some persons in the deep sleep of night it is a torture to be wakened. But with her the transition was sudden and joyous like the lighting of a lantern, and she would say, her wide eyes laughing, "Well, my old, what is it?"

It is a long way from a peasant's blue blouse and a market-garden full of baby lettuces to a seat in the Academy of France and a ribbon of the Legion of Honor; but much may be done in this world by a man whose wife always wakes up smiling and says, "Well, my old, what is it?"

"What is it? It is only to tell you that I love you, lest, in the unconsciousness of sleep, you might have forgotten. It is only to tell you that, in all the starlight that there is upon the world, there is only the one face. It is only to tell you that you are my kingdom and my glory, and that your hands might be the better for a kiss apiece and your feet, too; that your hands and feet might be, by the merest modicum, the better, and my heart, by a great so much, the humbler and the more grateful."

Every morning she went to her bath in the river. Once I said,

"I would give my ears, my tongue—everything but my eyes, if I might, just once, be a pebble on the river-bank."

And she said, "Well, my old, why not?"

If Castile and both Americas belonged to me, I would freely give them sooner than that that first sight of her bathing in the golden brown pool of the river should be wiped from my mind. I only looked a little—such is worship. To have looked long would have been an act of desecration.

And then, one fine morning, we, who had forgotten all about them, beheld passing far off, at the end of a long forest glade, none other than Jules Pipelin, Mimi, his wife, and, trotting along behind them, their dear little donkey.

Pipelin shouldered a shovel, Mimi a pick.

Alas, my dear olds, the sordid exciting thoughts of buried treasure for a moment almost crowded the love from our hearts! That we continued to hold hands is true enough. But it was no longer the most rapturous and important matter in the world. It was the beginning rather of a habit—a good habit.

"We must follow them," whispered my wife.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALCORN WILLIAMS

Mimi, white as death itself—give her credit for that—breathed from her bottle with short, heavy breaths; but she drew closer to Pipelin, and over his shoulder looked keenly into the dead man's open mouth

"We mustn't let them get out of our sight," said I.

And my wife said: "We shall learn their famous secret, we shall. Those two olds! And make them fork up."

Crack! It was the arm-bone of a man, that I had stepped on and broken. Had they heard? We stood a while very still, listening, our hearts beating very loudly like the hearts of conspirators or of little children who are called upon to recite in school for the first time. Then there was borne back to us through the Forest, first a whiff of eau de Cologne and then a sweet, quavering snatch of Pipelin's gay voice:

*"Gai, lon, là, gai le rosier du joli mois de mai."*

And we followed after them, guided now by snatches of song, now by the bursts of laughter, now by our own cleverness in seeing without being seen, and now by pure chance.

"Only think," said my wife, "it may be that we shall never have to put the baby lettuces to bed again!"

And it seemed to me, in those moments, that gold luckily and speedily acquired was more desirable than the opportunity, the health, and the pluck to do honest labor in the lap of God.

We were entering a part of the Forest of Argonne where the fighting had been very severe, where so many trees had been shot through and through, felled, and smashed, that it seemed a wonder any should remain standing, untouched, and umbrageous. Where so many bones lay bleaching, it seemed a wonder that one could walk without treading on them. For here the French and the Prussians had gone forward and back, and forward and back, and forward and back in the death-struggle—the dead and the wounded, the cannons and small arms falling from the armies like drops of sweat from the bodies of two gladiators. Here the trees lay upon each other like a problem in jackstraws; here was an excellent museum of arms. There are not in this world enough curiosity seekers to make an impression on the stores which have been scattered in the Forest of Argonne. One gets sick of picking up rifles and sabers, canteens, belt-buckles, metal letters, pistols, and bayonets.

Pipelin and Mimi were going through a little cut between two hills, and we were

above, looking down on them through a fringe of bushes. Suddenly Mimi stooped down and picked up a skull; Pipelin broke short off in the midst of a song, took the skull from her hands, examined it briefly and cast it from him with an expression of contempt. The skull lay fair in their path and, as she came up to it, Mimi paused and, with a heavy kick of her stout right shoe, broke it to pieces. It might have been the skull of a jackal or hyena for all the respect she showed it. She acted as if she were angry with that poor skull that had once contained human aspirations, passions, talents, tendernesses, perhaps, and a sense of decency.

We had to lose sight of them for a while or be seen ourselves. And here was where chance favored us, for there was a sudden cessation of all their laughing and singing; they passed over a rocky area upon which their feet left no mark, and it came to guessing as to which way they had gone. We guessed down-hill instead of up, which was the natural thing to do, all other considerations being even, and were rewarded, half an hour later, by the sound of a pick being worked in gravelly ground.

They were hard at work digging into the side of one of those funeral mounds with which the Forest of Argonne is so well and dismally furnished. But for the shade of one huge oak tree, the mound and the Pipelins were in the open. There was a curious thing about that oak—a great shell had passed clean through the trunk, so that you wondered why the top did not die and the tree fall. The tree seemed to be in a state of perfect equilibrium. I had the feeling that the slightest push with my hands would be enough to knock it down.

Pipelin was in his shirt-sleeves, picking away with immense energy, the sweat pouring from him. Mimi stood a little to one side, a tint paler than usual. She had in one hand a stumpy green-glass bottle with a glass stopper. It appeared to contain lumps of sugar submerged in a colorless liquor. As we looked, she pulled out the stopper, lifted the bottle to her nostrils, and drew in a deep, full breath.

It was at this moment that Pipelin dropped his pick, leaned into the opening which he had made, took a two-hand hold on what appeared to be a bundle of dirty old clothes, and began to jerk at it. The old

clothes and that which they contained came slowly and reluctantly.

The open forest floor, the sun and the rain, the ants and the flies, the crows and the rodents, heat and cold—these things are merciful to the dead. In the more equal condition of the grave, the transitions are slower and more horrible. That thing which Pipelin had in his hands was still a human head; that thing which he was silently wrenching open was still a human mouth. Mimi, white as death itself—give her credit for that—breathed from her bottle with short, heavy breaths; but she drew closer to Pipelin, and over his shoulder looked keenly into the dead man's open mouth.

It was at this moment that the old oak tree, shot through the trunk, cracked like a cannon-shot and fell over on them. I know not why, unless God had urged it to guard the dead in the mound.

Every leaf leaped and shook and was still. From under the huge green top there came, for a few moments, a kind of squealing such as a rat makes in the mouth of a terrier.

They were dead as stones, the two of

them—the two olds. It was I that found this out. My wife could not go near, because of the other corpse. As for me, I got away from that dreadful proximity as quickly as I could. And no one could have driven me back to it but my wife. She had noticed, slung from Pipelin's shoulders by a strap, a sack like those in which salt is sold, and, in the midst of all the horror, her woman's curiosity wanted to know what was in that sack. My dear olds, it contained several pounds of gold fillings dug from dead men's teeth! And we were both deathly sick at the stomach.

It is good to have labored with baby lettuces in the lap of the Lord; it is good to have prospered slowly and honestly.

Just one thing more: One day, my beloved was suddenly indisposed.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Are you still thinking of Pipelin and Mimi and how they got rich?"

"No, I'm not," she said.

"Then what ails you?"

"My dear old," she said, and she was between panic and laughter, "I think you had better ask the donkey."

## Samuel Merwin

Author of the popular novels, "The Honey-Bee," "Anthony the Absolute," and "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin,"

will write **exclusively** for **Cosmopolitan** henceforth.

This brilliant young American novelist will make his appearance as an entertainer before his new public in **December Cosmopolitan** through the medium of the first of a series of short stories of New York life.

Mr. Merwin has coined a new word to fit a metropolitan type of human beings evolved by modernity.

"**Trufflers**" he calls them. They are hunters for delicacies—truffle-hunters—and they hunt selfishly and constantly. There are both he Trufflers and she Trufflers. Both seek emancipation from obligations and responsibilities. New York swarms with Trufflers.

They have been a fascinating study to Mr. Merwin, and now they have lent themselves as fascinatingly to his genius p.n. A diverting group of Trufflers truffles through every episode of the series, but each episode is a complete short story. A splendid girl moves vitally among the Trufflers. You will want to know why she is there.

The first episode of *The Trufflers* will be *The Broadway Thing* (December **Cosmopolitan**).

A word concerning Mr. Merwin, not our own but that of the *Book News Monthly* (February, 1915):

"In Samuel Merwin we are approaching the long-desired result, the psychological novelist who reveals to us the hidden drama of the mind in the setting of an absorbing and even adventurous story."

So **Cosmopolitan** believes.



FRANK CRAD

The girl Philippa—straight and slim in her girlish gown of white

(The Girl Philippa)

# The Girl Philippa

## *A Strange Adventure in Love and War*

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Business of Life," "Athalie," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

**SYNOPSIS**—James Warner, an American painter living in Paris, has a summer art school of young women, which he calls the "harem," at Sais, which is not far from Ausone in northeastern France. On the morning of July 31, 1914, he is in the latter town where he is approached by a stranger, a young Englishman named Halkett, who asks him if he will take temporary charge of an envelop, for the possession of which several murderous attempts have been made upon Halkett's life since he arrived in Europe a few days before.

Certain events leading up to this unusual request must be mentioned. The American government had agreed to disclose to the British government the secret of a piece of ammunition known as the Harkness shell, when a set of the plans and formulae of the shell were stolen at Washington. Immediately thereafter, two Englishmen, Halkett and Gray, posing as tennis-players from New Zealand, sail from New York for Belgium. They are trailing two Germans who are on the same ship. Arriving at Antwerp, the Englishmen gain access to the Germans in their hotel room. Shortly afterward, the latter are found tied with rope and gagged, and Halkett and Gray have disappeared. They part company—Halkett by train, and Gray on a motor-cycle. Each of the men has documents in his possession.

Halkett, without entering into explanations, tells Warner that his mission is to deliver the envelop and contents in London, and that, in view of the desperate attempts made by unknown men to take it from him, he has decided to ask the great favor of Warner, whom he feels he can trust. Warner, who is young and not averse to exciting adventure, agrees to do what the stranger asks.

The two men visit a café and cabaret (Cabaret de Biribi) kept by one Con Wildresse, a man of shady reputation who is a spy in the pay of the French government. He has been notified to look out for two men, probably Germans, carrying stolen documents, who may appear in his vicinity. The cashier of the café is a young girl whom Wildresse has brought up and who passes as his daughter—although she is not—but knows nothing of her origin. Philippa, for that is her name, has many attractions and is used to good purpose by her employer in his work of espionage—a business which she loathes. Warner, attracted to Philippa, makes her acquaintance with Wildresse's approval, and, after a while, they leave the crowded cabaret and go in a punt on the river. The young painter finds the girl to be frank and ingenuous, and he is satisfied that she is virtuous. He promises to make a sketch of her sometime. When they return to the café, Wildresse is angry because the girl has gathered no information from Warner, who, with Halkett, presently prepares to depart. As they start, Philippa utters a warning cry. A man behind Halkett suddenly passes a silk handkerchief across his throat and jerks him backward while two other men thrust their hands into his breast-pockets, but Warner is now carrying the envelop which they are evidently seeking.

In the ensuing excitement, Halkett shakes off his assailants and gets away safely in Warner's company. They set out for Sais in a dog-cart and, on the way, are overtaken and fired upon from a touring car containing four men. But they again escape by luring the motor-car into a swamp, where it is mired. Arrived at Sais, Halkett talks with some one over the telephone. The next morning, he tells Warner that the man with whom he has talked is on his way to Sais. (But that night, this man, riding a motor-cycle, is shot by four men in a touring car.) Warner puts the envelop on a canvas, covers it with a quarter-inch layer of Chinese white, and says that he will paint over it. A letter comes addressed to Warner, but it is for Halkett. It is in cipher and conveys the information that war is sure and admonishes Halkett to hide. In Sais, two Sisters of Charity have a school for the children of the quarrymen. One is Sister Eila, a beautiful Irishwoman. Warner and Halkett visit the school. Sister Eila shows the latter a poster advertising a soap, which one of the children has torn from a wall. Halkett sees that the poster is intended to convey military information to an invading army, and dictates a letter to the chief of the General Staff of the French army (which Sister Eila signs), describing the posters and advising their immediate removal. The young nun takes a vow of silence as to the source of the information. Halkett then steps to the doorway, and as he appears there, a shot rings out, knocking stucco and plaster from the wall beside him.

**H**ALKETT shrank back flat against the wall and slipped swiftly inside the house. A thick veil of lime dust, gilded by the sunlight, hung across the open doorway. Crumbs of plaster and mortar still fell to the schoolroom floor. Through the heated silence of early afternoon, he could hear the distant cries of the children from their playground. There was no other sound; nothing stirred; nobody came.

If Warner had noticed the shot at all, no

doubt he supposed it to be the report of some premature piece. To the furtive, Vosges poacher, no close season exists.

Halkett slowly turned his head and saw Sister Eila behind him. She had risen from her chair at the desk; now she came slowly forward, her deep-gray eyes fixed on him. But before she could take another step, he laid his hand firmly on her wide blue sleeve and forced her back into the room.

"Keep away from that door," he said quietly.

"Did somebody try to kill you?" she asked. Her voice was curious, but perfectly calm.

"I think so. Don't show yourself near that door. They might not be able to distinguish their target at such a range."

"They? Who are 'they'?"

"Whoever fired. I must ask you again to please keep out of range of that doorway—"

"The shot came from the river willows across the fields, did it not?" she interrupted.

"I'm very sure of it. You need not feel any anxiety for the children, Sister; I am going. There'll be no more shots."

"There is a door at the back by the kitchen yard, Mr. Halkett. They will not see you if you leave that way."

He stood thinking for a while; then:

"On your account, and on the children's, I'll have to show myself again when I leave the house, so that there'll be no mistake about my identity. Don't move until after I have gone some distance along the road. And please say to Mr. Warner that I've returned to the inn for luncheon."

"There is a door in the rear. You must not show yourself."

"Indeed, I must. Otherwise, they might mistake you or Sister Félicité or one of the children for me—"

"Mr. Halkett!" He had already started.

"Yes?" he replied, halting and glancing back, and found her already at his elbow.

"Why were you shot at?" she asked. "I desire to know."

He looked her straight in the eyes.

"I can't tell you why, Sister."

"You say you are English and that you are a friend to France. If that is true, then tell me *who* shot at you. Do you know?"

"In a general way, I suppose I do know."

"Do you not trust a French Sister of Charity sufficiently to tell her?"

"What man would not trust a daughter of St. Vincent de Paul!" he said pleasantly.

"Then tell me. Perhaps I already guess. Has it to do with your knowledge of German advertisements?"

He was silent.

"You are evidently a British agent." Her deep-gray eyes grew more earnest. "You are *more*!" she said, clasping her hands with sudden conviction. "I suspected it the first time I saw you—"

"Please do not say to anybody what it is that you suspect—"

"You are a British officer!" she exclaimed.

"Sister Eila, you could do me much harm by mentioning to others this belief of yours, or anything concerning this affair. And—do you remember that you said you trusted me?"

"I said it; yes."

"Do you still have confidence in me?"

Their eyes met steadily.

"Yes," she said; "I believe you to be a friend to France and to me."

A slight flush edged the snowy wimple which framed the lovely oval of her face.

"I *am* your friend, and I am a friend to France. I say that much to you. I say it because of what you are, and because—you are *you*. But ask me no more, Sister. For men of my profession there are confessionals as secret and as absolute in authority as those which shrive the soul."

He hesitated; his eyes shifted from her to the fresh flowers on the desk which they had both gathered; he reached over and drew a white blossom from the glass.

"May I take it with me?"

She bent her head in silence.

Then he turned to go through the deadly doorway, carrying his flower in his hand; but, as he walked out into the sunshine, Sister Eila stepped swiftly in front of him, turned on the door-step, screening him with extended arms.

"This is the best way," she said. "They ought to see quite clearly that I am a Sister of Charity, and they won't fire at me."

But he tried to push her aside.

"Stand clear of me, for God's sake!" he said.

"Wait—"

"Sister, are you insane?"

"You must be; Mr. Halkett—"

"Keep away, I tell you—"

"Please don't be rough with me!"

He tried to avoid her, but her strong young hands had caught both his wrists.

"They won't shoot at a Sister of Charity," she repeated. "And I shall not permit them to murder you. Be reasonable! I am not afraid." She held on to his wrists, keeping always between him and the distant glimmer of the river. "I shall walk to the road with you this way. Don't try to shake me off; I am strong, I warn you!" She was even laughing now. "Please do not

wriggle! Only schoolboys wriggle. Do you suppose I am afraid? Since when, *monsieur*, have Sisters of Charity taken cover from the enemies of France?"

"This is shameful of me——"

"You behave, as I have said, like a very bad schoolboy, Mr. Halkett."

He tried vainly to place himself between her and the river, but could not disengage her grasp without hurting her. Then, over his shoulder, he saw three men come out of the river willows.

"You shall *not* take this risk," he insisted. "Please listen——"

"I take no risk worth mentioning. It was you who would have walked out to face their fire—with that smile on your lips and a flower in your hand! Did you think that a Gray Sister would permit that? *Soyez convenable, monsieur*. They will not fire while I am walking beside you." She looked over her shoulder. One of the men by the willows was raising a rifle.

They reached the highway at the same moment, and the roadside bank sheltered them. Here she released his arm.

"I beg you to be a little reasonable," she said. "You must leave Saïs at once. Promise me, Mr. Halkett——"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Sister, if I am really a soldier, as you suppose me to be, perhaps I have—*orders*—to remain at Saïs."

"Have you?" she asked frankly.

He turned and looked at her.

"Yes, little comrade."

"That is really serious."

"It must not cause you any anxiety. I shall wriggle, as you say, out of this mess when the time comes. I may start to-night."

"For London? Do you wriggle as far as that?"

He said gravely:

"You know more about me now from my own lips than I would admit, even prompted by a firing-squad. I trusted you even before you faced death for me on that door-step a moment ago. Did you see that man come out of the willows and level his rifle at us?"

She said tranquilly,

"We daughters of St. Vincent de Paul never heed such things."

"I know you don't; I know what are your traditions. Many a Sister of your

order has fallen under rifle- and shell-fire on the battle-fields of the world; many have died of the pest in hospitals; many have succumbed to exposure. The history of modern war is the history of the Gray Sisters. What you have just done, as a matter of course, is already part of that history. And so"—he looked down at her crucifix and rosary—"and so, Sister and comrade, I shall tell you what it would not be possible for me to admit to any other living soul in France. Yes; I *am* a British officer on special and secret duty. I left the United States two weeks ago. Trouble began in Holland. I am now on my way to London. Orders came to-day, halting me at Saïs. Enemies of France are annoying me—people who are becoming more desperate and more determined as the hours pass and the moment approaches swiftly when they can no longer hope to interfere with me. That moment will come when war is declared. It will be declared. I shall be very glad to arrive in England. Now I have told you almost everything, Sister Eila. My honor is in your keeping; my devotion is for my own country, for France—and for you."

"I have made one vow of silence," she said simply. "I shall make another—never to breathe one word of this."

"You need not. Just say to me that you will not speak."

Her lovely face became as solemn as a child's.

"I will not speak, Mr. Halkett."

"That settles it," he said. "If it lay with me, I'd trust you with every secret in our War Office." He checked himself, hesitated, then: "Sister Eila, if anything happens to me, go to Mr. Warner and ask him for *that envelop*. There are sure to be British soldiers in France before very long. Give that envelop to some British officer."

After a moment she laughed.

"Englishmen are odd—odd! They are just boys. They are delightful. I will do what you ask. And there is your inn. Am I tired? *I? Vous plaisantez, monsieur!* But, Mr. Halkett, what would be the object in your walking back with me? I should only have to walk back here again with you. It would continue *ad infinitum*."

They both laughed.

"When trouble finally comes and if I am hit, I pray I may lie in your ward," he said gaily. Her smile faded.

"I shall pray so, too," she said.

"I'd feel like a little boy safe in his own nursery," he added, still smiling.

"I am—happy—to have you think of me that way." Her smile glimmered anew in her eyes. "I should be a devoted nurse."

She made him a friendly little signal of adieu and turned away.

Hat in hand he stood looking after the gray-blue figure under the snowy head-dress.

At the turn of the road she looked back, saw him still standing there, and again from the distance she made him a pretty gesture of caution and of farewell. Then the grassy bank hid her from view.

At the Inn of the Golden Peach, Warner's "harem" was already lunching. Through the open windows of the dining-room came a discreet clatter of tableware and crockery, and a breezy, cheery tumult like the chatter in an aviary.

Halkett, not fancying it, went around the house to the quiet garden. Here he wandered to and fro among the trees or stood about aimlessly, looking down at the flower-beds where, kneeling beside Sister Eila, he had aided her to fill her ozier basket. Later, Warner found him seated under the arbor with Ariadne on his knee; and, a few moments afterward, the maid Linette served their luncheon.

Neither of the young men was very communicative, but after the dishes and cloth had been removed, and when Halkett, musing over his cigarette and coffee, still exhibited no initiative toward conversation, Warner broke the silence.

"What about that shot?" he asked bluntly.

"What shot?"

"Don't you want to talk about it?"

Halkett glanced up, amused.

"Well, I suppose there was no hiding that bullet-hole and the plaster dust from Sister Félicité."

"Of course not. Who was it fired at the school? Or was it at you?"

"Didn't you ask Sister Eila?"

"I did. She absolutely refused to discuss it, and referred us both to you. It was no accident, was it?"

"No."

"Somebody tried to get you?"

"It rather looked that way."

"Our friends in the gray car, of course," concluded Warner.

"Not necessarily. *They* have other friends who might be equally attentive to me. I don't know who shot at me. There were three of them over by the river."

"Well, Halkett, don't you think you had better remain indoors for a while?"

"I'd better, I suppose." He laughed.

"Honestly, I'm sick of being shot at."

But Warner did not smile.

"Do you promise to stay indoors?" he insisted.

"I'll see. Perhaps."

"Don't you think it advisable for you to carry some sort of a firearm—one of my automatics, for example?"

"Thanks, old fellow! I think I'll do that, if you can spare a section of your artillery for a day or two."

Warner promptly fished an automatic out of his hip-pocket, and Halkett took it.

"So I'm to do the Wild West business, after all," he said gaily. "Right you are, old chap!—I know how it's done; I've read about it in your novels. You wait till your enemy takes a drop; then you get the drop." He laughed at his British joke. And, having no hip-pocket, he stowed away the lumpy bluish weapon in a side pocket of his coat.

"Now, don't let me interfere with your daily routine," he continued. "I shall do very well here in the arbor while you lead your 'harem' toward the Olympian heights."

"Sometimes I feel like pushing 'em off those cliffs," muttered Warner. "All right; I fancy you'll be snug enough in the garden, here with Ariadne, till I return. We shall have the whole house to ourselves after dinner. The 'harem' migrates to Ausone for overnight, as I told you. So if you'll amuse yourself—"

"I shall be quite comfortable, thanks. If anybody climbs the wall to pot me, we'll turn loose on 'em this time—won't we, old girl?" caressing Ariadne, who had returned to his knee.

Half an hour afterward, Warner went away in the wake of the "harem;" and at the end of the second hour he gave them a final criticism before they started for Ausone.

Much good it did them, but they adored it; they even adored his sarcasms. For the "harem" truly worshiped this young man—a fact of which he remained uncomfortably conscious, timidly aware that



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Again from the distance she made him a pretty gesture of caution and of farewell

## The Girl Philippa

warier men than he had been landed by maidens less adept than they. So it was with his usual sense of deep relief that he saluted the "harem," picked up his own kit and canvases, and wandered at hazard through a little poplar grove and out of it on the other edge.

A wild meadow, deep with tasseled grasses and field-flowers, stretched away before him, where swallows sailed and soared and skimmed—where blue lupin, *bouton d'or*, meadowsweet, and slender, silvery stems crowned with Queen Anne's lace grew tall, and the heliotrope perfume of hidden hawkweed scented every fitful little wind.

But what immediately fixed his attention was a distant figure wading waist-deep amid the grasses—a slim, brilliant shape, which became oddly familiar as it drew nearer, moving forward with light and boyish grace, stirring within him vaguely agreeable recollections. Then, in spite of her peasant's dress, he recognized her; and he walked swiftly forward to meet her. The figure out there in the sunshine saw him coming, and lifted one arm in distant recognition and salute. They met in mid-meadow, Warner and the girl Philippa.

Her short skirt and low peasant-bodice had faded to a rose-geranium tint; her white chemisette, laced with black, was open wide below the throat. Black-velvet straps crossed it on the shoulders and around the cuffs. Her hair was tied with a big black-silk bow.

"How in the world did you come to be here?" he asked, not yet releasing the eager, warm little hands so frankly clasped between both of his.

Philippa laughed with sheerest happiness.

"*Figurez-vous, monsieur*; I have been punting since early morning, and when I found myself so near to Saïs, I was ready to drop with heat and fatigue. '*Mais n'importe! Allons!*' I said to myself. 'Courage, little one! Very soon you shall see Mr. Warner painting a noble picture by the river!' And then—" she tightened her clasp on his hands with an adorable laugh—"here we are together! And I am very happy—and very tired."

"But, Philippa, how in the world do you propose to get back to Ausone to-night?"

She shrugged, looked up as though protesting to the very skies.

"I have this instant arrived, and his

first inquiry is concerning my departure! That is not a very friendly welcome."

"Philippa, I am glad to see you."

"It is time you said so."

"I thought you understood."

The girl laughed.

"I understand how glad I am to see you!" She looked about her in the sunshine, and touched a tall blossom of Queen Anne's lace with outstretched fingers.

"How heavenly beautiful is this world of God!" she said, with that charming lack of self-consciousness which the skies of France seem to germinate even in aliens. "I am very glad to see you," she repeated abruptly, "and I am awaiting the expression of your sentiments."

"Of course I am glad to see you, Philippa."

"That makes me quite happy." She smiled on him and then looked curiously at his painting-kit. "If you will choose your picture," she added, "I will sit beside you and watch you at your painting. It will be agreeable. We can converse."

So he chose a ferny spot at the wood's edge, pitched his field-easel and camp-stool, and opened his color-box. Philippa seated herself cross-legged on the short grass beside him, gathering both slim ankles into her hands. While he was fussing with his canvas, she sang to herself blithely, radiantly contented, rocking herself to and fro to the rhythm of her song:

"*Hussar en vedette,*  
What do you see?  
The sun has set,  
And a voice is calling me  
Across the Récollette,  
Where the scented rushes fret  
In the May wind's breath—  
*Et garde à vous, Hussar!*  
'Tis the voice of Death!"

"*Hussar en vedette*  
What do you see?  
The moon has set,  
And a white shape beckons me  
Across the Récollette,  
Where the scented rushes fret  
In the night wind's breath—  
*Et garde à vous, Hussar!*  
'Tis the shape of Death!"

Singing away with the serene unconsciousness of a bird, rocking her lithe young body and watching his every movement out of wide gray eyes, Philippa assisted at the artistic preparations with great content.

"To squeeze color from tubes must be

amusing," she remarked. "I like to squeeze out tooth-paste."

"I am very sure," said Warner, "that you accomplish more charming results with your tooth-paste than I do with my colors."

The girl laughed, showing her snowy teeth.

"Do you find them pretty, *monsieur*?"

"Quite perfect, and therefore in keeping with the remainder of you, Philippa."

"He really seems to mean it," she said, addressing a grasshopper which had alighted on her knee. And, to Warner, "Is my face sufficiently scrubbed to suit you?"

He glanced down at her.

"You have kept your word, haven't you?"

"*Ma fois!* My word is my word. Listen: I came to Saïs to see you, and partly because I have something to show you. It concerns your friend, I think."

"Mr. Halkett?"

"Yes. After the fight in our cabaret there was much excitement, but when you had disappeared, and before the *agents de police* and the gendarmes arrived, I found on the floor under the overturned table a portfolio. In that portfolio was part of an unfinished letter. It is written in German. I could not read it, but, studying it, I recognized Mr. Halkett's name written several times. So I said nothing to anybody, and I have brought it. Here it is."

She drew from her bosom a small leather pocketbook.

"Before you examine it," she continued, "I ought to tell you what really happened at the cabaret. Those men who attacked Mr. Halkett were in the employment of Monsieur Wildresse."

"What!" exclaimed Warner.

"It is true. I was furious when I noticed them creeping up behind him. I realized instantly what they meant to do, and I cried out—too late. You ought to be told about this. Therefore, I came here to tell you. And I desire to tell you more. The three men who were seated across the hall and who attempted to pick a quarrel with Mr. Halkett, were provocative agents—German. The *patron* knew them and interfered. Besides, he had his own ideas and his own ends to serve just then.

"But I saw those three German agents whisper to a fourth—a stranger. And that man came and seated himself with three other men directly behind Mr. Halkett, while you were talking to me——"

"Philippa," Warner interrupted, with blunt impatience, "I don't understand all this that you are saying to me. Give me that letter, if it concerns Mr. Halkett."

The girl colored painfully.

"Please don't speak rudely to me."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to speak roughly. Please continue."

"Yes; it is better you should know what happened before you read this letter. Well, then, the men who attacked Mr. Halkett naturally got away; the *patron* attended to that. Naturally, also, he desired to have people believe that the German agents were responsible for the fight, and they were, therefore, detained by Monsieur Wildresse and were asked for an explanation. Then they declared that Mr. Halkett was a British spy, and that they were Belgian police agents with full authority to arrest him in France—which was a lie, of course, but it served its purpose by increasing the tumult."

"Did they say that they were Belgians?"

"Yes; I heard them. They lied. There was much confusion and shouting—everybody crowding around and disputing. The three Germans pushed their way toward the door; nobody knew whether or not to stop them." She shrugged. "They were gone before people could make up their minds. And, as usual, the police came in too late. Now you know all there is to tell."

Warner laid aside his brushes, looked curiously at the portfolio which she held out to him, hesitated, then opened it and drew out three pages of a letter in German but written in English script. Evidently it was an unfinished fragment of a letter. He translated it rather freely and without any great difficulty.

—were followed from New York by this man, Halkett, and a companion of his named Gray. Disembarking at Antwerp and going immediately to room No. 23 in the Hôtel St. Antoine, according to instructions, we walked directly into a trap, prepared for us, no doubt, by a wireless message sent from the steamer by the individual, Halkett. Schmidt was knocked flat on his back and lay unconscious; I, they hurled violently onto the bed. My face was covered with a pillow; my legs and arms were held as in a vise, while they ripped my clothing from me and then literally tore it to shreds in their search for the papers I carried.

In the lining of my vest they found the information and drawings which we had been at such pains and dangers to secure from the Yankee War Department. And now the Yankee government will find out who has been robbing it.

Unless we can overtake these individuals, Hal-

kett and Gray, the loss to us must be irreparable, as we dared not study the plans and formula on board ship, or even venture to trust in the security of our stateroom, believing that British agents might be on board and watching. God knows they were.

I regret deeply that we did not suspect Halkett and Gray.

Also, the ship's officers, crew, stewards, wireless operator—all evidently were our enemies and in willing collusion with these two Englishmen.

Gray, on his motor-cycle, left Antwerp for Brussels. We shall watch him and prevent his meeting Halkett in France. We fear they have divided the papers between them.

Our orders are to use our own discretion. Therefore, I repeat that Gray shall not live to meet Halkett.

As for Halkett, he undoubtedly has some of the papers on his person. We missed him in Holland by accident; we unfortunately failed in the city of Luxemburg, because he was too crafty to cross the viaduct but slept that night in a water-mill under the walls in the lower city.

We traced him to Diekirch, but missed him again twice, although Schmidt, who was posted further along on the narrow-gage line, fired at him as a last resort. For, as you point out, it is better that France comes into possession of the Harkness shell than that the British admiralty should control it. The very existence of our fleet is now at stake. France is slow to accept foreign inventions; but England is quick as lightning.

So, if necessary, we shall take extreme measures in regard to Halkett and Gray, and stand the chances that we may secure their papers and get back to Berlin before the French police interfere.

And if we fail to get away, well, at least England shall not profit by the Harkness shell.

Meier and Hoffman are following Gray. We are now leaving for Ausone, and hope to find Halkett somewhere in that vicinity.

I am writing this with difficulty, as the road is not what it ought to be, and the wind is disconcerting. Esser is acting as chauffeur—

And there the letter ended.

## XII

PHILIPPA was plaiting grass stems when he finished his examination of the letter. And while she deftly braided *boutons d'or* among the green blades, she continued under her breath the song of the vedette.

At length, seeing that he had finished, she tossed aside the flowering rope of grass, set her elbows on her knees, her rounded chin on her hands, and regarded him inquiringly, as though, for the moment, she had done with childish things.

"It is a letter which urgently concerns Mr. Halkett." He nodded coolly. "Shall I give it to him?"

"Please."

He pocketed the portfolio, hesitated, glanced at his watch, then, with an absent-

minded air, he began to pack up his painting-kit. As he unhooked his canvas, he looked around at her.

"Philippa," he said, "if you are going to punt back to Ausone, isn't it nearly time you started?"

"Aren't you going to paint any more?" she asked.

"No; I think I had better find Mr. Halkett and show him this letter."

"But—I have come all the way from Ausone to pay you a visit!" explained the girl, in hurt surprise. "Didn't you want to see me?"

"Certainly I want to see you," he replied smilingly; "but to punt up-stream to Ausone this afternoon is going to take you quite a long while—"

"As for that," she remarked, "it need not concern us. I am not going back."

"Not going back!"

"Listen, please: Monsieur Wildresse and I have had a disagreement—"

"Nonsense!"

"No; a serious disagreement. I am not going back to Ausone. Shall I tell you all about it?"

"Yes; but listen to me, Philippa: You can't run away from your home merely because you have had a disagreement with your *patron* and guardian."

"Shall I tell you why we disagreed?"

"If you choose. But that doesn't justify you in running away from your home."

The girl shook her head.

"You don't yet understand. In our café, the French government compels us to spy on certain strangers. Always it disgusted me to do such a thing. Now I shall not be obliged to do it any more, because I am never going back to the Cabaret de Biribi."

"Do you mean to say that you and Monsieur Wildresse are in the secret service of your government?" he asked, astonished.

"That is too dignified an explanation. I have been an informer since I was seventeen."

"A—a *paid* informer?"

"I don't know whether the government pays Monsieur Wildresse."

"But he doesn't do such things for the pleasure of doing them."

"Pleasure? It is an abominable profession! It is unclean!"

"Then why do you do it?"

"I am not perfectly sure why. I know that the *patron* is afraid of the government.

That, I suppose, is why we have been obliged to take orders from them."

"Afraid? Why?"

"It's partly on Jacques' account—his son's. If we do what they ask of us, they say that they won't send him to New Caledonia. But I believe it is all *blague*." She looked up at Warner out of her troubled gray eyes. "Espionage—that has been my business since I was taken out of school—to listen in the cabaret, to learn to keep my eyes open, to relate to the *patron* whatever I saw or heard concerning any client the government desired him to watch. Do you think that is a very pleasant life for a young girl?"

His face became expressionless.

"Not very," he said; "go on."

She said thoughtfully:

"It is a horrible profession, Mr. Warner. Why should I continue it? Are there no police? Why should I, Philippa Wildresse, do their dirty work? To-day, at last, I have answered my own question. I shall never again play the spy for anybody. *C'est fini! Voilà!*" Warner remained silent. "Why, it is revolting!" she exclaimed. "*Figurez-vous, monsieur*; I was even signaled to spy upon *you*! Can you conceive such a thing?" "On *me*?" he repeated, bewildered and angry.

"Certainly. That is why I danced with you. I am permitted to dance only with clients under observation." Her unflattering candor sent a flush to his face. His latent vanity had been rather rudely surprised. "Afterward," she continued, "I knew you could not be the man they wanted."

"What man did they want?"

"Somebody who had stolen documents in America, I believe. But I was sure that you were honest."

"Why?"

Philippa lifted her gray eyes.

"Because you were honest with me."

"How honest?"

"You did not make love to me. Dishonest men always regard women as a pastime. To make advances is the first thing I expect from them. I am never disappointed. All men are more or less dishonest—excepting you."

"This is a sorry school you have been brought up in," he said grimly.

"Do you mean that I have had my schooling by observing life?"

"Yes—a life in a cabaret full of *rastao-*

*quères* and *cocottes*—a rather limited and sordid outlook, Philippa. The world lies outside."

"Still—it is life. Even a *cocotte* is part of life."

"So is disease. But it isn't *all* there is in life."

"Nor is life in a cabaret all corruption. A cabaret is merely the world in miniature: all types pass in and out; they come and go as souls are born and go. The door opens and closes; one sees a new face, one loses it. It is much like birth and death." She made an unconsciously graceful gesture toward the white clouds overhead. "A cabaret," she went on seriously, "is a republic governed by the *patron*, audited by the cashier, policed by waiters. Everybody goes there—even you, *monsieur*. Every trait of human nature is to be observed there. Yet, as you say, it is a saddening school. Wisdom is too early acquired there. One learns too quickly and too completely in such a school. Such an education means precocity. It foreshadows the early death of youth, *monsieur*. If I remain there, all that is still young in me will die, now, very quickly."

"You poor child!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Therefore," she said, "I am leaving.

Now do you understand?"

He sat looking at her, wondering uneasily at her intelligence and her ability to express herself. Here was a maturity of mind unexpected in this girl. So far it had not visibly altered the youth of her or impaired her sweetness and honesty. In spite of the appalling surroundings amid which she had matured, her mind and heart still remained young. Biting a tasseled grass stem reflectively, she sat thinking for a few moments; then she reverted to the subject of Wildresse and his son.

"I am convinced that it is all *blague*," she repeated, "this threat of Noumea. Unless Jacques misbehaves very seriously in Biribi, nobody can send him to New Caledonia. Besides, if his father chooses to oblige the government, what does it matter about me? No; I have had enough of degradation. An hour on the river with you was enough to settle it."

"But what do you intend to do, Philippa?" he inquired.

She looked up with her winning smile.

"I came to ask *you* that. Please tell me what I am to do."

## The Girl Philippa

"You must not ask *me*."

"Of course. You are the first man who ever pleased me. You please me more and more. Why should I not come to you in my perplexity and say, 'What am I to do?'"

He reddened at that, found nothing to answer. The sudden and grotesque responsibility which this young girl was so lightly placing upon his shoulders might have amused if it had not disconcerted him. But it did not disconcert her.

"What am I to do, Mr. Warner?" she repeated, with a smile of perfect confidence.

"Why, I don't know, Philippa. What can you do down here at Saïs?"

"Tell *me*?" she insisted serenely.

"You couldn't very well remain here. You will have to go back to Ausone and consider this matter more seriously."

"Ah, ça—non! I shall not go back!"

"What do you propose to do?"

She bit her grass stem.

"I don't know. I have my trunk in the punt—"

"What!"

"Certainly; I brought my effects. I have some money—not very much. I shall go to the inn and remain there until you have decided what it is best for me to do."

The situation began to strike him as sufficiently ludicrous—the tragic mask is always on the verge of a grin—but he did not feel like smiling.

For a few minutes he occupied himself with collecting, strapping, and slinging his kit; and when he was ready to go, he looked at the girl Philippa watching him out of her trustful gray eyes.

"I can employ you as a model," he said, "until Monsieur Wildresse sends for you. What do you think of the idea?"

"As a—*a model, monsieur?*" she stammered.

"Yes; you could pose for me, if you like."

A delicate scarlet flush slowly mounted to her hair. Perplexed, he watched her.

"Don't you like the idea?" And suddenly he divined what was troubling her. "Not *that* sort of model," he said, amused. "You shall wear your clothes, Philippa."

"Oh, yes; I should like it, I think."

"It's about the only excuse which would enable you to remain at the inn until you have come to some conclusion regarding your future," he explained.

"A painter may always have his models? It is expected, is it not?"

"Oh, yes; *that* is always understood. But nobody would understand your coming to live at the Golden Peach merely because you and I happened to be good friends," he added laughingly.

"I understand," she said; "I am to be your model, not your friend."

He nodded carelessly, looking away from her. After a moment, he lighted a cigarette. It relieved him considerably to recollect that the "harem" had gone to Ausone.

"Now," he said, "if you are ready to walk back to the inn with me, I'll explain you to Madame Arlon, the *patronne*."

"And my punt?" she inquired, rising.

"O Lord! I forgot."

"My trunk is in it."

"Where is your punt?"

She pointed across the meadow.

"It is my own punt—the Lys. I took nothing from Monsieur Wildresse that did not belong to me. It will be agreeable for us to have a punt here, will it not?"

"Very," he said uneasily.

They turned eastward across the blossoming meadow, over which already the swallows were soaring in their late-afternoon flight. A lapwing or two rose from moist spots, protesting, and flapped away on greenish-bronze wings; a snipe went off like a badly balanced arrow, and his flat, raucous "Squack! Squack!" rang through the sunny silence. Higher, higher his twisting flight carried him toward the sky, where he dwindled to a speck and vanished; but always out of the intense blue zenith his distant cry still rang, long after he had disappeared from the range of human vision.

## XIII

WHEN Warner and the girl Philippa arrived at the Golden Peach, they found that Madame Arlon, profiting by the prospective temporary absence of the "harem," had gone to visit relatives near Nancy for a day or two. But Linette smilingly took charge of Philippa and her luggage.

Warner, entering the southern end of the walled garden, discovered Halkett at the other extremity, still seated under the latticed arbor. A letter lay spread upon the table beside his elbow. Over this letter, with pencil and paper, he pored as though he were working out a problem in hiero-

glyphics. But when Warner appeared, the Englishman in a leisurely manner folded and pocketed the papers on which he had been working, nodded pleasantly, and handed Warner a copy of the *Petit Journal d'Ausone*.

"It came after you left," he said. "There's nothing really new in it—Germany's ultimatum to Russia—that's about all. I am feeling rather anxious about a friend of mine, Reginald Gray. He was to have arrived here last night or early this morning on his motor-cycle. No word has come from him *personally*, and it is now nearly night again."

Warner seated himself, glanced over the inky little provincial newspaper, then laid it aside. There was in its columns nothing definite concerning the threatened rupture of the peace of Europe.

"Halkett," he said almost solemnly, "this crime with which they say our civilization is menaced can never be consummated. There will be no world-war, because the world dares not acquiesce in such an outrage. The eleventh hour has struck, I know, but salvation exists only because there is a twelfth hour on the dial; otherwise the preordained end of everything would be hell."

Halkett smiled slightly.

"I've just had another letter," he said. "I'm likely to remain here for a few days more—which means only one thing."

"What does it mean?"

"War."

Warner smiled incredulously.

"Anyway, there will be one compensation for the general smash if you remain here," he said gaily.

"You're very good to take it that way. You and I—and to hell with the Deluge!" But his face sobered while the jest was spoken. "I wish I knew what has happened to Reginald Gray," he repeated.

"What is it that worries you about your friend Gray?"

"His cap was picked up on the highway thirty miles southeast of Saïs."

"How could you know that?"

"I have just learned by telephone through a certain source of information."

"Did you learn anything more?"

"There was a little blood on the road."

Warner remained silent.

"Also," continued Halkett thoughtfully, "a motor-cycle had skidded up the bank.

But no signs of a serious accident could be discovered—merely the ragged swath cut through soft earth and rank vegetation. If Gray met with an accident, he must have mended his machine, remounted, and continued his course—wherever he was going—unless somebody picked up him and his wheel and took them away. I can't understand this affair. It bothers me."

"The chances are that your friend Gray had a rather bad spill," suggested Warner, "and no doubt you'll hear from him, or about him, before morning."

"I ought to, certainly." He filled and lighted his pipe. Warner rose and began to pace the garden path rather nervously. Presently he came back to where the Englishman sat brooding over his pipe.

"Halkett," he said abruptly, "you remember that girl Philippa in the Café Biribi?" The Englishman looked up inquiringly. "Well, she is here."

"At the inn?"

"Yes; I met her down in the big river meadow this afternoon, and she calmly informed me that she had left home for good."

"Run away?"

"Run away. Taken the key of the fields. Beat it for keeps. How does that strike you?"

"Any particular reason?" inquired Halkett indifferently.

"Why, yes; the child has been used by the secret police to spy on people in the Café Biribi." Halkett's eyes opened at that. Warner went on: "That old rascal Wildresse, it seems, is nothing but a paid informer. He forced this girl Philippa to engage in the same filthy business. She even admitted that old Wildresse had set her on *me*. No doubt he had decided to watch you himself. And do you know what I think?"

Halkett was very wide awake now.

"I believe I do know what you are thinking," he said. "And I believe you are pretty nearly right."

"That the assault on you was merely a local matter instigated by Wildresse?"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"I think it was, too. Some of his thugs did it. He had made up his mind about you. But somebody must have tipped him off to watch you."

"Probably."

"I am sure of it. The three German-



DRAWN BY FRANK CHASE

When he was ready to go, he looked at the girl Philippa watching him out of her  
sends for you. What do



trustful gray eye.. "I can employ you as a model," he said, "until Monsieur Wildresse  
you think of the idea?"

appearing men who tried to pick a quarrel with you over the archduke's murder were not the men who tried to frisk you for your papers. They were provocative agents in the pay of a foreign government—hired opportunists who were expected to pick something of value out of any confusion attending a general row fomented by themselves."

"Who told you that?"

"Philippa."

Halkett, now thoroughly interested, looked keenly at Warner through the thin haze of his pipe.

"These three agents," continued Warner, "were certainly in close communication with the men who have been following you. And at least one of those men was seated at the table directly behind you when Wildresse's thugs tried to frisk you for documents. So you see that Wildresse, prodded by the French secret police and these provocative agents, prodded by the people who are following you, who, in turn, are spurred by the German government, were all playing at cross-purposes, but with you as a common objective. A fine nest of intrigue I led you into when I took you to the Cabaret de Biribi! I'm terribly sorry, Halkett. But I believe that some good has come out of that mess—a fragment of a letter, written in German, which Philippa gave me in the meadow this afternoon. She found it under the wrecked table behind you. Nobody has seen it except myself and Philippa, and the child cannot read much German. But, studying it and seeing your name in the letter, she was clever enough to bring it to me. Here it is." He laid it on the table under the Englishman's eyes.

While Halkett remained absorbed in his translation, Warner paced the garden, deeply occupied with his own uneasy cogitations. After a little while, Halkett spoke to him in an altered voice, and he turned and came swiftly back to the arbor.

The Englishman, looking up, said gravely:

"Concerning myself, there seems to remain now nothing worth concealing from you. Perhaps you had better know the truth. I happen to be an officer temporarily serving with the Intelligence Department; I had just been assigned to duty in New York when the data concerning the Harkness shell were stolen. The general alarm went out. Gray, a brother officer, and I chanced to stumble on evidence

which sent us aboard an Antwerp steamer. Our birds were aboard. We pulled every string available, and he and I managed to recover the drawings, specifications, and formulae which had been stolen. They are in that envelop.

"Every German agent in Europe knows we have them. My government, for some reason or other, instructs me to remain here for the present. As Gray and I are known, doubtless somebody will appear and take the drawings out of our hands, because the chances are that I'd be murdered before I reached Calais. That is the situation, Warner."

"Has Gray any of the drawings?"

"He has."

"I understand."

"And that is why I am worrying about Gray. They'd not hesitate to kill him if they thought there was a chance that he had any of the papers."

"They couldn't have killed him," Warner said. "A crime on the public highway cannot remain undiscovered very long."

Halkett sat thoughtfully stroking Ariadne. Presently he looked up with a slight smile.

"Well, what are you going to do with the girl Philippa?" he inquired.

"Now, what do you think of a situation like this?" demanded Warner, half laughing, half vexed. "I told her to go home. She positively refuses. You can't blame the child. The dirty business there has disgusted her. This seems to be a final revolt. But—what would you do if a young girl wished herself on you?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Halkett, intensely amused.

Warner reddened.

"I haven't either," he said. "All I can think of is to use her as a model—give her a small salary until she finds something to do."

"Are you going to use her for a model?"

"I suppose so, until somebody comes after her to take her back."

"Suppose nobody comes?" suggested Halkett mischievously.

"Well, I'm not going to adopt her—that's certain," insisted the other. "Poor little thing," he added, "her instincts seem to be decent! Who could blame a young girl for sickening of such a life and cutting away on her own hook? That's a rotten joint, that Cabaret de Biribi. And as for

that old villain Wildresse, it wouldn't surprise me at all if he were playing the dirty game from both ends—German and French. Informers are often traitors."

"Very frequently."

"Spies also have that reputation, I believe—except in romantic fiction," said Warner.

"They usually deserve it," returned Halkett. "Generally speaking, they are a scum recruited from low pubs and brothels. Rarely does any reputable person enter that profession except in line of military duty or in time of war.

"Servants, waiters, chauffeurs, those are the most respectable classes of secret agents. But the *demi-monde* and its hangers-on furnish the majority of what are popularly supposed to represent people of 'position' who play the rôle of international spies. They are a rummy lot, Warner.

"It is very, very seldom in Occidental drawing-rooms that such practises prevail. A woman of position very rarely becomes a paid agent of that sort. Diplomats and attachés who are pumped and victimized are usually the dupes of socially disreputable people. Society in England and in western Europe rarely entertains such a favorite of fiction as a paid government spy; nor are such people very often recruited from its ranks. East of the Danube it is different."

They sat for a while smoking, Halkett lavishing endearments upon Ariadne, who never failed to respond; Warner musing on what Halkett had said and wondering exactly what duties the military intelligence department of any government might include.

No doubt, like the government, it employs spies, and, like the government, never admits the fact. For among all outcasts so vitally necessary to autocracy and militarism, the spy is the most pitiable. In time of peace, no authority admits employing him; in time of war, his fate, if taken, is as certain as that his own government will disown him. Eternally repudiated, whether of respectable or disreputable antecedents, honest or otherwise, patriotic or mercenary, the world has only one opinion to express concerning spies, although it often cackles over their adventures and snivels over their fate. Perhaps Halkett was musing on these things, for presently he took his pipe from his mouth and said:

"To my knowledge, we British never

employ spies in America. Your government, I know, never employs them any where in time of peace. All other governments do. Europe swarms with them. If I were in Germany to-day, I'd be considered a spy. They'd follow me about and lock me up on the first excuse—or without any excuse at all. And if we chanced to be at war with Germany and I were caught, they'd certainly shoot me because I have recovered stolen property."

"They'd execute you because you are not in uniform?"

"Certainly. I'd not stand a ghost of a chance. So I shall be rather glad that I'm in France when war comes."

"You are so certain it is coming?"

"Absolutely, my dear fellow. Probably it will be declared to-morrow."

"I cannot believe it, Halkett."

"I can scarcely believe it myself. But—I know it is coming. And it is coming from the north."

"Through Belgium?"

"Exactly."

"In spite of the treaty guaranteeing her security? Well, it's a rotten outlook, Warner. The eleventh hour has passed."

They smoked for a while in silence, then,

"Where is your little protégée?" asked Halkett, making an effort to shake off his depression.

"Linette is making her comfortable. When Madame Arlon returns from Nancy, I shall tell her to look out for the child. She's in her room, unpacking, I suppose."

"Did she even bring her boxes?" asked the Englishman, greatly amused.

"Yes, she did. And I don't know what on earth she intends to do for a living when I go back to Paris. I'm sorry for her; but she can't expect me to travel about France with her——" He checked himself abruptly; Halkett also looked up.

The girl Philippa had entered the further end of the garden. She came slowly forward through the rosy evening light, straight and slim in her girlish gown of white, unrelieved except by a touch or two of black and by the coppery splendor of her hair. She halted in the path a little way from the arbor, evidently aware that somebody was within.

"Are you there, Monsieur Warner?" she asked, in her sweet, childish voice.

He got up, with a glance of resignation at Halkett, and went to meet her. Halkett,

## The Girl Philippa

from the arbor, noticed the expression of her face when Warner appeared, and he continued to observe the girl with curious attention. She had instinctively laid her hands in Warner's, detaining him naively and looking up into his face with an honesty too transparent to mistake.

"I miss you very much," she said, "even for a few minutes. I hastened my toilet to rejoin you."

"That is very sweet of you, Philippa——"

He didn't know what else to say, felt the embarrassment warm on his face—chagrin, shyness, something of both, perhaps—and a rather helpless feeling that he was acquiescing in an understanding which already was making him very uneasy.

"Come into the arbor," he said. "Mr. Halkett is there."

She slipped her arm through his. Halkett saw both their faces as they approached and, watching Warner for a moment, he felt inclined to laugh. But in this young girl's eyes there was something that checked his amusement. A man does not laugh at the happy and serious eyes of childhood.

So he rose and paid his respects to Philippa with pleasant formality. She seated herself between the two men.

The last pink rays of the sun fell across the little iron table, flooding the garden with an enchanted light. Ariadne, on the table, stretched herself, yawned, and looked about her, now thoroughly awake for the rest of the night.

"Minette!" murmured Philippa, caressing her and laying her cheek against the soft fur.

"You are sunburned," remarked Halkett.

"And badly freckled, *monsieur*——"

She looked mischievously at Warner, laughed at their secret agreement concerning cosmetics, then turned again to Halkett.

"You have heard, I suppose, of the happy understanding between Mr. Warner and me?"

"I think so," said Halkett, subduing an inclination to laugh.

"The future, for me, is entirely secure," continued Philippa happily. "I am permitted to assist Mr. Warner in his art. It is a very wonderful future, Mr. Halkett, destined for me, without doubt, by God." She added, half to herself, "And a lifetime on my knees would be too short a time to thank him in."

Both men became silent and constrained—Warner feeling more helpless than ever in the face of such tranquil confidence; Halkett remembering what Warner had once said about the soul of Philippa, but still pleasantly and gently inclined to skepticism concerning this *fille de cabaret*.

She, leaning forward on the table between them, joined her slender hands and looked at Warner.

"It is pleasant to be accepted as a friend by such men as you are," she said thoughtfully. "I have met other gentlemen of your station in life now and then. But their attitude toward me has been different from yours. I once supposed that in a cabaret all men resembled each other where women were concerned. I have been very happily mistaken."

Warner said,

"A man scarcely expects to see more than one sort of woman in a cabaret."

"Yet you were not astonished to see me—were you?"

"Yes," he said; "I was astonished."

"You did not seem to be."

Warner glanced at Halkett.

"Do you remember what I once said about Philippa's soul?"

The Englishman smiled at Philippa:

"As soon as Mr. Warner saw you, he said to me that your soul was as clean as a flame. I was slower to understand you."

The girl turned swiftly to Warner.

"What a heavenly thing for a man to say about a woman! And my lips painted scarlet—and I a cashier in a cabaret!"

Her voice broke childishly; she sprang to her feet and stood looking through the starting tears at the last level rays of the sun. Standing so, unstirring, till the tears dried, she presently turned and resumed her chair, and, after a few moments' silence, she dropped her elbows on the table again and clasped her hands under her chin. She said, not looking at either of the men:

"I have thought of becoming a nun. But it is too late. Cloisters make awkward inquiries and search records; no sisterhood of any order I ever heard of would admit to novitiate any girl who has served five years where I have served. And so—until I saw you—I did not know what was to become of me."

She lifted her gray eyes to Warner. They were starry with recent tears. Her

chin rested on her clasped hands, her enchanted gaze on him, silent, unstimulating.

Halkett was first to move and make an effort.

"Yes; it was perhaps time to cut away," he muttered. "Anything we can do—very glad, I'm sure."

"Certainly," said Warner; "there are a lot of agreeable young women in my class who will be interested to know you when they return from Ausone day after to-morrow—"

Philippa turned swiftly toward him.

"I do not wish any woman to know what I have been! You wouldn't tell them, would you?"

"No; of course not—if you feel that way," he said. "Only I—it occurred to me—some protection—some countenance—understanding—from other women—"

"I desire none. I want only your friendship."

"But how am I going to explain you?"

"You are a painter. I am your model. Is not that sufficient explanation?"

"Yes; if you desire to be so regarded—permanently—"

"I do. My privacy will then remain my own. I permit nobody to invade it—excepting you."

"Very well, if you feel that way. Only, you are—attractive, Philippa—and I am rather afraid you might not be understood—"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"For five years I have not been understood. Do you know that men have even thrown dice for me, so certain were they that they understood me? I am accustomed to it. But I am not accustomed to women—I mean to *your* kind. I distrust them; possibly I am afraid of them. Anyway, their interest in me would be unwelcome. It is your friendship I want. Nothing else matters."

"You are wrong, Philippa. Other things *do* matter. No woman can go it alone, disdainful of other women's opinions."

"I have always been alone."

"I would not do anything without first consulting you," Warner said patiently.

"I feel very sure that you would not."

She smiled at him trustfully, her cheek on her linked fingers, then her gaze grew absent. The last sun-ray lingered on her hair, turning it to fiery bronze. Under it

her gray eyes gazed absently into the future, filled now, for her, with iridescent castles and peopled with vaguely splendid images—magic scenes that young and lonely hearts evoke out of the very emptiness of their isolation.

And in the center of the phantom pageant always appeared Warner, her friend, endowed with all the mystery and omniscience with which a young girl's heart invests the man who first awakens it to irregularity—who first interferes with the long monotony of its virgin rhythm.

Halkett, a little keener of the two—a little more sensitive, if more reticent—said pleasantly:

"Perhaps you might prefer to dine out here with us, Philippa. The ha—the class, I mean, banquets and carouses in the dining-room when it is here."

"Of course I wish to dine with you! I said so to Linette before I came out here. It is all arranged."

Halkett laughed. At the same moment, Linette came out with the tray.

A bright afterglow still lingered in the zenith when their leisurely dinner had ended; and in the garden the mellow light was beginning to make objects exquisitely indistinct. Halkett, smoking in silence, was evidently thinking about his friend Gray, for, when Linette came to remove the cloth and coffee-cups, and to say that some gentlemen on motor-cycles were at the garden gate inquiring for Mr. Halkett, the young Englishman rose with a quick sigh of relief and walked swiftly to the heavy green door under the arch in the garden wall. As he laid his hand on the latch, he turned toward Warner.

"I'll bring Gray in directly," he called back, and opened the door and stepped out into the dusk.

At the same instant Warner rose to his feet, listening; then he ran for the green door. As he reached it, the heavy little door burst open; Halkett sprang inside, slid the big iron bolt into place, turned, and warned the American aside with upflung hand.

"Keep Philippa out of range of the door!" he called across the garden, drawing his automatic at the same time and springing backward. "Don't stand in a line with that green door—"

The next instalment of *The Girl Philippa* will appear in the December issue.



Three or four old men with a couple of desperate fighting like furies to

# The

Cosmopolitan readers who remember Mr. will be equally interested in this narrative. fare of men, with modern weapons, upon the back in the days when mankind was young roamed and ruled the earth. The odds in insignificant bipeds have developed a brain, to end in victory over mere brute force. In been settled then and there if they had not

By Charles

Illustrated by

**T**HE People of the Caves were beginning to dread their good fortune. Plenty was being showered upon them with so lavish and sudden a hand that they looked at it askance, distrustful of the unsought-for largess. For a week or more their hunting-grounds had been swarming with game in amazing and daily increasing numbers, till there was little more of chance or of excitement in the hunt than in plucking a ripe mango from its branch. It was game of the choicest kinds, too—deer of many varieties, and antelope, and the little wild horse whose flesh they accounted such a delicacy. They slew, and slew, and their cooking fires were busy night and day, and the flesh they could not devour was dried in the sun in long strips or smoked in the reek of the green-wood fires. They feasted greedily, but there was something sinister in the whole matter, something ominous; and they would stop at times to wonder anxiously what stroke of fate could be hanging over the caves.



young women, behind a barrier of slain elk and stags, were hold back the victorious onrush

# Fear

Roberts' wonderful and sympathetic stories of animal life. The tables are completely turned. It is no longer the war-four-footed inhabitants of the plains and hills. Now we are and almost powerless before the enormous beasts that the battle for existence are all on their side. But the and, with this organ, have begun the slow conquest that is this thrilling tale, the fate of the cavemen would have been in possession of one most useful piece of knowledge.

G. D. Roberts

Paul Bransom

During the past day or two, moreover, there had been a disquieting influx of those great and fierce beasts which the cavemen were by no means anxious to hunt. The giant white rhinoceros and his woolly cousin had arrived by the score in the dense cane thickets of the steaming savanna which unrolled its green-and-yellow breadths along the southward base of the downs. These half-blind brutes appeared to be waging a dreadful and doubtful war with the red herds of those monstrous, cone-horned survivors from an earlier age, the *Arsinotheria*, who had ruled the reeking savanna for countless cycles. The roar and trampling of the struggle came up from time to time to the dwellers in the caves when the hot breeze blew from the southward.

What concerned the cave-folk far more than any near-sighted and blundering rhinoceros, however malignant, was the sudden arrival of the great red bears, the black lions, and the grinning and implacable sabertooth tigers. These dread foes of

man, for as long as tradition could remember, had hitherto been mercifully few and scattered. Now, in a night, they had become as common as conies, and not a child could be allowed to play beyond shelter of the cave-mouth fires, not a woman durst venture to the spring without a brightly blazing firebrand in her hand. Yet—and this seemed to the tribe the most portentous sign of all—these bloodthirsty beasts appeared to have lost much of their ancient hostility to man. They were all well fed, of course, their accustomed prey being now so abundant that they had little more to do than put forth an armed paw and seize it; but they all seemed uneasy and half cowed, as if weighed down by a menace which they did not know how to face. When a man confronted them, the fiercest of them made way with a deprecating air, as if to say that they had troubles enough already on their minds.

Bawr, the chief, and Grôm, his right hand and his counsellor, stood upon the bare green ridge above the cave-mouth, and stared down anxiously upon the sun-drenched plain. Of old it had taken keen eyes to discern the varied life which populated its bamboo thickets and cane-choked marshes. Now it was as thronged as the home pastures of a cattle-farm. Here and there a battle raged between such small-brained brutes as the white rhinoceros and the cone-horned monster; but, for the most part, there was an apprehensive sort of truce, the different kinds of beasts keeping as far as possible to themselves.

Further out in the plain pastured a herd of gigantic creatures such as neither Bawr nor Grôm had ever seen before. A pair of rhinoceros looked like pigmies beside them. They were both tall and massive, of a dark-mud color, with colossal heads, no necks whatever, huge ears that flapped like wings, immensely long upcurving tusks of gleaming yellow, mighty enough to carry a bison cradled in their curve; and it seemed to the astonished watchers on the ridge that from the snout of each monster grew a great snake, which reared itself into the air and waved terribly and pulled down the tops of trees for the monster's food.

It was the caveman's first view of the mammoth—which had not yet developed the shaggy coat it was later to grow on the cold subarctic plains.

Recovering at length from his amazement, Bawr remarked:

"They seem to have two tails, those new beasts—a little tail behind, in the usual place, and a very big tail in front, which they use as a hand. They are very many, and very terrible. Do you think it is they who are driving all these other beasts upon us to overwhelm us?"

Grôm thought long before replying.

"No," said he; "they are not flesh-eaters. See: They do not heed the other beasts. They eat trees. And they, too, seem restless. I think they are themselves driven. But what dreadful beings must be they who can drive them!"

"If they are driven over us," muttered Bawr, "they will tread us and our fires into the dust."

"It must be men," mused Grôm aloud, "men far mightier than ourselves and so countless that the hordes of the tree-men would seem a handful in comparison. Only men or gods, and in swarms like locusts, could so drive all these mighty beasts before them as a child drives rabbits."

"Before they come," said Bawr, dropping his great craggy chin upon his breast, "the People of the Caves will be trodden out. Whither can we escape from such foes? We will build great fires before the caves; and we will go down fighting, as befits men."

He lifted his maned and massive head, and shook his great spear defiantly at the unknown doom that was coming up from the south. But Grôm's eyes were sunken deep under his brows in brooding thought.

"There is one way, perhaps," he said, at length. "We have learned to journey on the water. We must build us rafts, many rafts, to carry all the tribe. And when we can no longer hold our fires and our caves, we will push out upon the water, and perhaps make our way to that blue shore yonder, where they cannot follow us."

"The waves and the monsters of the waves will swallow us up," suggested Bawr.

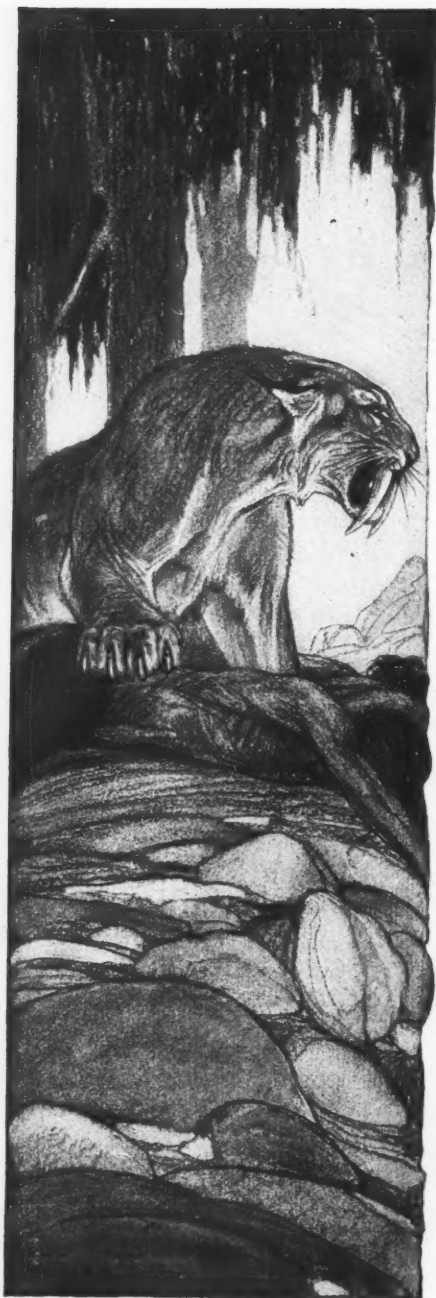
"Some of us, perhaps many of us," agreed Grôm. "But many of us will escape, to keep the tribe-fires burning, if the gods be kind upon that day and bind down the winds till we get over. If we stay here, we shall all die."

"It is well," grunted Bawr, turning to hurry down the steep. "We will build rafts. Let us hasten."



DRAGON BY PAUL BRANSON

"It must be men," mused Grôm aloud



These dread foes of man had hitherto been mercifully few and scattered

On the beach below the caves, the men of the tribe worked furiously, dragging the trunks of trees together at the water's edge, lashing them with ropes of vine and cords of hide, and laboriously lopping some of the more obstructive branches by the combined use of fire and split stones. The women, and a lame slave, Ook-ootsk—with the old men who, though their hearts were still high, were too frail of their hands for such a heavy task as raft building—remained before the caves under the command of A-ya, Grôm's mate. They had enough to do in feeding the chain of fires, keeping the children out of danger, and fighting back with spear and arrow the ever-encroaching mob of wild-eyed beasts. The beasts feared the fires, and feared the human beings who leaped and screamed and smote from among the fires. But still more they seemed to fear some unknown thing behind them. For a time, however, the crackling flames and the biting shafts proved a sufficient barrier, and the motley but terrifying invaders went sheering off irresolutely to westward over the downs.

Down by the edge of the tide, the raft-builders worked under Grôm's guidance. The broad water—some four or five miles across—was the tidal estuary of a great river which flowed out of the northwest. Its brimming current bore down from the interior jungles the trunks of many uprooted trees, which the tides of the estuary hurled back and strewed along the beach. The raft-builders, therefore, had plenty of material to work with. And the fear that lay chill upon their hearts urged them to a diligence that was far from their habit.

It was rather like working in a nightmare. From time to time would come a rush, a stampede of deer or tapirs along the strip of beach between the water and the cliff. The toiling men would draw aside till the rabble went by, then fall to work again. Once, however, it was a herd of wild cattle, snorting, and tossing their wide, keen-pointed horns; and their trampling onrush filled the whole space, so that the men had to plunge out into deep water to escape. Several, afraid of the big-mouthed, flesh-eating fish which infested the estuary at high tide stayed too close inshore and paid for their irresolution by being gored savagely and trodden to a pulp.

It was about the full of the moon and the time of the longest days, and the raft-

builders toiled feverishly the whole night through. By sunrise, Bawr and Grôm estimated that there were rafts enough to carry the whole tribe, provided the present calm held on. They decided, however, to construct several more, in case some should prove less buoyant than they hoped.

But, for this most wise provision, fate refused to grant the time.

A slip of a girl, her one scant garment of leopard-skin caught upon a rock and twitched from off her loins as she ran, came fleeing down the hill path, her hair afloat upon the fresh morning air. Straggling far behind her came a crowd of children, and old women carrying babies or bundles of dried meat.

"They must not come yet! They'll be in the way!" cried Bawr angrily, waving them back. But they paid no attention—which showed that there was something they feared more even than the iron-fisted chief.

"There are none of the young women or the old men who can fight among them," said Grôm. "A-ya must have sent them, because the time has come. Let us wait for the young girl, who seems to bring a message."

Breathless, and clutching at her bosom with one hand, the girl fell at Bawr's feet.

"A-ya says, 'Come quick!'" she gasped. "They are too many! They run over the fires and trample us!"

Grôm sprang forward with a cry, then stopped and looked at his chief.

"Go, you," said Bawr, "and bring them to us. I will stay here and look to the rafts."

Taking a half-score of the strongest warriors with him, Grôm raced up the steep, torn with anxiety for the fate of A-ya and the children.

It was now about three-quarters tide, with the flood rising strongly. By way of precaution, some of the rafts had been kept afloat, let down with ropes of vine to follow the last ebb, and guided carefully back on the returning flood. But most of them were lying where they had been built, or left by the preceding tide, along high-water mark, as hopelessly stranded, for the next two hours, as a birch log after a freshet. As the old women with children arrived, Bawr rushed them down the wet beach to the rafts which were afloat, appointing to each clumsy craft four men with long, roughly flattened poles to manage it. For the



A slip of a girl came fleeing down the hill path

moment, however, all these men had to do was to hold their charges in place that they might not be swept away by the incoming tide.

When Grôm and his eager handful, passing a stream of trembling fugitives on the way, reached the level ground before the caves, the sight that greeted them was tremendous and appalling. It looked as if some great country to the southward had gathered together all its beasts and then vomited them forth in one vast torrent, confused and irresistible, to the north. It was a wholesale migration, on such a scale as the modern world has never even dreamed of, but suggested in a feeble way by the torrential drift of the bison across the North American plains half a century ago, or the sudden, inexplicable marches of the lemming myriads out of the Scandinavian barrens that give them birth.

The shrill cries of the women, fighting like she wolves in defense of the children and the home caves, the hoarse shouts of the old men, weak but indomitable, were mingled with an indescribable medley of noises—gruntings, bellowings, howlings, roarings, bleatings, and brayings—from the dreadful mob of beasts which besieged the open space behind the fires. Some of the beasts were maddened with terror; some were in a fighting rage; some wanted only to escape the throng behind them. But all seemed bent upon passing the fires and getting into the caves, as if they thought there to find refuge from the unknown fear.

On the extreme right of the line, the two farthest fires were already overwhelmed, trodden out by frantic hoofs, and three or four old men with a couple of desperate young women, behind a barrier of slain elk and stags, were fighting like furies to hold back the victorious onrush. Two of the old men were down, trodden out between the fires by blind hoofs, and a third, jammed limply against the rocky wall beside the furthest cave, was being worried by a bear, hideously but aimlessly, as if the great beast hardly heeded what it was doing. There was something peculiarly terrifying in the animal's preoccupation.

At the center of the line, immediately before the main cave-mouth, whose yawning entrance seemed to be the objective of the swarming beasts, A-ya was heading the battle, with the lame slave, Ook-ootsk, crouched fighting at her side like a colossal

frog gone mad. Here the fires were almost extinguished; but the line of slain beasts formed a tolerable barricade, upon the top of which the women leaped, stabbing with their spears and screeching shrill taunts, while the old men leaned upon the gory pile to save their strength, and shot their arrows with frugal precision. Here and there among the carcasses was the body of a woman or an old man, impaled on the horn of a bull or ripped open by the rending antler of an elk. As Grôm and his men came shouting across the level, a huge woolly rhinoceros plunged down the barrier, his bloody horn plowing the carcasses, trod down a couple of the defenders without appearing to see them, dashed through the nearest fire, and charged blindly into the cave-mouth with his matted coat all ablaze. The children and old women who had not already fled down to the beach shrieked in horror. The frantic monster heeded them not at all, but went thundering on into the bowels of the cavern.

"Go back, all you women!" yelled Grôm, above the tumult, as he and his men raced to the barrier. "Get down to the beach with the children! We'll hold the rush back till you get down! Run! Run!"

Sobbing with the fury of the struggle, the women obeyed, darting back and pouncing upon their own little ones—all but A-ya, who remained doggedly at Grôm's side.

"Go!" ordered Grôm fiercely. "The children need you. Get them all down!"

Sullenly the woman obeyed, seeing he was right, but still lusting for the fight, though her wearied arm could now do little more than lift the spear.

Under the shock of the fresh fighters, with lionlike heads, masterful eyes, and smashing, irresistible weapons, the front ranks of the animals recoiled, trampling those behind them, and, for a few minutes, the pressure was relieved. Grôm turned to the old men.

"You go now!" he ordered.

But they refused.

"We stay here," cried one, breathless but with fire in his ancient eyes. "None too much room on the rafts." And they fell again, grimly, to the fight.

Grôm laughed proudly. With such mettle even in withered veins, the tribe, he thought, was destined to great things. He turned to the lame slave, whom he had ever favored for his faithfulness.



DRAMA BY PAUL BRANDON

He carried him along, high in air above the trumpeting ranks

"You go! You are lame and cannot run."

The crouching giant looked up at him with a wide-mouthed grin.

"I am no woman," said he. "I stay and hold them back when you *all* go. I kill and kill. And then I go very far."

He waved one great gnarled hand, dripping with blood, toward the sun and the high spaces of air.

Before Grôm could answer, from below the southward edge of the plateau there came a mad, high trumpeting, so loud that every other voice in that pandemonium was silenced by it. At that dread sound, the rabble of beasts surged forward again upon the barrier, upon the clubs and spears of the defenders. Up over the brow of the slope came a forest of waving trunks and tossing tusks and ponderous black foreheads.

"The two-tails are upon us!" cried Grôm, in a voice of awe. And his followers gasped as the colossal shapes shouldered up into full view.

Grôm looked behind him and saw the last of the women and children, shepherded vehemently by A-ya with the butt of her spear, vanishing down the steep toward the beach.

"It is time for us to go, too," shouted Grôm, clutching the lame slave by the arm to drag him off. But Ook-ootsk wrenched himself free.

"I'll hold them back till you get away," he growled, and drove his great spear into the heart of a bull which came over the barrier at that instant.

Grôm saw it would be useless now to try and save him. With the rest of his band he ran for paths leading down to the beach. It was well, he thought, that the valiant slave should die for the tribe.

The beasts came over the barrier and the fires like a yelling flood. But now, finding all opposition so suddenly withdrawn, the flood divided upon the massive, thrusting figure of Ook-ootsk as upon a black rock in midstream. It united again behind him, surging pell-mell for the cave-mouths, where, in the crush, the weaker and lighter were savagely torn and trampled underfoot.

Then the mammoths came thundering and trumpeting across the plateau, going through and over the lesser beasts like a tidal wave. Grôm, having seen the last of his warriors pass down the beach paths,

turned for one more glimpse of the monstrous and incredible scene. He had a swift vision of the squatting form of Ook-ootsk thrusting upward with reddened spear at the breast of a black monster which hung over him like a mountain. Then the mountain rolled forward upon him, blotting him out, and Grôm slipped hurriedly over the brink and down the path.

At the rafts it was bedlam. A score or more of the women and children, as they were crossing to the water's edge, had been wiped out of existence by a rush of maddened bison along the beach, and the keenings of their relatives rose above the shouts and cries of embarkation. Fully half the rafts were afloat with their loads by now, and men grunted heavily in the effort to pry the others free, while women and children crowded into the water around them, waiting to struggle aboard as soon as the men would let them.

As Grôm and his panting band, covered with blood from head to foot, reached the waterside and flung their dripping weapons upon the rafts, a fringe of animals came over the edge of the steep, crowded aside from the caves. Some being sure-footed, like the lions and bears, made their way with care down the paths. Others, pushed over and struggling frantically, came rolling downward, bouncing from rock and ledge and landing on the beach a mass of broken bones. Then behind them, along the brink, black and gigantic against the blue skyline, appeared a group of the mammoths. They waved their long trunks and trumpeted piercingly, but hesitated to try the descent.

"Hurry! Hurry!" thundered Bawr, straining at the stranded timbers till the great veins stood out on neck and forehead as if they would burst.

Under the added efforts of Grôm and his band, the last of the rafts floated. The children were thrown aboard; the women clambered after them, and the men, wading and guiding lest the rafts should ground again, began to follow cautiously.

At this moment, along the beach came a new rush of animals, chiefly buffalo, headed by three huge white rhinoceros. These all seemed quite blind with panic. They dashed on straight ahead, paying no heed whatever either to the people on the rafts or to the other beasts coming down the

steep. On their heels thundered a second herd of mammoths, their trunks held high in air, the red caverns of their mouths wide open.

As these colossal, rolling bulks came abreast of the rafts, a child shrieked at the terrifying sight. The leader of the herd turned his malignant little eye upon the rafts, seeming to perceive them for the first time. Without pausing in his huge stride, he reached down his trunk, whipped it about the waist of Bawr, swung him aloft, crushing in his ribs with the terrific pressure, and carried him along, high in air above the trumpeting ranks.

A howl of rage went up from the rafts; and A-ya, whose bow was quick as thought, let fly an arrow before Grôm could stay her hand. The shaft stuck deep in the monster's trunk. Dashing down its lifeless victim among the feet of the herd, the monster tried to turn back to take vengeance for the strange wound. But unable to stem the avalanche behind, it was borne up the beach, screaming with rage.

Grôm, who was now sole chief and master of the tribe, signed every raft to push out into deep water, beyond reach of further attack. With all responsibility now upon his shoulders, he had little time to grieve for the death of Bawr, who, after all, had died greatly, as a chief should. The rafts were now traveling inland at a fair rate on the last half-hour of the flood; and, as the estuary narrowed rapidly above the starting place, he hoped to be able, during the slack of tide, to work the clumsy rafts well over toward the northern shore before getting caught in the full strength of the ebb. As he studied out this problem and urged the warriors to their utmost effort on the heavy and awkward pole-paddles, he kept puzzling all the time over the great mystery. What was it that swept even the mighty mammoths before its face? How should he name the Fear?

Then all at once, when the rafts were

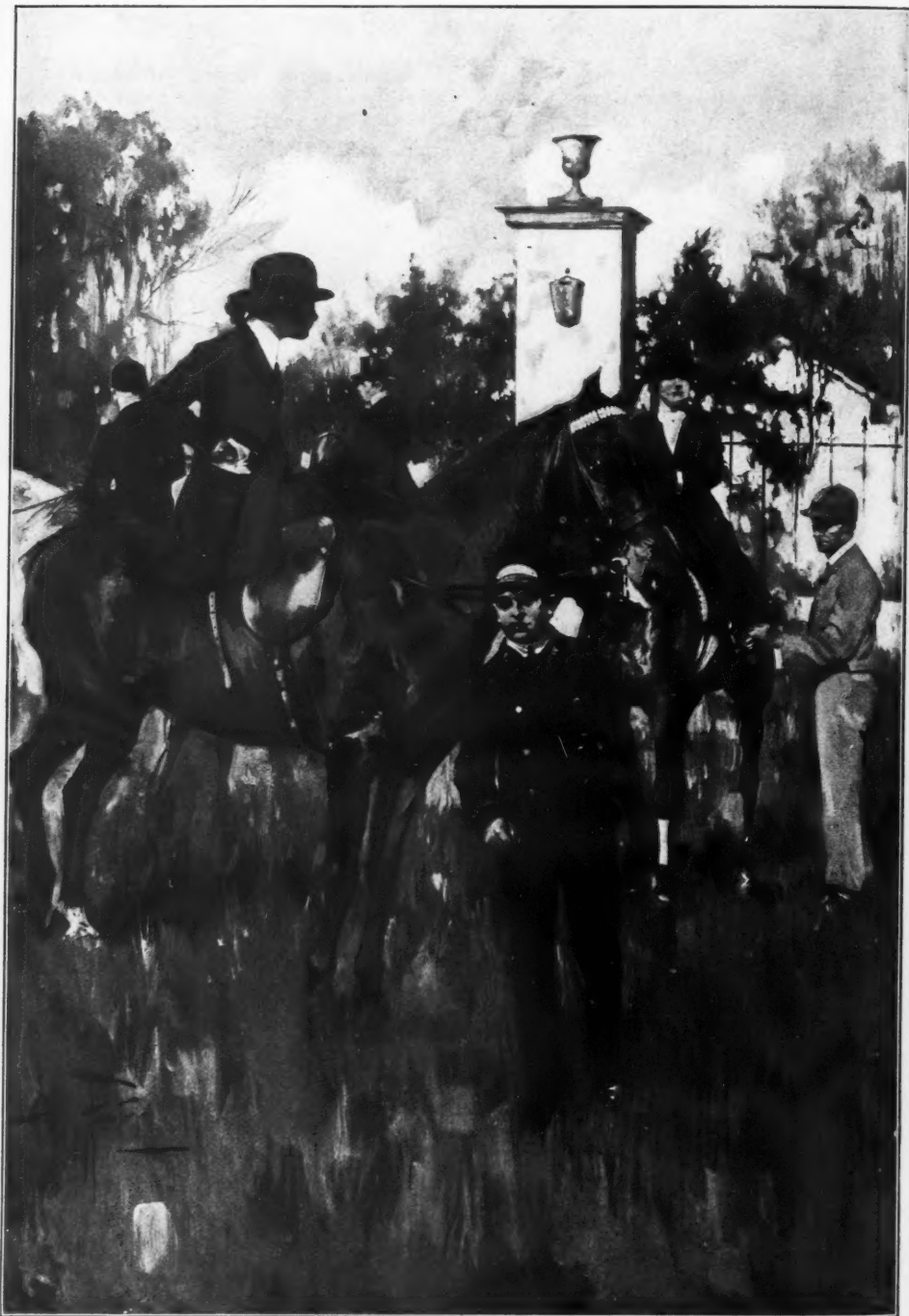
about three or four hundred yards out from shore, he saw. A low cry of wonder broke from his lips, and was reechoed in chorus from the burdened rafts.

Down over the heights where the cave-folk had been dwelling, up along the beach from which the rafts had just escaped, in countless ravening, snapping swarms, poured hyenas by the myriad—huge hyenas, bigger than the mightiest timber-wolves, their deep-jawed heads carried close to the ground. It was clear in a moment that they were mad with hunger, driven by nothing but their own raging appetites. They fled from nothing; but some of them stopped, in struggling masses, to devour the bodies of the beasts which they found slain, while the rest poured on insatiably, to pull down, by sheer weight of numbers and the might of their bone-crushing jaws, the mightiest of the monsters which fled before them. Here and there a mammoth cow, maddened by the slaughter of her calf, or an old rhinoceros bull, indignant at being hunted by such vermin, would turn and run amuck through the mass, stamping them out by the hundred. But this made no impression at all, either upon their numbers or the rage of their hunger, and, in a few minutes, the colossus, its feet half eaten off, would come crashing down, to be swarmed over and disappear like a fat grub in an ant-heap. Here and there, too, a mammoth, more sagacious than its fellows, would wade out belly-deep into the water, upon finding its escape cut off, and stand there plucking its foes one by one from the shore to trample them under its feet, screaming shrill triumph.

Grôm turned with a deep breath from the unspeakable spectacle, looked across to the green line of the opposite shore, and thanked his unknown gods that it was so far off. With that great river rolling its flood between, the tribe might rest secure from these fiends and once more build up its fortunes.

The next *People of the Caves* story will be *The Lake of Long Sleep*.

Booth Tarkington's next Penrod story,  
*Wednesday Madness*,  
will appear in *December Cosmopolitan*.  
Illustrated by Worth Brehm



DRAWN BY WILL PORTER

Just before we were off, a telegram came to her, which she read and hastily stuffed  
into a pocket of her riding-habit

*(The Social Gangster)*

# The Social Gangster

Craig Kennedy, in investigating a mysterious robbery, encounters a menacing condition peculiar to the social life of young people in our great cities, the gravity of which does not seem to be properly appreciated. It is only when some indulgent mother, like Mrs. Brackett, discovers she has lost control over her daughter that she can be made to realize the wide responsibilities of parental training. In this case, the importance of the robbery dwindles before a far more appalling situation in the Brackett household, and-if it had not been for Kennedy and his science, the distress of two devoted parents would have been pitiful indeed.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The House of Death," "The Demon Engine," and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"I'M so worried over Gloria, Professor Kennedy, that I hardly know what I'm doing."

Mrs. Bradford Brackett was one of those stunning women of baffling age of whom there seem to be so many nowadays. One would scarcely have believed that she could be old enough to have a daughter who would worry her very much. Her voice trembled and almost broke as she proceeded with her story, and, looking closer, I saw that, at least now, her face showed marks of anxiety that told on her more than would have been the case some years before.

At the mention of the name of Gloria Brackett, I saw that Craig was extremely interested, though he did not betray it to her mother. Already, with my nose for news, I had scented a much bigger story than any that had been printed. For the Bracketts had lately been more or less in the news of the day.

Choking back a little suppressed sob in her throat, Mrs. Brackett took from a delicate gold mesh bag, and laid on the desk before Kennedy, a small clipping from the "lost and found" advertisements in the *Star*. It read:

Reward of \$10,000 and absolutely no questions asked for the return of a diamond necklace of seventy-one stones which disappeared from a house at Willys Hills, Long Island, last Saturday or Sunday.

LA RUE & Co., Jewelers, — Fifth Avenue.

I recognized the advertisement as one that had occasioned a great deal of comment

on the *Star*, due to its peculiar nature. It had been a great mystery, perhaps much more so than if the advertisement had been worded and signed in the usual way. I knew, also, that the advertisement had created a great furor of excitement and gossip at the fashionable North Shore Hunt Club, of which Bradford Brackett was master of foxhounds.

"At first," explained Mrs. Brackett nervously, "La Rue was able to keep the secret. They even refused to let the police take up the case. But as public interest in the advertisement increased, at last the secret leaked out—at least that part of it which connected our name with the loss. That, however, seemed only to whet curiosity. It left everybody wondering what was back of it all. That's what we've been trying to avoid—that sort of publicity."

She paused a moment, but Kennedy said nothing, evidently thinking that the best safety-valve for her overwrought feelings would be to let her tell her story in her own way.

"Why, you know," she resumed rapidly, to hide her agitation, "the most ridiculous things have been said. Some people have even said that we lost nothing at all, that it was all a clever attempt at notoriety, to get our names into the papers. Some have said it was a plan to collect the burglary insurance. But we are wealthy. They didn't stop to think how inconceivable that was. We have nothing to lose, even if the necklace is never heard from again."

For the moment, her indignation had got the better of her worry. Most opinions, I recalled, had been, finally, that the disappearance was mixed up with some family affair. At any rate, here was to be the real story at last.

"You see," she continued, now almost sobbing, "it is really all, I fear, my own fault. I didn't realize that Gloria was growing so fast and so far out of my life. I've let her be brought up by governesses and servants. I've sent her to the best schools I could find. I thought it was all right. But now, too late, I realize that it is all wrong. I haven't kept close enough to her." She was rattling on in this disjointed manner, getting more and more excited, but still Kennedy made no effort to lead the conversation. "I didn't think Gloria was more than a child. But—why, Mr. Kennedy, she's been going, I find, to these afternoon dances in the city and out at a place not far from Willys Hills."

"What sort of places?" prompted Kennedy.

"The Cabaret Rouge," answered Mrs. Brackett, flashing at us a look of defiance that really masked fear of public opinion.

I knew of the place. It had an extremely unsavory reputation. In fact, there were two places of the same name, one in the city and the other out on Long Island.

Mrs. Brackett must have seen Kennedy and me exchange a look askance at the name.

"Oh, it's not a question of morals, alone," she hastened. "After all, sometimes common sense and foolishness are fair equivalents for right and wrong." Kennedy looked up quickly, genuinely surprised at this bit of worldly wisdom. "When women do stupid, dangerous things, trouble follows," she persisted, adding, "if not at once, a bit later. This is a case of it."

One could not help feeling sorry for the woman and what she had to face.

"I had hoped, oh, so dearly," she went on, a moment later, "that Gloria would marry a young man who, I know, is devoted to her, an Italian of fine family, Signor Franconi—you must have heard of him—the inventor of a new system of wireless transmission of pictures. But, with such a scandal, how can we expect it? Do you know him?"

"Not personally, though I have heard of him," returned Kennedy briefly.

Both Craig and myself had been interested in reports of his invention which he called the "Franconi telephoto," by which he claimed to be able to telegraph, either over wires or by wireless, light and dark points so rapidly and in such a manner as to deceive the eye and produce at the receiving end what amounted to a continuous reproduction of a picture at the transmitting end. At least, in spite of his society leanings, Franconi was no mere dilettante inventor.

"But—the necklace," suggested Craig, after a moment, for the first time interrupting the rather rambling trend of Mrs. Brackett's story; "what has all this to do with the necklace?"

She looked at him almost despairingly.

"I don't really care for a thousand such necklaces," she cried. "It is my daughter—her good name—her—her safety!"

Suddenly she had become almost hysterical as she thought of the real purpose of her visit, which she had not yet been able to bring herself to disclose even to Kennedy. Finally, with an effort, she managed to control herself and go on.

"You see," she said, in a low tone, almost as if she were confessing some fault of her own, "Gloria has been frequenting these—*recherchée* places without my knowledge, and there she has become intimate with some of the fastest of the fast set.

"You ask about the necklace. I don't know, I must admit. Has some one of her friends taken advantage of her to learn our habits and get into the house and get it? Or have they put her up to getting it?" The last query was wrung from her as if by main force. She could not even breathe it without a shudder. "When the necklace was stolen," she added tremulously, "it must have been an 'inside job,' as you detectives call it. Mr. Brackett and I were away, at the time, at a week-end party. We supposed Gloria was visiting some friends in the city. But since then we have learned that she motored out with some of her dance-crazed acquaintances to the Cabaret Rouge, not far from Willys Hills. It must have been taken then—by some of them."

The recital to comparative strangers, even though they were to be trusted to right the wrong, was more than she could bear. Mrs. Brackett was now genuinely in tears, her shoulders trembling under emotion as she bowed her head. But she forced back her feelings heroically.

"We put the advertisement that way because—well, now you must understand why," she resumed, then anticipating our question, added, "But there has been no response."

I knew from her tone that, even to herself, she would not admit that Gloria might have been guilty. Yet subconsciously it must have been in her mind, and she knew it was in ours. Her voice broke again.

"Mr. Brackett has repeatedly ordered Gloria to give up her fast acquaintances. But she defies him. Even to my pleadings she has turned a deaf ear."

It was most pathetic to watch the workings of the mother's face as she was forced to say this of her daughter. All thought of the necklace was lost now.

"I—I want my daughter back," she almost wailed.

"Who are these rapid youngsters?" asked Craig gently.

"I don't know all of them," she replied. "There is young Rittenhouse Smith—he is one. The Rittenhouse Smiths, you know, are a very fine family. But young Ritter, as the younger set calls him, is wild. They've had to cut his allowance two or three times, I believe. Another of them is Rhinelander Brown. I don't think the Browns have much money, but it is a good family. Oh," she added, with a faint attempt at a smile, "I'm not the only mother who has heartaches. But the worst of it is that there are some professionals with whom they go—a dancer, Rex Du Mond, and a woman named Bernice Bentley. I don't know any more of them, but I presume there is a regular organization of these social gangsters."

"Did Signor Franconi ever go with them?" asked Craig.

"Oh, mercy, no!" she hastened.

"And they can't seem to break the gang up," ruminated Craig, evidently liking her characterization of the group.

She sighed deeply and wiped away another tear.

"I've done what I could with Gloria. I've cut her allowance—but it has done no good. I'm losing my hold on her altogether. You—you will help me—I mean, help Gloria?" she asked, eagerly, leaning forward in an appeal which must have cost her a great deal, so common is the repression of such feelings in women of her type.

"Gladly," returned Kennedy heartily. "I will do anything in my power."

Proud though she was, Mrs. Brackett could scarcely murmur her thanks.

"Where can I see Gloria?" asked Kennedy finally.

She shook her head.

"I can't say. If you want to, you may see her to-morrow, though, at the drag-hunt of the club. My husband says he is not going to take Gloria's actions without a protest. So he has peremptorily ordered her to attend the meet of the hunt club. We thought it would get her away, at least for a time, from her associates."

I thought I understood, partly at least. Bradford Brackett's election as M. F. H. had been a crowning distinction in his social career, and he did not purpose to have Gloria's escapades spoil the meet for him. Perhaps he thought this as good an occasion as any to use his power to force her back into the circle to which she rightfully belonged.

Mrs. Brackett had risen.

"How can I ever thank you?" she exclaimed, extending her hand impulsively. "I know nothing has been changed—yet. But already I feel better."

"I shall do what I can—depend on me," reiterated Kennedy modestly. "If I can do nothing before, I shall be out at the hunt club to-morrow. Perhaps I shall be there anyhow."

"This is a most peculiar situation," I remarked, a few minutes later, as Mrs. Brackett was whisked away from the laboratory door in her motor.

"Indeed it is," returned Kennedy, pacing up and down, his face wrinkled with thought. "I don't know whether I feel more like a detective or a spiritual adviser." He pulled out his watch. "Half-past four," he considered. "I'd like to have a look at that Cabaret Rouge here in town."

It was a perfect autumn afternoon. We strode along in the bracing air until, at last, we turned into Broadway at the upper end of what might be called "Automobile Row." Motor-cars and taxi-cabs were buzzing along in an endless stream, most of them filled with women, gowned and bonneted in the latest mode.

Before the garish entrance of the Cabaret Rouge they seemed to pile up and discharge their feminine cargoes. We entered and were quickly engulfed in the tide of eager pleasure-seekers. A handsome and judicious tip to the head waiter secured us a table at the far end of a sort of mezzanine

gallery from which we could look down over a railing at the various groups at the little white tables below. There we sat, careful to spend the necessary money to entitle us to stay, for, to the average New Yorker, the test seems to be not so much what one is getting for it as how much money is spent when out for a "good time."

Smooth and glittering on the surface, like its little polished dancing-floor in the middle of the squares of tables down-stairs, the Cabaret Rouge, one could see, had treacherous undercurrents, unsuspected until an insight such as we had just had revealed them. The very atmosphere seemed vibrant with laughter and music. A string band played sharp, staccato, highly accentuated music—a band of negroes, as in many of the showy and high-priced places where a keen sense of rhythm was wanted. All around us women were smoking cigarettes. Everywhere they were sipping expensive drinks. Instinctively one felt the undertow in the very atmosphere.

I wondered who they were and where they all came from, these expensively dressed, apparently refined, though, perhaps, only veneered girls, whirling about with the pleasantest-looking young men, who expertly guided them through the mazes of the fox-trot and the canter waltz and a dozen other steps I knew not of. This was one of New York's latest and most approved devices to beguile the languid afternoons of ladies of leisure.

"There she is," pointed out Kennedy finally. "I recognize her from the pictures I've seen."

I followed the direction of his eyes. The music had started, and out on the floor, twisting in and out among the crowded couples, was one pair that seemed to attract more attention than the rest. They had come from a gay party seated in a little leather cozy corner like several about the room.

Gloria was well named. She was a striking girl, not much over nineteen surely, tall, lissome, having precisely the figure for which the modern dances must have been especially designed. I watched her attentively.

Already one could actually see on her marks of dissipation. One does not readily think of a girl as sowing her wild oats. Yet they often do. This is one of the strange anomalies of the new freedom of woman.

A few years ago, such a place would have been neither so decent nor attractive. Now it was superficially both. To it went those who never would have dared overstep the strictly conventional in the evil days when the reformer was not abroad in the land.

I watched Gloria narrowly. Clearly here was an example of a girl attracted by the glamour of the life and the flattery of its satellites. What the end of it all might be, I preferred not to guess.

Craig was looking about at the variegated crowd. Suddenly he jogged my elbow. There, just around the turn of the railing of the gallery, sat a young man, dark of hair and eyes, of a rather distinguished foreign appearance, his face set in a scowl as he looked down on the heads of the dancers. One could have followed the tortuous course of Gloria and her partner by his eyes, which the man never took off her, even following her back to the table in the corner when the encore of the dance was finished.

The young man's face, at least, was familiar to me, though I had not met him. It was Signor Franconi.

After a few moments, Craig rose, paid his check, and moved over to the table where Franconi was sitting alone. He introduced himself, and Franconi, with easy politeness, invited us to join him.

I studied the man's face attentively. Signor Franconi was still young, in spite of the honors that had been showered on him for his many inventions. I had wondered before why such a man would be interested in a girl of Gloria's evident type. But as I studied him, I fancied I understood. To his serious mind, it was just the butterfly type that offered the greatest relief. An intellectual woman would have been merely carrying into another sphere the problems with which he was more than capable of wrestling. But there was no line of approval in his fine face of the butterfly-and-candle-singeing process that was going on here.

"What are you working on now?" asked Kennedy, as a preliminary step to drawing him out against the time when we might become better acquainted and put the conversation on a firmer basis.

"A system of wireless transmission of pictures," he returned mechanically. "I think I have vastly improved the system of Doctor Korn. You are familiar with it?"



"But—the necklace," suggested Craig, after a moment, for the first time interrupting the rather rambling trend of Mrs. Brackett's story: "what has all this to do with the necklace?"

Kennedy nodded.

"I have seen it work," he said simply.

Korn's telephotograph apparatus, I remembered, depended on the ability of the element selenium to vary the strength of an electric current passing through it in proportion to the brightness with which the selenium is illuminated.

"That system," he resumed, speaking as though his mind was not particularly on the subject just now, "produces positive pictures at one end of the apparatus by the

successive transmission of many small parts separately. I have harnessed the alternating current in a brand-new way, I think. Instead of prolonging the operation, I do it all at once, projecting the image on a sheet of tiny selenium cells. My work is done. Now the thing to do is to convince the world of that."

"Then you have the telephoto in actual operation?" asked Kennedy.

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"Yes," he replied; "I have a little station down on the shore of the south side of the island." He handed us a card on which he wrote the address at South Side Beach. "That will admit you there at any time, if I should not be about. I am testing it out there—have several instruments on transatlantic liners. We think it may be of use in war—sending plans, photographs of spies, and such things."

He stopped suddenly. The music had started again, and Gloria was out on the dancing-floor. It was evident that, at this very important time in his career, Franconi's mind was on other things.

"Everyone seems to become easily acquainted with everyone else here," remarked Craig, bending over the rail.

"I suppose one cannot dance without partners," returned Franconi absently.

We continued to watch the dancers. I knew enough of these young fellows, merely by their looks, to see that most of them were essential replicas of one type. Certainly most of them could have qualified as social gangsters, without scruples, without visible means of support, without character or credit, but not without a certain vicious kind of ambition.

They seemed to have an unlimited capacity for dancing, freak foods, joy rides, and clothes. Clothes were to them what a jimmy is to a burglar. Their English coats were so tight that one wondered how they bent and swayed without bursting. Smart clothes and smart manners such as they affected are very fascinating to some women.

"Who are they all, do you suppose?" I queried.

"All sorts and conditions," returned Kennedy. "Wall Street fellows whose pocketbooks have been thinned by dull times on the exchange; actors out of engagements; law clerks; some of them even college students. They seem to be a new class. I can't think of any other way they could pick up a living more easily than by this polite parasitism. None of them has any money. They don't get anything from the owner of the cabaret, of course, except perhaps the right to sign checks for a limited amount, in the hope that they may attract new business. It's grafting, pure and simple. The women are their dupes; they pay the bills—and even now and then something for private lessons in dancing in a 'studio.'"

\* Franconi was dividing his attention between what Kennedy was saying and watching Gloria and her partner, who was tall and spare, as must be the successful dancing man of to-day.

"There's a fellow named Du Mond," he put in.

"Who is he?" asked Craig, as though we had never heard of him.

"To borrow one of your Americanisms," returned Franconi, "I think he's the man who puts the 'tang' in tango. From what I hear, though, I think he borrows the 'fox' from fox-trot and plucks the feathers from the 'lame duck.'"

Kennedy smiled, but immediately became interested in a tall, blond girl who had been talking to Du Mond just before the dancing began. I noticed that she was not dancing but stood in the background most of the time, giving a subtle look of appraisal to the men who sat at tables and the girls who also sat alone. Now and then she would move from one table to another with that easy, graceful glide which showed she had been a dancer from girlhood. Always after such an excursion we saw other couples, who had been watching in lonely wistfulness, now made happy by a chance to join the throng.

"Who is that woman?" I asked.

"I believe her name is Bernice Bentley," replied Franconi. "She's the—well, they call her the official hostess—a sort of introducer. That's the reason why, as you observed, there is no lack of friendliness and partners. She just arranges introductions, very tactfully of course, for she is experienced."

I regarded her with astonishment. I had never dreamed that such a thing was possible, even in cosmopolitan New York. What could these women be thinking of? Some of them looked more than capable of taking care of themselves, but there must be many, like Gloria, who were not. What did they know of the men, except their clothes and steps?

As we watched, we saw a slender, rather refined-looking girl come in and sit quietly at a table in the rear. I wondered what the official introducer would do about her, and waited. Sure enough, it was not long before Miss Bentley appeared with one of the dancing men in tow. To my surprise, the "hostess" was coldly turned down. What it was that happened, I did not know, but it

was evident that a change had taken place. Unobtrusively, Bernice Bentley seemed to catch the roving eye of Du Mond while he was dancing and direct it toward the little table. I saw his face flush suddenly, and, a moment later, he managed to work Gloria about to the opposite side of the dancing-floor and, though the music had not stopped, on some pretext or other, to join the party in the corner again.

Gloria did not want to stop dancing, but it seemed as if Du Mond exercised some sort of influence over her, for she did just as he wished. Was she really afraid of him? Who was the little woman who had been like a skeleton at a feast?

Almost before we knew it, it seemed that the little party had tired of the Cabaret Rouge. Of course we could hear nothing, but it seemed as if Du Mond were proposing something and had carried his point. At any rate, the waiter was sent on a mysterious excursion, and the party made as though it were preparing to leave.

Little had been said by either Franconi or ourselves, but it was by a sort of instinct that we, too, paid our check and moved down to the coat-room ahead of them. In an angle we waited until Gloria and her party appeared. Du Mond was not with them. We looked out of the door. Before the cabaret stood a smart hired limousine, which was evidently Gloria's. She would not have dared use her own motor on such an excursion. They drove off without seeing us, and a moment later Du Mond and Bernice Bentley appeared.

"Thank you for the tip," I heard him whisper. "I thought the best thing was to get them away without me. I'll catch them in a taxi later. You're off at seven? Ritter will call for you? Then we'll wait and all go out together. It's safer out there."

Just what it all meant I could not say, but it interested me to know that young Ritter Smith and Bernice Bentley seemed on such good terms. Evidently the gay party were transferring the scene of their gaiety to the country place of the Cabaret Rouge. But why?

We parted at the door with Franconi, who repeated his invitation to visit his workshop down at the beach. I started to follow Franconi out, but Kennedy drew me back.

"Why did you suppose I let them go?" he explained under his breath, as we retreated to the angle again. "I wanted to

watch that little woman who came in alone."

We had not long to wait. Scarcely had Du Mond disappeared when she came out and stood in the entrance while a boy summoned a taxi-cab for her. Kennedy improved the opportunity by calling another for us and, by the time she was ready to drive off, we were able to follow her. She drove to the Prince Henry Hotel, where she dismissed the machine and entered. We did the same.

"By the way," asked Kennedy casually, sauntering up to the desk after she had stopped to get her keys and a letter, "can you tell me who that woman was?"

The clerk ran his finger down the names on the register. At last he paused and turned the book around to us. His finger indicated "Mrs. Katherine Du Mond, Chicago."

Kennedy and I looked at each other in amazement. Du Mond was married, and his wife was in town! She had not made a scene. She had merely watched. What could have been more evident than that she was seeking evidence, and such evidence could only have been for a court of law in a divorce suit? The possibilities which the situation opened up for Gloria seemed frightful. We left the hotel, and Kennedy hurried down Broadway, turning off at the office of a young detective, Chase, whom he used often on matters of pure routine.

"Chase," he instructed, when we were seated in the office, "you recall that advertisement of the lost necklace in the *Star* by LaRue & Company?"

The young man nodded.

"Well," resumed Kennedy, "I want you to search the pawnshops, particularly those of the Tenderloin, for any trace you can find of it. Let me know if it is only a rumor that you discover."

There was nothing more that we could do that night, though Kennedy found out over the telephone by a ruse, that, as he suspected, the country place of the Cabaret Rouge was the objective of the gay party which we had seen.

The next day was that of the hunt, and we motored out to the North Shore Hunt Club. It was a splendid day, and the ride was just enough to put an edge on the meet that was to follow.

We pulled up at last before the rambling Colonial building which the hunt club

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boasted as its home. Mrs. Brackett was waiting for us with horses.

"I'm so glad you came," she greeted us, aside. "Gloria is here—under protest. That young man over there, talking to her, is Ritter Smith. Rhine Brown, as they call him, was about a moment ago—oh, yes, there he is, coming over on that chestnut mare to talk to them. I wanted you to see them here. After the hunt, if you care to, I think you might go over to the Cabaret Rouge out here. You might find out something."

She was evidently quite proud of her handsome daughter and that anything should come up to smirch her name cut her deeply.

The hunt club was a swagger organization, even in these degenerate days when farmers will not tolerate broken fences and trampled crops, and when democratic ideas interfere sadly with the follies of the rich. In a cap with a big peak, a scarlet hunting-coat, and white breeches with top-boots, Brackett himself made a striking figure of M. F. H.

There were thirty or forty in the field, the men in silk hats. For the most part one could not see that the men treated Gloria unusually. But it was evident that the women did. In fact,

the coldness even extended to her mother, who would literally have been frozen out if it had not been for her quasi-official position. I could see now that there was a fight on for Mrs. Brackett's social position.

As we watched Gloria, we could see that Franconi was hovering around, unsuccessfully trying to get an opportunity to say a word to her alone. Just before we were off, a telegram came to her, which she read and hastily stuffed into a pocket of her riding-habit.

But that was all that happened, and I fell



Franconi was dividing his attention between what Craig was saying and what Gloria was saying, as must be the

to studying the various types of human nature, from the beginner who rode very hard and very badly and made himself generally odious to the M. F. H. to the old seasoned hunter who talked of the old days of real foxes and how he used to know all the short cuts to the coverts.

It was a keen, crisp day. Already a man had been over the field pulling along the ground a little bag of aniseed, and now the hunt was about to start.

Noses down, feathering zigzag over the

ground, sniffing earth and leaves and grass, the hounds were brought up. One seemed to get a good whiff of the trail and lifted his head with a half-yelp, half-whine, high pitched, frenzied, never to be forgotten. Others joined in the music. "Gone away!" sounded the huntsman as if there were a real fox. We were off after them. Drag-hounds, however, for the most part run mute and very fast, so that that picturesque feature was missing. But the light soil and rail fences of Long Island were ideal for drag hunting.

We went for four or five miles. Then there was a check for the stragglers to come up. Some had fresh mounts, and all of us were glad of the breathing-space while the M. F. H. "held" the hounds.

While we waited, we saw that Mrs. Brackett was riding about quickly, as if something were on her mind. A moment she stopped to speak to her husband, then galloped over to us.

"Gloria hasn't come up with the rest!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Already Brackett had told those about him, and all was confusion. It was only a moment when the members of the hunt were scouring the country over which we had passed, with something really definite to find.

Kennedy did not pause.

"Come on, Walter!" he shouted, striking out down the road, with me hard after him.

We pulled up before a road-house of remarkable quaintness and luxury of appointment, one of the hundreds about New York which the automobile has recreated. Before it swung the weathered sign: "Cabaret Rouge." To our hurried inquiries, the manager admitted that Du Mond had been there, but alone, and had left. Gloria had not come there. A moment later the sound of hoofs on the hard road interrupted us, and Ritter Smith dashed up.

"Just overtook a farmer down the road," he panted. "Says he saw an automobile waiting at the stone bridge, and later it passed him with a girl and a man in it."

Together we retraced the way to the stone bridge. Sure enough, there on the side of the road were marks where a car had pulled up. The grass about was trampled, and as we searched, Kennedy reached down and picked up something white. At least it



and watching Gloria and her partner, who successful dancing man of to-day

had been white. But now it was spotted with fresh blood, as though some one had tried to stop a nosebleed.

He looked at it more closely. In the corner was embroidered a little "G."

Evidently there had been a struggle and a car had whizzed off. Gloria was gone. But with whom? And why the struggle?

Absolutely nothing more developed from the search. An alarm was at once sent out, and the police all over the country notified. Mrs. Brackett was frantic. But it was not now the scandal that worried her. It was Gloria's safety.

That night, in the laboratory, Kennedy took the handkerchief, and with the blood on it made a most peculiar test before a strange-looking little instrument.

It seemed to consist of a little cylinder of glass immersed in water kept at the temperature of the body. Between two minute wire pincers, or serres, in the cylinder was a very small piece of some tissue. To the lower serre was attached a thread. The upper one was attached to a sort of lever ending in a pen that moved over a ruled card.

"Every emotion," remarked Kennedy, as he watched the movement of the pen in fine, zigzag lines over the card, "produces its physiological effect. I suppose you have heard of the recent studies of Doctor Walter Cannon, of Harvard, on the group of remarkable alterations in bodily economy under emotion? But one cannot see such evidences of emotion if he is not present at the time. How can we reconstruct them?" He paused a moment, then resumed: "There are organs hidden deep in the body which do not reveal so easily the emotions. But the effect often outlasts the actual emotion. There are special methods by which one can study the feelings. That is what I have been doing here."

"But how can you?" I queried.

"There is what is called the sympathetic nervous system," he explained. "Above the kidney there are also glands, called the suprarenal, which excrete a substance known as adrenin. In extraordinarily small amounts adrenin affects this sympathetic system. In emotions of various kinds, a reflex action is sent to the suprarenal glands which causes a pouring into the blood of adrenin.

"On the handkerchief of Gloria Brackett I obtained plenty of comparatively fresh

blood. Here, in this machine, I have between these two pincers a minute segment of rabbit intestine."

He withdrew the solution from the cylinder with a pipette, then introduced some more of the dissolved blood from the handkerchief. The first effect was a strong contraction of the rabbit intestine, then, in a minute or so, the contractions became fairly even with the base-line on the card.

"Such tissue," he remarked, "is noticeably affected by even one part in over a million of adrenin. See—here, by the writing lever, the rhythmical contractions are recorded. Such a strip of tissue will live for hours, will contract and relax beautifully with a regular rhythm which, as you see, can be graphically recorded. This is my adrenin test."

Carefully he withdrew the ruled paper with its tracings.

"It's a very simple test after all," he said, laying beside this tracing another, which he had made previously. "There you see the difference between what I may call 'quiet blood' and 'excited blood.'"

I looked at the two sets of tracings. They were markedly different.

"What do they show to an expert?" I asked, perplexed.

"Fear," he answered laconically. "Gloria did not elope. She was forced to go!"

"Attacked and carried off?" I queried.

"I did not say that," he replied. "Perhaps our original theory that her nose was bleeding may be correct. It might have started in the excitement, the anger, and fear at what happened, whatever it was. Certainly the amount of adrenin in her blood shows that she was laboring under strong enough emotion."

Our telephone-bell rang insistently, and Kennedy answered it.

"What was it?" I asked eagerly, as he hung up the receiver.

"Chase has traced the necklace," he reported, "that is, he has discovered the separate stones, unset, pawned in several shops. The tickets were issued to a girl whose description exactly fits Gloria."

I could only stare at him. Gloria must have taken the necklace herself. Though we had feared it and tried to discount it, nevertheless the certainty came as a shock.

"Why should she have taken it?" I considered.

"For many possible reasons," returned

Kennedy. "Her own income probably went to keeping those harpies going. Besides, her mother had cut her allowance. She may have needed money very badly."

"Perhaps they had run her into debt," I agreed.

"How about that other little woman we saw?" suggested Kennedy. "You remember how Gloria seemed to stand in fear of Du Mond? Who knows but that he made her get it to save her reputation? A girl in Gloria's position might do many foolish things. But to be named as correspondent, that would be fatal."

Suddenly the door opened. Mrs. Brackett entered. She was a pathetic figure as Kennedy placed an easy chair for her.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Kennedy. "Have you heard anything new?"

She did not answer directly, but silently handed him a yellow slip of paper. On a telegraph blank were written simply the words:

Don't try to follow me. I've gone to be a war-nurse. When I make good, I will let you know.  
GLORIA.

We looked at each other in blank amazement. That was hardly an easy way to trace her. How could one ever find out now where she was, in the present state of affairs abroad, even supposing it were not a ruse to cover up something?

Somehow I felt that the message did not tell the story. Where was Du Mond? Had he fled too—perhaps forced her to go with him when Mrs. Du Mond appeared? The message did not explain the struggle and the fear.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Mrs. Brackett, all thought of her former pride gone, as she actually held out her hands imploringly and almost fell on her knees, "can't you find her—can't you *do* something?"

"Have you a photograph of Gloria?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes," she cried eagerly, reaching into her mesh bag, and drawing one out. "I carry it with me always. Why?"

"Come," exclaimed Kennedy, seizing it. "It occurs to me that it is now or never that this device of Franconi's must prove that it is some good. If she really went, she wasted no time. There's just a bare chance that the telephote has been placed on some of these vessels that are carrying

munitions abroad. Franconi says that he has developed it for its war-value."

As fast as Mrs. Brackett's chauffeur could drive us, we motored down to South Side Beach and sought out the little workshop directly on the ocean where Franconi had told us that we should always be welcome. He was not there, but an assistant was. Kennedy showed him the card that Franconi had given us.

"Show me how the machine works," he asked, while Mrs. Brackett and I waited aside, scarcely able to curb our impatience.

"Well," began the assistant, "this is a screen of very minute and sensitive selenium cells. I don't know how to describe the process better than to say that the tones of sound, the human voice, have hundreds of gradations which are transmitted, as you know, by wireless now. Gradations of light, which are all that are necessary to produce the illusion of a picture, are far simpler than those of sound. Here, in this projector—"

"That is the transmitting part of the apparatus?" interrupted Kennedy brusquely. "That holder?"

"Yes; you see there are hundreds of alternating conductors and insulators, all synchronized with hundreds of similar receivers at the—"

"Let me see you try this photograph," interrupted Kennedy again, handing over the picture of Gloria which Mrs. Brackett had given him. "Signor Franconi told me he had the telephote on several outgoing liners. Let me see if you can transmit it. Is there any way of sending a wireless message from this place?"

The assistant had shoved the photograph into the holder from which each section was projected on the selenium-cell screen.

"I have a fairly powerful plant here," he replied.

Quickly Kennedy wrote out a message, briefly describing the reason why the picture was transmitted and asking that any station on shipboard that received it would have a careful search made of the passengers for any young woman, no matter what name was assumed, who might resemble the photograph.

Though nothing could be expected immediately at best, it was at least some satisfaction to know that through the invisible air waves, wirelessly, the only means now of identifying Gloria was being

flashed far and wide to all the big ships within a day's distance or less on which Franconi had established his system as a test.

The telephote had finished its work. Now there was nothing to do but wait. It was a slender thread on which hung the hope of success.

While we waited, Mrs. Brackett was eating her heart out with anxiety. Kennedy took the occasion to call up the New York police on "long distance." They had no clue to Gloria. Nor had they been able to find a trace of Du Mond. Mrs. Du Mond also had disappeared. At the Cabaret Rouge, Bernice Bentley had been held and put through a third degree, without disclosing a thing, if indeed she knew anything. I wondered whether, at such a crisis, Du Mond, too, might not have taken the opportunity to flee the country.

We had almost given up hope when suddenly a little buzzer on the telephote warned the operator that something was coming over it.

"The Monfalcone," he remarked, interpreting the source of the impulses.

We gathered breathlessly about the complicated instrument as, on a receiving screen composed of innumerable pencils of light polarized and acting on a set of mirrors, each corresponding to the cells of the selenium screen and tuned to them, as it were, a thin film or veil seemed gradually to clear up, as the telephote slowly got itself into equilibrium at both ends of the

air line. Gradually the face of a girl appeared.

"Gloria!" gasped Mrs. Brackett, in a tone that sounded as if ten years had been added to her life.

"Wait," cautioned the operator. "There's a written message to follow."

On the same screen now came, in letters that Mrs. Brackett, in her joy, recognized, the message:

I couldn't help it. I was blackmailed into taking the necklace. Even at the hunt, I received another demand. I did not mean to go, but I was carried off by force before I could pay the second demand. Now I'm glad of it. Forgive us. GLORIA.

"Us?" repeated Mrs. Brackett, not comprehending.

"Look—another picture," pointed Kennedy.

We bent over as the face of a man seemed to dissolve more clearly in place of the writing.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Brackett fervently, reading the face by a sort of intuition before it cleared enough for us to recognize. "He has saved her from herself!"

It was Franconi!

Slowly it faded, and in its place appeared another written message.

Recalled to Italy for war-service. I took her with me by force. It was the only way. Civil ceremony in New York yesterday. Religious will follow at Rome.

A new **Craig Kennedy** story, *The Voodoo Mystery*, will appear in the December issue.

In December *Cosmopolitan*

*The Broadway Thing*

First Episode of *The Trufflers*

A Story-Series by Samuel Merwin

You are going to be mightily interested in the heroine of these stories, as well as in her associates—an interesting, heterogeneous, radical, and artistic set in New York city—who think themselves the moderns of the modern, cast off many of the conventionalities of life, and show an amazing affinity for the fads and theories of moral unrest. They are all there—the people and the ideas—and the author portrays them to the life.

But is Sue Wilde really one of them? At any rate, she is a splendid character, one of the distinctive ones in modern fiction, and puzzling, too. Do not, by any means, miss *The Broadway Thing* next month, in which you will make her acquaintance.

# *Irresistible Irene*



**B***ORN* in St. Louis, Irene Franklin has been on the stage since childhood. Some years ago she was crowned "Queen of Vaudeville," and no one has ever wrested the diadem from her. Last summer she invaded the legitimate stage, playing in "Hands Up!"—a New York summer revue.

# Billie Fortune's



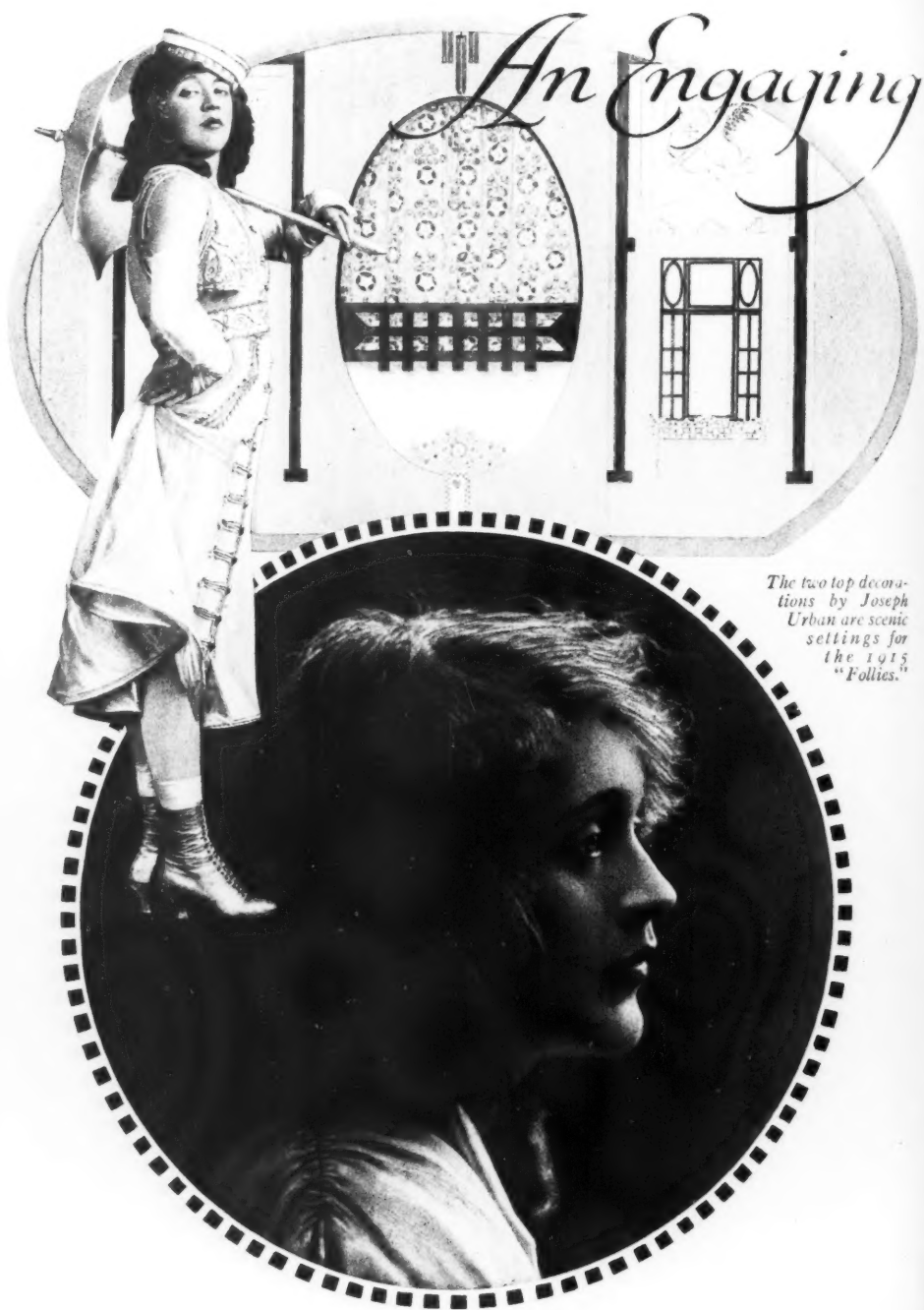
PHOTOGRAPHER © IRA L. BILL,  
SPECIALLY POSED FOR KINOPOLYKAM

# Burke- Favorite

*"WE will give you \$30,000 for five weeks' work," the moving-picture magnates told Billie Burke. Miss Burke was just about to say that she would be glad to consider the matter when the speaker continued: "We also are prepared to offer you a contract for three years at \$150,000 a year, which will call for but twenty-five weeks of your time each year." Miss Burke does not thus become the highest salaried artiste in captivity, but the offer does place her among the leaders and she will also go on with her dramatic work.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRA L. RIEL  
SPECIALLY POSED FOR COSMOPOLITAN



# Follies



**M**AE MURRAY was a "Follies" girl in 1908, which was her second year on the stage, and also in 1909. By that time she had become so good a dancer that she did "solo work" in "Her Little Highness." The next season, the cabaret craze swept Broadway, and Mae skipped over into that. Now she is back with her first love, a leading dancer in the 1915 edition of the same old "Follies," and has helped it to a big success.

# The Ambitions



# of Anne

**A**NNE MEREDITH doesn't believe in the star system and doesn't want to be a star, but if some one would only write a play for her in which the heroine is an intellectual woman and yet of the "clinging-vine" type, she would be the happiest girl alive. The Ibsen rôles attract her, but they lack many elements of her feminist ideals. She has been six years on the stage, has played leads in "The Indiscretion of Truth" and "The Cub," and been also with the casts of "Kindling," "Mrs. Dot," and "Out-cast." Lately she has "done a picture"—the leading woman in a big photo-production of "The Battle."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ISA L. HILL  
SPECIALLY POSED FOR COSMOPOLITAN

# An English Violet



**VIOLET HEMING** was only twelve when she came from England to play Wendy in a "Peter Pan" company. At fifteen, she was leading woman in "Daddy Dufard." Last season, she was the naughty sister in "The Lie." This year she is the heroine in "Under Fire."



# The Twin Sisters

A PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

By Justus Miles Forman

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

**SYNOPSIS**—The parents of Diana and Alice Wayne were separated when they were mere children, twelve years before the opening of the story, which is the summer of 1913. Diana was brought up by her father, Charters Wayne, with the assistance of an old family friend, Vera Morris, Marchesa del Monte Bruno. Vera is the widow of an Italian nobleman and a woman of sterling worth and character. Consequently, Diana has turned out to be a frank, straightforward girl, energetic, fond of sports, and perhaps a little unconventional—in short, a typical American girl of the period. Alice was taken abroad by her mother, who calls herself Mrs. Martin-Wayne, and has lived chiefly in Italy ever since. She shows the effects of the restraint put upon girlhood by Continental custom and tradition. She will, on occasion, use the time-honored weapons of the weaker sex and can be both untruthful and deceitful.

The family meets accidentally on the Lake of Como, and it is arranged that Alice shall return with her father and sister to New York in the fall, to spend the winter. Alice is engaged to Lord Henry Borrold, a younger but middle-aged son of the Duke of Cheswick who had known the Waynes in America before the separation. Diana has an ardent admirer, an Italian, Count Gianciovico Pola, who, when she refuses to marry him, tries to abduct her in a motor-boat, and she escapes from him with difficulty.

The early autumn finds Wayne and the two girls in New York, and Lord Henry Borrold arrives. A house-party is formed to spend a week at Groene Wegje, the Wayne country place in the Highlands of the Hudson. The guests include one Quintus P. Brown, a self-made Westerner only thirty-four, who has already been in Congress. Diana is much interested in him. She and her father met him in Europe, where he had been unsuccessfully searching for a sister who had eloped with a Pole, and whom he had lost track of. Vera Monte Bruno is also in the party. One night a dance is gotten up. Midway in the evening, Diana asks Brown to take her out on the veranda for a breath of air. He tells her that she and her friends spend their time trying to get as far away from the principles of life as possible, and asks her to give it all up and marry him. She replies that she must have time to think, and he says that he will give her a little time, but not much. Just then, Lord Henry claims the girl for a dance, but they stay on the porch instead. Diana has a chance to compare the two men. Lord Henry lacks ambition and has no desire to return to Parliament, of which he was once a member, nor does Alice wish him to, because his politics are opposed to those of his family and connections, and this, she believes, would mitigate against her social standing in England. When they return to the house, they pass through the conservatory and come upon Alice, who is obviously being made love to by a young man. Diana is distressed; but Lord Henry says he doesn't mind it, that he trusts Alice but doesn't want to have people talk about her.

**A**LICE followed into Diana's room late that night, looking rather white and anxious. She didn't beat about the bush. She said at once:

"Look here: I didn't get a chance for a word alone with Henry before we came up-stairs. I just said good night to him with several people about. What did he see? You know what I mean—in that conservatory place."

"He saw you being made love to by Tommy Ainley," Diana said. "Whether he knew that Tommy Ainley was holding your hands or not, I can't say, but I rather think not." She shook her head. "My dear, I'm frightfully angry with you! You're behaving like a little fool. Of course I said what I could, and Lord Henry was a brick about it, but how in the world could you run such risks—to say nothing of the—well, the taste of the thing? Some men would have broken off their engagement on the spot. I suppose you know that."

"You think he didn't mind, then?" Alice pressed her. And when Diana repeated that he had been a brick about it, she drew a very long breath and lay back in her chair. "Thank heaven! To tell you the truth, I was terrified. It wasn't really my fault, you know. That—that little idiot of an Ainley boy would be silly, and there was no stopping him. He makes love quite automatically I think—like a machine making sausages. I told him I wouldn't listen, but it made no difference. Besides, it was rather fun—I liked it. He asked me to run away with him. I suppose he would have died of shock if I had said I would, but he asked very nicely—you know, violent, without being rough. He said I was the only woman he had ever met who made him forget the whole world, and he said if I refused him the end of his world had come. It really gave me a thrill, you know—all up and down my back. It wasn't that I wanted actually to run away with that maniac, but—oh, I don't know—something about it—just the idea of a man

wanting to do perfectly mad things about you—just the sound of his voice saying it—all that.” She must have forgotten, for the time at least, something that Diana had once told her and that she had, only this very day, passed on to Lord Henry Borrold, for she said: “I suppose you wouldn’t understand what I mean, but it’s—rather breathless and nice. I liked it.”

Diana looked at her sister, and got up and went to one of the windows that was open to the cool night air. She had a sudden, half-distressing, half-ridiculous realization of the commonness of all human experience, and she felt a little hysterical, and wanted to laugh or to weep, she wasn’t quite sure which.

“That’s all very well,” she said presently, with her back to the room, “about the joys of being made love to, I mean; but you might realize that you’re engaged to Henry Borrold—in everything but the mere formalities. There is such a thing as decent loyalty.”

Alice said, “I know,” and got up and came across the room where her sister was, and put her arms round her and held her close. “Darling, don’t you go back on me! I didn’t mean any harm with that wretched boy, and I am loyal to Henry; but I do so want to have a good time. You can’t understand. You’ve always had a good time. You’ve been everywhere and done everything and known everybody. I’ve lived in a snuffy villa at Florence or at Frascati, and seen no one and done nothing but read Tauchnitz novels and pour tea for old Englishwomen who came to call. I made eyes at my piano teacher once, and got him to make them back; but he wasn’t very good at it and he was as ugly as a parrot. Don’t be hard on me. You see, these people have no idea that I’m engaged to Henry Borrold, and I can’t tell them. It puts me in a very difficult position.”

That was quite true, and Diana had to acknowledge it. Indeed, everything that Alice had said was true, so true that it has been said, first and last, a good many times without weakening its force. It had become a kind of stock excuse, but it was a good excuse and always won her sympathy. So she kissed her sister very warmly, and said she quite understood and was sorry for having been impatient.

“But, you know, you *must* be careful. Those things are all very pleasant and pos-

sibly quite harmless, but Lord Henry mightn’t think so the second or third or fourth time.”

“There won’t be any second time—or third or fourth,” Alice promised. “I like being made love to—that is, if they’re rather headlong about it—but I’m not a fool, and I don’t mean to lose Henry Borrold. When the next man begins to say pretty things, I shall say to myself: ‘My dear, the duke is a very old man, and Lord Denforth, though married, has no children. Use a little self-control, and you may one day be a duchess.’”

Diana laughed but turned grave again.

“I had never thought seriously of that possibility,” she said, “and I shouldn’t count too much on it if I were you. Lord Denforth has only been married two years—or is it three? He may yet put quantities of healthy lives between you and your strawberry leaves. Or he may himself outlive Lord Henry. You’ll have a good-enough position without being a duchess—a better one, really, because, though you won’t have so much power, you’ll be much freer to do what you like. Oh, that reminds me: I wanted to talk to you about something.” And she told a little of her conversation that evening with Lord Henry.

Alice listened thoughtfully enough, and nodded once or twice, but, in the end, shook her head.

“My dear, it wouldn’t do! In the first place, Henry isn’t really ambitious; he is far too lazy. And, in the second place, it would make the family down on us, and that I don’t want at all. When I go to make my visit next spring, I mean to be just as sweet as I know how to the duke and the duchess, and to the Denforths, too. I shall fetch and carry and knit and smile, and ask advice and be the simple, humble, loving little bride-elect, and they’ll all think Henry has done very decently well for himself and help me socially, later on, when I need help. *But* if they found I’d been stirring him up to the kind of thing they hated so, half a dozen years ago, where should I be then?” Diana shook her head, and the other girl laughed. “Oh, yes; you think I’m a horrid, double-faced, frivolous little Becky Sharp, don’t you? I’m not; I’m not at all—but I do want to get a good start in life there. Who wouldn’t want it? And Henry’s family is absolutely necessary to me. I should be a maniac to

displease them at the very beginning. Of course, later on, when I'm more or less secure in my place, then we can do what we like. But I think it will never be politics. They're too dangerous." She looked up at her sister's face, and patted the hand that she held between hers. "Oh dear, you're disappointed in me, aren't you? You'd like me to prod poor Henry on into taking some sort of stand that would make trouble for everybody. Dearest, it is really no good. I could talk until I fainted, and he wouldn't do anything. He doesn't want to. He told me so only to-day. He's lazy, I tell you. And so why not let the poor man alone?"

"Of course," she added, laughing, "of course, if you think you can do anything with him, do it by all means. I give you leave. Only, I warn you, you'll fail. I know him pretty well, and I know that there's none of that sort of thing in him."

"I hope you two are getting on better than you did in the beginning. Did you really have a talk to-day? I'm glad. I wish you might like each other. Henry admires you enormously. He told me so. But he doesn't quite care for the—well, modern intellectual type of woman. He likes women to be smart and up to date and amusing to talk to, but he wants them to stop there. I think most Englishmen do. You see, they have always before them such a horrible example of what independent thinking and all that sort of thing can lead to, in those dreadful militant suffragettes."

"You don't mind my talking to him about politics, then?" Diana asked. "I shan't urge him to do anything, you know. But he has intelligence, and I was a little surprised to find in what direction he had once used it. It would be pleasant to have some one to talk to about—well, social conditions and possible remedies and all that. You don't mind?"

"Good gracious, no! Why should I? Henry will like it immensely. You have intelligence, too, and he likes intelligence, even in women, though he mayn't want to marry it."

"That's rather modest of you, Alice," Diana observed; but the other girl shook her head.

"I don't mean it to be. I'm quite intelligent enough in my own way—and Henry's. I know what I'm about. Of course, I'm not in your class at all about—well, about questions of the day and politics

and all that. Those things don't interest me, and even if they did, I should keep it dark, because Henry wouldn't like it—that is, in his wife. I'm not a bit clever in your way, but just you watch me when I'm married! You watch and see whether or not I can make people do the things I want them to do. When you're living the simple life on a Wyoming ranch, my dear, I shall be one of the smartest hostesses in London, and I'll send you invitations to my parties."

She laughed a little nervously, as if she found that picture full of charm and excitement, kissed Diana on both cheeks, and got up.

"I'm off to bed." But, from the door, she turned back, with narrowed eyes. "Look here: just exactly what sort of position does the Marchesa Monte Bruno occupy in this household? She and father seem to me to be on rather odd terms of intimacy—when you consider that he's a married man."

Diana flushed.

"Vera Monte Bruno has been a kind of combination mother and best friend to me for years. As for her 'position' here, as you call it, it's that of an old and intimate family friend. She and father have known each other ever since they were children. Don't be silly, Alice. And, above all things, don't be silly about Vera. If I were you, I should try my best to make her like me, because she is about the finest woman now living. She's a saint."

"Is she?" Alice asked. "Well, I should advise her, then, to keep her eyes more continuously fixed on heaven. If you ask me, I say that she's very badly in love with father, and I think some one ought to tell her that he has a wife."

Diana didn't answer, and Alice ran across the room to her, laughing.

"Now I've made you hate me again! Oh dear, you're such a solemn person at times! I didn't mean it, silly. At least, I didn't mean it very hard. I wouldn't really say nasty things about your treasure for anything in the world. And I'm sure she's quite splendid, and I shall try to make her take me up."

Diana didn't want to smile, for she was very much annoyed; but Alice made her, and they stood laughing together for a moment before they parted. They chanced to be facing a long mirror, and Alice drew her sister nearer to it.

"Do you know, I think we look more alike

than we did at first. Of course, it's partly that I have decent clothes now, and know more about how my hair ought to be done. But there is something more."

And she was right. The something more was a kind of recently awakened life, a glow, a vigor. At Cadenabbia she had been pale and listless, but new horizons had opened upon her sight since then; a new consciousness of her power had begun to stir in her; she was occupied with new thoughts, new ambitions, and she was happy. The two girls really looked very alike. Diana was darker and perhaps an inch taller, but that was almost the only physical difference. Even their manner of standing and moving were very similar, and their voices, too, except that Alice's voice, when she was very much in earnest or was hurt or annoyed, took on a sharpness that was unknown to Diana's.

Alice blew a kiss to the two figures in the long glass.

"We're certainly very good-looking, we two," she said critically. "With looks like that, and brains as well, we ought to go rather far, you know. I wonder just how far we shall go, you and I, and which of us will go the farther? I seem to have rather the better of it just now, as I'm going to marry into a ducal family, but you're what Henry calls a 'dark horse.' You may do just anything. It will be fun to see how it all works out, won't it?"

## X

THE season of 1913-14 was essentially a dancing season in New York. To be sure, during the two winters preceding there had been a rapidly increasing number of enthusiasts over the new dances; innumerable cabarets had sprung up and flourished; various ladies of fashion had secured expert professionals to instruct weekly classes at their houses, and scandalized clergymen and dowagers had shrieked protests in the press over the debauchery of modern social life.

But, during this winter, the dancing-wave mounted to its height, and neither young nor old paid much attention to any other form of entertainment. The restaurants, hotels, and tea-rooms that did not boast *thé dansants* might as well have closed their doors, and the advertisements of dancing instructors, most of whom naively claimed

to have originated the tango and the maxixe, filled nearly a page in many of the Sunday newspapers.

Diana was one of the organizers of an afternoon tango class and, though she was too young to appear as a patroness of the Friday Evening Dances, which became far and away the most fashionable parties of the season, she was well known to be one of the most active spirits in the group that kept them going. She would have been able, in any event, of course, to do a great deal for her sister socially, but the existence of these rather small and intimate affairs made it much easier, especially as Alice, after a course in the maxixe and the tango, became one of the best dancers to be found in New York.

Some one once asked young Mr. Remy de Kalb, known as "the demon tangoist," which of the two sisters he considered the better dancer, and young Mr. de Kalb, after some reflection, answered that to dance with Alice Wayne was just like dancing with a pretty phantom—so perfectly did she adapt herself to your inclination that you scarcely knew she was there. But to dance with Diana was an experience so thrilling and memorable that you emerged from it with renewed courage to face the trials of life. This amused certain people to whom it was repeated, and Diana had to bear a good deal of chaffing. But out of young Mr. de Kalb's somewhat poetic flight of fancy there might be gathered, as a modest grain of truth, that one of the twins was a very good dancer and the other a very brilliant one.

Lord Henry Borrold, who had taken up quarters at the Ritz, persisted in his study of the new art, and was one of the most regular of the Friday Nighters. He had long known most of those American hostesses who move upon London in the spring, and, through them and through the Waynes, he soon knew a great many more. There wasn't really much prospect of his ever possessing anything but a courtesy title, but, as a member of a ducal family, he found New York's arms open to him, and need never have dined at home; but he wasn't by nature a very gay or gregarious man—the dancing-passion was a kind of odd exception to the rest of his character—and vastly preferred to dine with two or three intelligent men at one of the clubs at which he had been put up or *en famille* at some



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

They chanced to be facing a long mirror, and Alice drew her sister nearer to it. "Do you know, I think we look more alike than we did at first"

such house as the Roger Bacons' or the Latimers', where there was good talk to be had instead of a babel of chatter. But what he liked best of all was when Diana, who was going to dance, later on, didn't feel like dining out before it, and would let him have a quiet meal with her in Sixty-sixth Street. Sometimes Alice was there, too, but not often, for she almost always dined out somewhere, and so did her father, when he wasn't at his favorite club.

Lord Henry explained it to Alice.

"It's a rest, you see. Nobody screaming; nobody shooting epigrams at you or being clever; nobody telling you that they met your father, the duke, in '93, and just what your father, the duke, said; nobody begging you to tear up your other fixtures and come to them in the country next Friday-to-Monday; nobody wanting to be flirted with. It's — well, it's rather domestic. It's like an occasional quiet chop at your own table. You wouldn't care for that, would you, eh?"

And Alice looked a little anxious and uncomfortable.

"I? Oh, why, yes; of course I should! We shall have heaps of quiet *tête-à-tête* dinners, I hope. Do I seem such a frivoler as all that? Of course, I *do* like having a good time. Do you think I overdo it, Henry? Ought I to stop at home oftener when you and Diana are there?"

Lord Henry shook his head and laughed.

"Certainly not, my dear! Just you go on and be as gay as ever you like. It's your *genre*. It becomes you. Besides, if you get in a lot of it now, perhaps—well, don't you mind about me. Diana and I sharpen our wits on each other, and it's good for us."

What he had in mind was that if she got in a lot of gaiety now, perhaps she wouldn't want so much later on; but he didn't like to say that, because it might sound like trying to hamper her—trying to impose his own tastes on her—and he didn't mean to be that kind of a husband at all. If she wanted fun, as most pretty young women do, she should have it, no matter how much it might bore him in giving it to her. Of course, it would be a very wonderful thing if all your wife's tastes could be identical with your own, or if some heavenly miracle could take place, through your mutual affection, by virtue of which you might both be transmuted into some precious metal

which rang, as it were, to the same wave of impulse—one clear and sweet and common note for both. But that was dream, not reality; such things didn't occur in real life. Real life was a series of compromises, of adjustments, and Lord Henry was quite willing to make his share of these—his share and a bit over. And he was very contented and happy.

As for Mr. Quintus P. Brown, he was neither the one nor the other. In the first place, he hated this dancing-mania which seemed to have attacked all the people he knew and especially the Wayne household. He said, and, there is reason to think, honestly believed, that a society capable of behaving as this one behaved was far gone in decadence, and those prophets of gloom who periodically arise to foretell a social revolution had a ready listener in him. In the second place, he found himself exasperatingly baffled in his pursuit of Diana Wayne by the swarms of people who forever surrounded her, and by her manifold activities. It seemed to him that she lived, as it were, in a public square—that there was neither privacy nor repose in her existence. In "God's country" young ladies were at home to their admirers in the evenings. In fact, they were at home, whether they had admirers or not, because there was usually nowhere else to go. But here in New York, it seemed to the resentful Mr. Brown, there were at least three parties that had to be looked in at every evening, to say nothing of the dinner and opera or play that had preceded them. And you went to these entertainments at an hour when in God's country "Home Sweet Home" had been played and you were thinking of bed.

At first, he thought Diana was simply trumping up excuses to avoid seeing him alone, because he could not believe that so much activity was the normal thing in anyone's life; but later he began to say to himself that she was merely caught in the waters of a kind of gigantic whirlpool, and that she hadn't recently fallen in but had always been there, and that what seemed to him outrageous was to her quite natural, and that she liked it.

To be sure, she made a good many opportunities for him to see her alone in the afternoon in Sixty-sixth Street, but she was always coming to these appointments late from a lesson or a lecture or a rehearsal,

and having to run away, presently, to something else. He felt rather aggrieved, and thought she might have made small sacrifices for him. As a matter of fact, she made many sacrifices and arranged these hours or half-hours with much difficulty, for Brown had not been far off the truth in his figure of speech about the whirlpool. She was, and always since her debut had been, in a busy and ceaseless round of activity, and, like most of her kind, seldom had the leisure to receive calls, but contented herself with seeing her men friends at dinner or at the opera or, later on, at the various musical or dancing parties.

He dined in Sixty-sixth Street rather frequently, as a rule in company, but once or twice alone with Diana and Lord Henry Borrold, at whom he looked askance until he found that the relation between these two, though a little puzzling and hard to define, was certainly not sentimental. They seemed very keen on discussion, and especially on political analysis. He thought them rather naïve about politics—unpractical, idealistic, visionary, and he amiably refused to be drawn into the fray. Diana asked him once—afterward, not in Lord Henry's presence—why he wouldn't give them the benefit of such views as he might hold, and he said he didn't know anything about British politics, and he fancied Lord Henry was unfamiliar with the American situation.

"That leaves me out of it," Diana said. "I'm an American, am I not?"

And to that he replied that he never talked politics with ladies, because he thought it wasn't their field.

"Isn't that rather an 1870 point of view? This is 1913, you know."

"Women are women," Brown said, with his pleasant and disarming smile, "and I don't believe anything very essential has changed in them between 1870 and 1913. You see, I'm old-fashioned enough to believe very hard in the separate functions (if you don't mind my putting it so) of the sexes. Of course, I know that thousands of women have been forced into the industries to do work that men used to do, and that they do certain kinds of work well. I know that some of them make very good stenographers and secretaries, and that a few succeed in the professions, though not very brilliantly. Well, where that sort of thing is necessary, it just has to be, and I accept

it with some regret. But where it is not necessary, I say it had better not be. Now, it is my idea that every man and every woman has only a certain quantity of force to give out to the world—a certain number of foot-pounds, as the engineers say, of physical and spiritual energy. Certainly this energy ought to be expended in the way that will be of greatest value to the world, and it is my belief that the thing of greatest value from women is the thing that they alone can produce. It's an old argument, of course."

"Yes," Diana said slowly, "it's an old argument, and a good one, and I shouldn't dream of quarreling with it. But I should like to quarrel with your interpretation of it. You seem to me narrow and rigid, but, for all that, it's quite dreadfully possible that you are right—that women would do better, where it is economically possible, to give up all the ground they have fought so hard to gain, and to confess that they belong to another race than the human one, and settle down to the jobs their grandmothers had. That is just possible."

"Those jobs seem to me very fine jobs," Brown said, and she looked at him a little sadly.

"Oh, they have their points, I can see that. The man hunts and fights; he builds the home and guards it. The woman has love and protection and her children. The man has the rough side of life; she has the beautiful side, plus, of course, some drudgery and dullness. It's instinctive in every woman to want all that—love and protection and a home and children. And I'm no exception to the rule. I want it. I want to be petted and flattered and put up on a little pedestal. I want to be told that I'm pretty and that I inspire my man to do whatever it is he does better than he did it before. I want—children. But there's something more—something that has been slowly developing in us women through the long climb upward from savagery. We've grown another want—at least, I think we have. We've grown a desire to use our brains. And men like you say we must stifle the desire."

"It's because," he answered, "I don't think it's a normal, healthy desire. I think it's a kind of artificial want stimulated by too much idleness and luxury and not enough natural occupation. If you lived in the country and did your own housework

and had four children, you would be perfectly happy and contented. You wouldn't ever think of wanting to use your brains, except by way of doing your job more efficiently."

It was a worn-old argument he used, and most feminist debaters would have laughed at it or turned away, thinking he wasn't worth their time or trouble. But Diana had, in a certain sense, gone farther than the debaters. She had seen and known almost the full range of this very complicated modern life; she had lived always in the thickest of supercivilization, where existence is as far as possible removed from the primal facts of nature, where the artificial is cultivated to its highest degree. And, like many others of her kind, she had, sometimes, tired to death of endless complication, gone on, in thought, across this world that she knew so well and through it to the other side—to a place of darkness and doubt and questioning. And she had put to herself the eternal riddle: Is it worth while? So she faced Mr. Quintus Brown's rather cock-sure statement with less irritation than most people would have shown—in fact, with no irritation at all. She smiled at him.

"I won't say that I find your picture revolting, for, to tell the truth, I don't. It appeals to me rather strongly—that is, with limitations. I don't think I could quite do all my own housework, though doubtless I could learn to do some of it, and I think I should want, now and then, to see a picture and hear 'Die Meistersinger.' But, in a kind of symbolic sense, I like it. And I say so with shame, because I feel a kind of traitor to my sex—all these splendid women who have done so much to lift us out of just that kind of thing. I feel a traitor to the whole march of civilization—but I'm tired of civilization. You've made me tired of it. You're like a Gypsy coming in the dusk and whispering things to a Gypsy's granddaughter who has been caught young and brought up properly. You wake all kinds of atavistic longings in me."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Quintus Brown, whose face began to flush a little; and the girl watched him under her brows. He went on:

"I know a trail that leads up from the foot-hills into the mountains, a very long way from here. I found it twelve years ago, when I was prospecting with some

other men for gold. You start in the early morning and ride up a river cañon that winds in and out and is very deep, with tall sides that look like pillars in a church, and like Gothic castles and like fortresses. You stop and cook your midday meal and feed your horses on a shelf a thousand feet above the river, with eagles wheeling about beneath you, and then you start again and go on up and up. And late in the afternoon you turn away from the cañon along a ridge of the mountain, and you come to a little natural clearing among the pines, where there is a group of white-birch trees, and just outside this clearing there is a ledge, a kind of natural balcony on a crag of the mountain. Sitting there, with your back against the rock, you look hundreds of miles westward, across the hills and across the plains beyond. It seems as if you were on the highest place in the world and looked down on everything. It is like the spot where the devil must have taken Christ.

"The men I was with wanted to camp in that clearing for the night, but I wouldn't let them. I made them push on another mile or two, because that was the most beautiful site I had ever seen, and I wanted to save it for another occasion. I said to myself that when I fell in love with somebody and married her, I would take her up that trail and we would camp in the little clearing where the birch trees are, and have our honeymoon between the earth and the sky." He leaned forward toward Diana Wayne with shining eyes. "You and I," he said, "will ride up into the mountains along that trail of mine above the river cañon. We'll stop for an hour at noon to rest and eat, and you shall sleep a bit in the sun if you want to. Then we'll go on up, and, late in the day, we'll come to the little clearing with the birch trees, and I'll pitch our tent there and make a fire. There is water, a small stream that comes down out of the higher land behind, and there are mountain trout in it. We'll catch some of those and grill them over the fire, two apiece, for you'll be hungrier than you ever were in your life. There'll be coffee, too, and bread and stuff out of cans—all you want. And, afterward, we'll sit on the ledge outside, with our backs against the rock, and the air will be full of the smell of balsam-pine, and we'll look down on the world and see the dusk come creeping

across it. And, when the stars are out, we'll turn back, and the fire will be burning in the clearing there, and behind it the tent-flap will be open, waiting for us."

They had been standing by one of the windows of the drawing-room, but Diana turned away and crossed the room and sat down, putting her hands up over her face. Brown came and stood above her.

"For years," he said, "you have been running about in circles that led nowhere; you have been living in a kind of insane dream. But I'm going to take you out of it. You'll wake up from your dream and begin to live, and you'll forget that you ever dreamed. I told you once you had something in you that your friends hadn't got. It was true. You have. You've the capacity for honest living and loving. They, your friends, like sham and pretense, because sham and pretense make no demand on the heart and soul. You hate them for the same reason. It's in you to want to live, and you're going to do it, Diana!"

He cried out upon her so sharply that she looked up at him, half startled. And, after a moment, she got very slowly to her feet. Brown was standing with outstretched arms, and his hands trembled a little. The girl seemed, after that first effort, incapable of movement, and he came toward her.

"For God's sake," he said, "don't keep me waiting any longer! You're coming to me in the end. Don't shilly-shally!"

Still she didn't move, only stared into his face with a questioning, an almost painful anxiety. Brown gave a sudden exclamation and caught her up into his arms. He began to babble foolish and disconnected words of tenderness, half-articulate phrases, but stopped abruptly, for, as soon as she had felt his hold upon her, the girl had roused herself all at once from that odd paralysis, and was struggling fiercely. He was a big man and, of course, much stronger than she, but Diana was out of his arms in an instant and half-way across the room.

"I can't!" she cried, with her hands at her throat. "I can't do it! I told you before not to rush me. You'll have to wait. I don't know your mind."

"Who cares for your miserable little mind?" said the Westerner, in a kind of roar. He had the aspect of a man in a fury of rage. "You'll never know your mind. You needn't. Nobody's asking for that.

I want you, not your mind." He made as if he would charge down upon her, but Diana slipped still farther away and held out her hand.

"No; don't do that! This isn't the stone age, in spite of all your beliefs. You'd better not!"

He seemed to realize that she meant what she said, for he turned his back and began beating his hands together.

Diana came a little way toward him.

"I'm sorry," she said; "oh, I'm sorry, really and truly! This is every bit my fault. I let you talk. I let you tell me about your—honeymoon mountain. It was—a very beautiful picture, and I loved it. It thrilled me all over. I saw myself there. And then—" She wrung her hands. "Whatever is the matter? For heaven's sake, tell me, if you know! I was"—she gave a little wry smile—"I was on tiptoe coming to you, and then you touched me, and quite suddenly I couldn't bear it. It was like—I don't know what. I couldn't bear it." He looked round on her somberly, and her face was full of an almost piteous questioning. "I *wanted* to come to you!" she said. "I *wanted* to go to that heavenly place. I *wanted* to—to throw off everything I had ever been and known, and turn my back on it. And then you touched me, and I couldn't."

Brown shrugged his big shoulders. His face was grim.

"Do you think I can explain a girl's whims and vapors? I suppose they all back and fill, more or less. If I had you out in God's country or anywhere else away from this monkey-cage, I'd—we'd soon come to an understanding. I suppose, if I'd the spirit of a mouse, I'd force one here and now, but I can't have you screaming and making a scene in your own parlor."

"No," Diana said, with some emphasis; "no, you can't. And I think you won't. But please believe me when I say that I'm sorry and ashamed and humiliated, and that I don't in the least know what is wrong between us—or, more probably, in me. When I know, I'll tell you. Unless, that is, we discover that there's nothing wrong at all." She held out her hand. "I've got to send you away, for it's very late. Perhaps—" She looked up at him questioningly. "You don't like shilly-shallying, I know—no more do I, for that matter. I hate it. Perhaps you'd prefer

to give me up as a bad job. Not good enough to bother over. I shouldn't in the least blame you. Perhaps you'd rather not come back?"

Brown stuck his hands in his pockets, scowling at her.

"Oh, I'll come back all right! I'm not a quitter." His face broke into a smile. "It's only a question of time, you know. I'm impatient, because there isn't much time in this world. But I mean to get you, if it takes all the time there is."

He went away with that, smiling still over his shoulder, but Diana was grave, because she knew that he meant exactly what he said, and she was a little thrilled and a little afraid, but more than anything puzzled and disheartened over the shortcomings of her own character.

## XI

MR. QUINTUS BROWN had, at first, flatly refused to be taken out into society. He said that he didn't belong there, that it wouldn't amuse him, that he despised the whole wretched business, and that it was no place for a grown man in his proper senses. Whether he learnt to pity, endure, and embrace the world of fashion by dining at the Waynes when there were a dozen at table, or made up his mind that going to parties would insure him twice as much of Diana's company, is not quite clear. In any event, he began to be seen about more and more as the winter drew on, and, to Diana's mingled pride and amusement, he was a great success, for he went out, as it were, with a chip on his shoulder. He surrendered not one inch of ground to the enemy. He denounced the fashionable life with bitterness and scorn to the pretty ladies beside whom he sat at dinner or behind whom he yawned in an opera-box. And the pretty ladies were delighted, because this ferocity was new to them and very amusing.

Many people not much more than middle-aged will remember the transports of pleasure awakened in London by the arrival there of the late Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. Mr. Miller used to stride about Mayfair with locks flowing down upon his shoulders, a sombrero, a red-flannel shirt (I think it was red), and his trousers tucked into knee-boots. He was at once in enormous social demand,

and dined out almost every night of his stay, pouring forth to duchesses and the wives of Cabinet ministers a flow of language which was the counterpart of his extraordinary garb.

It would perhaps be unfair to Mr. Quintus Brown to say that he owed his less vogue that winter in New York, like the poet of the Sierras, to his picturesqueness of person and speech; and certainly there was in his case no calculated assumption of a "part." But strange and exotic among those decorous folk he undoubtedly was, with his great stature and his handsome bronzed face and the very low turned-down collar and made-up lawn cravat and black waistcoat and queer dress coat. There is a fairly distinct type of "statesman" in the West and South of America. He wears clothes unlike the clothes of other people (no one seems to know why), and he is even developing a family facial resemblance, so that presently you will know him for a statesman, even without the distinguishing uniform. He is, of course, very common and well known in Washington, but rare in New York, and so rare as to be almost quite nonexistent in New York society. So the very aspect of Mr. Quintus Brown, a rather perfect specimen of the type, though handsomer than most of his fellows, distinguished him instantly in a drawing- or dining- or ballroom. You looked at him and decided that he must have helped his host about a mining concession or something of the sort, and so got himself invited to the house on his next visit to New York.

Mr. Charters Wayne had begun by rather liking Diana's Westerner, but seemed presently to have recovered, for he spoke of him with some asperity to Vera Monte Bruno one evening, at a musical party at the Minton-Hulls', where Caruso and Miss Farrar were to sing. He said:

"There is that caveman of Diana's across the room. Why the deuce doesn't the fellow go back to his cage? Who wants him to stay on here?"

"Well, Diana, I dare say, for one," Vera Monte Bruno suggested. And Wayne scowled and moved restlessly in his chair.

"D'you think she's actually serious about the man?"

Vera didn't quite know.

"Diana is always in a state of enthusiasm over something or somebody. It's her



PHOTO BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The girl seemed, after that first effort, incapable of movement, and he came toward her.  
"For God's sake," he said, "don't keep me waiting any longer! You're coming to me in the end. Don't shilly-shally!"

normal condition. But I think this cave-man, as you call him, has taken more of a hold on her than any other man ever did."

"For God's sake, why?"

"Ah, who knows? Perhaps it's because he is different—because he's a caveman. You see, cavemen haven't come her way before. I wish she would talk about it to me but she won't, and that's a sign—at least, I'm afraid so—that she's really serious. Once—I think it was just after you and she had come back from abroad—she did tell me a little about Mr. Brown. It was half serious and half fun, but I remember her saying that he showed rather well against the supercivilized men on that yacht. He seemed to have impressed her as being something of a man. Well, you've only to look at him to see that that is true. His size and his good looks and all—they have their value with women, you know, and particularly with girls. Then, too, he's very badly in love with her."

Wayne shook his head, still scowling.

"In the summer and autumn he was very keen on finding his sister, who had eloped with some Russian or Polish scoundrel and was having a bad time of it. He seems to have chucked his sister completely. And he seems to have chucked politics, too. He was all for hurrying back to Colorado or New Mexico or wherever it is, to get into the next Congressional fight—he got turned out of his seat last time. But I don't hear any more of that."

Vera smiled.

"One thing at a time. The young man is in love."

"I wish he were in—gehenna!" said Charters Wayne, with a sudden ferocity. "Diana, Diana, of all people! Hang it, I'd have bet on that girl's common sense to any amount! I'd always said to myself that I should never have to worry about Diana, in spite of all her fads and her enthusiasms and her independence. And now this—this cow-puncher—this rank outsider from heaven knows where!"

He rubbed the back of his head, a gesture he had when he was puzzled or troubled.

"The truth is, Vera, I'm not happy about either of those girls. Diana has gone off her head over this bouncer from the West, and Alice—well, you know, I'm disappointed in Alice. I—I was glad when her mother said Alice might come to us for this winter. She is my own daughter, Diana's

twin, and I hadn't even seen her for twelve years. A man has some natural affection for his children. What? I say, I was glad—and particularly so because I shouldn't have to take on any responsibility about her prospects. She is engaged, or as good as engaged, to young Borrold, who is as fine a chap as I ever knew.

"Well, there are things about Alice I don't like. She—she's not quite straight, Vera. She tells fibs—you know—that sort of thing. She's always on the make, and she's none too scrupulous about how she gets what she wants. Diana, now, is as straight as her own nose. She may behave like a maniac occasionally, and she may end by marrying that great clothopper from Oregon, but she's as unselfish as—as you are, and as trustworthy as the Bank of England. She wouldn't tell a lie to save her skin. I can't think where Alice got this queer little yellow streak, and it worries me, Vera; it worries me confoundedly. There's another thing, too: For a girl who's engaged to be married, she's allowing herself what I call a dashed sight too much freedom. She goes larking about as if she were as free as air, and pays no more attention to Borrold than as if she'd never met the man. I asked Diana to talk to her about it, and, when that seemed to do no good, I went for her myself. Of course I had to draw it a bit mild, because, although I am her father, she has never been under my authority, and I didn't care to wag a stick at her the very first thing. She was very cool about it, said her engagement wasn't announced and, until it was, she couldn't seem to be hanging round Borrold's neck too much; said her mother wished her to make the most of her one season here, and so did Borrold himself. How much of all that was true—about her mother and Borrold, I mean—I don't know, but there wasn't anything to say back. She had me, right enough. Of course we didn't touch on the fibs and all that—I really couldn't. So I got nothing out of her, except that she wanted above everything to please me, since I was being so kind to her, and that she'd try ever so hard *et cetera*. I had to retire in some disorder. But it is all wrong, you know, Vera—it's all wrong. There; there she is, now! Look at her! Look at the dress she's got on! Is that a respectable dress? I ask you."

"Well, it is pretty extreme," Vera Monte

Bruno conceded. "It's rather a pity there isn't somebody to censor her wardrobe. I think she tries to be very smart and up to the hour, like Diana, and rather overdoes it. Her clothes are always very pretty, but now and then they're just a bit too—I think, Jim, you'll have to make a good many allowances for Alice. I don't know her very well, for she won't let me; but I fancy I know something of what is going on in her head, and what has caused most of the faults that worry you."

"Oh, you do, do you?" Wayne asked, turning to look at her. "Well, what is going on in her precious head, then?"

"Just the desire to have a good time, my friend—exactly the thing that's going on in your head and mine and everybody's. Only, you and I have always had a pretty good time, so we're not unduly feverish about it. Alice hasn't had, and now that she has, she runs away with it. Besides, she is in a difficult position. She is engaged, but that isn't known. So, of course, the young men—and old ones, too—come circling round, and what is she to do? She's very pretty and attractive, you know. And she has just begun to realize it. She's only playing about, Jim. Let her play."

Wayne shifted his feet.

"Bless my soul; I don't want to put the child in a dungeon or a nunnery! I don't want to spoil her sport, so long as she plays middling fair. I can stand it, I suppose, if Borrold can. But, I say, how about the other part of the charge? You said you knew what had caused the faults I don't like. What about that, eh?"

"Old-fashioned education, Jim, and no brothers and sisters to play with. Alice has been brought up in the way her mother was brought up—in the way I was brought up, and all of us of the elder generation. She has had, as we elders had, just one particular virtue dinned into her ears, and not much said about the others. It's really the fault of you men, of course. You've been telling us for centuries that we must be good in one particular way, because it was frightfully important that we should be. The other virtues, that are just as important, you said very little about, and when, as a result, we were uncharitable to each other, and told little or big fibs, and broke our promises about this or that, and were known to cheat at cards, and pleaded our sex to get out of trouble, and did a

hundred other unsportsmanlike things that would have damned any man forever, you just laughed and said women were like that, and thought no more about it.

"Well, that is the school of thought in which Alice has been brought up. Mind you, I'm not criticizing Agatha in this—not in the least. Agatha has lived abroad, in places where that sort of doctrine still holds good. There are no narrower and more old-fashioned circles in the civilized world than those little Anglo-American colonies in foreign towns. They're made up of superannuated clergymen and soldiers and elderly invalids of both sexes, with a few plain and discouraged girls marooned among them. There's very little general gaiety, but a great deal of spying and jealousy and suspicion and backbiting. They call on each other, frumps of venomous old women, and tell what they think of their friends who aren't present, or else discuss the divorce-cases in the *Paris Herald*. And that is the kind of thing those poor girls hear and reflect upon and believe. They've almost no young men in their own circle, and they aren't allowed to meet the foreigners, because all foreigners are supposed to be wicked and designing. So they embroider tea-cloths and listen to the older women gossip, and distil poison in themselves. Of course, in Paris or in Rome it is all very different—or it can be different, if one chooses. I'm talking of the smaller places where there isn't much general social mixing—the places where Alice has lived.

"You see, you've been spoiled for that type of girl by having Diana about the place. Diana has had a very different upbringing, and she's as honest and as straight and as outspoken as a decent boy. But, I tell you, those two began with just the same equipment. They started equal. I can see in Alice almost every one of Diana's traits, but some of them have got spoiled or turned aside or directed into different channels. She hasn't had a fair chance, Jim."

"I know; I know." Wayne, who had been sitting bent over, with his folded arms on his knees, looked up miserably. "I feel as if it must be, in some way, my fault. But what could I do? What could I do? I pleaded with her for six months. I begged her to stay, but she wouldn't."

He might have been thought to be speak-

ing still of Alice, but the *marchesa* knew that he meant the wife who had left him so long ago.

"I asked her to name her own terms," he said, flushing a little. And he must have felt very deeply, just then, for he was talking of things they had long since more or less tacitly agreed not to discuss. "I made no demands of any kind upon her. I only asked her, for the children's sake, to remain under my roof. Even then, I felt that it was all wrong to separate the children—to rob Diana of her mother. But she wouldn't listen. She said a half-way kind of separation wasn't good enough. She wanted—O Lord!—I've forgotten just what she wanted. There was a great deal of talk that didn't seem to me to mean very much. The truth was, of course, that she was fed up with me—couldn't stick me any longer, I suppose. I don't blame her for that, though I'd never given her what they call 'cause.'"

"The truth was," said Vera Monte Bruno, with what was, for her, an extraordinary bitterness, "the truth was that she had talked and read so much of the wretched, sham Indian philosophy that that man who afterward got into prison used to preach to us all, that she lost her balance and her sense of values. Agatha always was *manique* by temperament. She hadn't much imagination in the usual way, but anything queer and mystical took an extraordinary hold on her. That abominable Indian really made her believe that it was her duty to develop her own soul by separating herself from her husband. I can't quite imagine what his motive was. Perhaps he thought he could get more money out of her if she were alone—I don't know. Anyhow, he got into prison soon afterward, so I suppose she was rid of him."

"You'd think," Wayne said gloomily, "that when the fellow had been shown up as a fraud, she'd have come back."

"Agatha was always very tenacious of an idea," Vera Monte Bruno said.

And he nodded, for no one knew better than he how true that was.

"Thank God," he said, after a little, "that she didn't get Diana, too! She wanted them both, but I wouldn't agree to that. Thank God, Diana has had you to bring her up straight and fair and honest and generous!"

"Oh, I!" Vera Monte Bruno shrugged

her shoulders a little restlessly and looked away. "Don't let us talk about me to-night. I'm nervous and jumpy. I shall probably scream or burst into tears."

She tried to laugh, and it was a very mirthless laugh. But Wayne shook his head.

"You can't prevent my thanking God for you, my dear. I don't know what either my girl or I should have done without you, all these years. You've—lighted us on our way."

Vera Monte Bruno laughed, and was grave again.

"That's a fine tribute, Jim. I shan't forget it. Of course, it's hardly deserved. We've all done our best, you and Diana and I. We've all had one another to light us on our way."

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if I have done my best. I know well enough that there were times when I haven't. I've been a kind of weak sister at times—perhaps all the time. Two-and-twenty years ago, for example, I was a weak sister, if you know what I mean."

Evidently she did, for she gave a sharp exclamation.

"Jim—not that! We mustn't talk about that. That's all past and gone. It's buried in its grave. For heaven's sake, let it lie there in peace!"

But he turned upon her with a kind of miserable determination.

"Let me talk! I've held my tongue about all this too many years. And so have you. If we'd had things out, plain and fair, on one or two occasions, our lives would be very different to-day. You know that. We've shut our mouths and suffered on what we called points of honor too often. It has been all wrong. It has smashed us up and smashed other people, too. I don't know much about ethics or morals or that sort of thing, but I've begun to believe that no good ever comes of holding one's tongue. I've begun to be pretty sure that whenever difficulties come up, the only fair, decent thing to do is to speak out—to tell the truth, no matter who may seem to suffer for it at the moment. I think if one doesn't, there is sure to be much more suffering in the end."

"I think that, too, Jim," she said. "Oh, I think that, too! But it's all so old and dead and gone. Is there any good in digging up bones?"

"Sometimes I think there is. I'm going to dig a few up, anyhow. I feel"—he spread out his hands—"I feel a great necessity for truth-telling to-night. I don't know why."

It was an interval in the musical program, and the spot where they sat together was retired a little from the big crowded room, and half masked by flowers and palms.

"Perhaps," Wayne said, "perhaps all I really want to say is something that you probably know already—that twenty-two years ago it was you I loved and wanted, not Agatha. No doubt you know it, but I want the satisfaction of putting it into words, though I've held my tongue for half a lifetime. How the marriage came about, I swear I've never quite known. It just seemed to happen without my doing much about it. I seemed to myself to be—well, caught up in a high wind. But it was you I loved, and it's been you, my beautiful dear, ever since!"

She said his name in whispers over and over again behind her hands. It had a sound of protest and of pleading.

"When she—when Agatha left me, I was full of a kind of—guilty joy, because I thought it was the beginning of something more than a mere separation. I thought there would presently be a divorce. In fact, she had hinted at it. Then she seemed to have changed her mind. I don't know who or what got hold of her, but she wrote to me that she believed divorce to be wicked—that man couldn't undo what God had done—all that sort of thing. No suggestion of coming back and sticking to her marriage contract—oh, no! She was to have just what she wanted, but I was still to be bound. I suppose I could have divorced her for desertion. But my poor old mother, who was alive then, begged me not to, and Diana was growing up, so that it hardly seemed fair to saddle her with a divorce action and—oh, I don't know—somehow, I couldn't. As I look back now, it seems to me to have been chiefly Diana, but I dare say I'm trying to dodge responsibility. I dare say I just hadn't the courage and force of character to put it through. Still a weak sister, you see."

"I prefer to think it was Diana, Jim," Vera said. And he looked at her with gratitude, and laid his hand for an instant on hers.

"That is generous of you. You're always generous. You're always believing the best of people. If you didn't, it wouldn't be you. Vera, I want to know something. We're truth-telling to-night, for the first time in a great many years. The masks, to put it fancifully, are off. I think I've got to know something. Do you—care for me? I know you did once, long ago, and, in a different way, I know you have always, but in the—in the way I mean, do you, now? Oh, hang it all, Vera, do you love me? I've got to know. If you don't, tell me straight. I can stand it. And if, by any heavenly chance, you do, for God's sake, say it! I want to hear you say it!"

She hesitated an instant, and then raised her eyes to him.

"I've always loved you, my dear," she said, "and I always shall. Be sure of that, and if it's any good to you, never forget it, for I shan't say it again. I oughtn't to now, but I will. I love you."

He bent his head, and she heard him say, "Thank God!" And there was a little silence between them. But Wayne broke it presently. He faced her, and he was flushed and eager, and his eyes were bright.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you why I had to know. Years back, when Agatha wrote what she did about divorce, I felt that my hands were tied. I felt that I couldn't move without hurting other people. But now, or in a short time, the situation is going to be a very different one. Alice will be married in the early summer, and Diana—well, it looks—worse luck!—as if Diana was going to marry this Westerner of hers. That, it seems to me, will leave me free to dispose of the remainder of my life as I may see fit. That ends my obligation to others."

Vera Monte Bruno uttered an exclamation.

"But Agatha! There is still Agatha." And he nodded.

"Yes, there's still Agatha. And just how much consideration do you think Agatha deserves at my hands? Tell me the truth!"

"None, Jim!" she said; "none."

And he nodded again.

"Precisely—none. I'm glad you agree. Now, what I want to do is this: I want to write to her—she's in Florence—saying



He bent his face over his hands. "You're a good woman, Vera. You're as good as you

that I contemplate applying for a divorce on the ground of desertion, that I will see the thing through as quietly as possible, and that I will take no action until both the girls are married. In other words, I merely want to give her notice that I mean to get a divorce in the near future, and the reason why I want to give her notice is to stop her from coming over here, as she may do, later on in the winter."

"Wouldn't it be better, Jim, to let her come and to talk it over with her personally?" Vera asked. She watched him as she spoke, and sighed and shook her head at what she saw, for the man's pleasant and handsome face turned a shade paler and he looked frightened.

"No; it wouldn't be better at all. I don't want her. I don't want to see her. The truth is, Vera"—he looked at her rather piteously—"the truth is, Agatha's



are beautiful—which is saying a very great deal. And, of course, you're right, as always"

stronger than I am. She—hang it!—she could always make me do what she wanted. If she comes here, she'll make me do what she wants again. I can't stand against her, and that's a fact. Letters are different. I can tear up a letter and wait a week, and forget what it said. But face to face—no; I couldn't manage it. It couldn't be done."

Vera Monte Bruno was silent for so long after this, looking before her with bent

brows and unseeing eyes, that he at last made an impatient movement and spoke.

"Look here: You—you're not opposed to my freeing myself, are you? You don't want things to go on forever as they are now? Vera—you'd come to me if I were free? You'd marry me, at last, after all this muddle and unhappiness and waiting? My God, you wouldn't fail me—after everything?"

She touched him with her hand, as if to calm him.

"Wait, my dear—let me think! I've got to think what is best for everyone—not only for me but for you and for Diana and for poor Agatha, too. Give me a moment."

"There can't be any doubt of what is best," he said unsteadily. "The fair and right thing is always best; and you've already said—" But she checked him.

"It's the fair and right thing—for everybody—that I'm trying to find. Don't hurry me, Jim!" And so he sat back with a sigh, and watched her while she sought for the fair and the right thing.

It must have been far to seek, for she was a rather long time about it; but Wayne remained quiet in his seat, his eyes fixed upon her dark and beautiful face, and, as he watched, it seemed to him that a kind of miracle came to pass. It seemed to him that he was back in his early twenties, and that Vera was a girl once more, and that he had asked her a great question, the greatest there could possibly be in their two lives, and that he was waiting for her answer.

It was an easy miracle to believe in, for she looked younger than her forty years in any light, and in this dim place she might readily pass for twenty, though she was wearing more jewels than would have been suitable for an unmarried young woman. There had been a time, during her thirties, when she had put on a good deal of extra weight, and people had begun to speak of her as handsome instead of beautiful; but that phase had passed, and she was as slender once more as she had ever been. She had little or no red in her dark cheeks, but there was a kind of glow about her always, except when she was very tired, and she had only just begun to acquire tiny little lines about her eyes, which were as yet invisible in a dim light. Her hair was still quite black, and she held her beautiful back as straight and as flat as a board.

She turned her eyes to him at last with a faint smile.

"I said I was trying to find the fair and right thing for everybody. I think what I really was seeking was some sort of excuse,

that would pass muster, for you and me to take our lives into our own hands and do what we want to do. Jim, our position seems to me to be something like this: We are two middle-aged people who had, long ago, a chance for happiness that we failed to seize. We could have done, at that time, whatever we chose with our lives, and no one would have been harmed or wronged. We had our opportunity and we let it go, and opportunities like that come only once. Later on, there were responsibilities—other lives to consider—a hundred difficulties in the way. It may be that, even so, you and I can pull something out of the wreck and have our afternoon together, though we lost our morning. But we must go slowly, and we must give way to those who have rights."

"Who are they?" Wayne demanded.

"You've already spoken of them yourself—Diana and Alice and Agatha. You can't take it for granted that the girls' lives are definitely settled until they are married. Alice is engaged, of course, but engagements are sometimes broken, and Diana hasn't even gone that far. As for Agatha, frankly I don't think she deserves as much consideration as the girls, for it seems to me she has behaved very selfishly toward you; but she is your wife, after all, Jim, and you have condoned her desertion for a good many years. It's scarcely fair to change your attitude as late as this, if the change is going to hurt her intolerably. But I think the chief thing is the girls. We can't harm or prejudice them. We can't cast shadows on young lives." She put out her hands to him, looking into his face, and her eyes were full of tenderness and of sorrow. "There's pain in this for me, too, you know. Don't forget that!"

He tried to smile at her, but he couldn't, just then. He bent his face over his hands.

"You're a good woman, Vera. You're as good as you are beautiful—which is saying a very great deal. And, of course, you're right, as always."

He looked up after a bit.

"You're not—without hope in all this? You think we may manage it in the end, eh?" And she smiled at him.

"I'm hoping and praying, my dear. Be sure of that!"

The next instalment of *The Twin Sisters* will appear in the December issue.



in Toledo, Ohio, he had risen to be the manager of half a dozen important theaters in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Not less than ten traveling companies bore his name.

By instinct a plunger, his daring deals became the theatrical talk of the country. He was a dashing and conspicuous figure, his spacious shirt-front shone with diamonds, and he wore a large, flat-crowned stiff hat in which he carried all his correspondence and private papers.

"FORTY—COUNT 'EM!"

Haverly specialized in minstrels, for he was a genius at capitalizing the enthusiasm of the theater-going public. Just at this time he was launching the greatest of all his traveling enterprises. To meet the competition of the newly formed Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, and West minstrels, he decided to merge all his white-minstrel companies into the Haverly Mastodons. It was to include forty star performers, more than had ever been assembled before in a minstrel organization. So proud was Haverly of this total, that the advertising slogan of the company, which was echoed from coast to coast, and which became a popular theatrical phrase everywhere, was, "Forty—Count 'Em!"

Gustave found Haverly in the throes of mastodon making. Always solicitous of the family interest, he asked him if he had engaged a treasurer. When Haverly replied that he had not, Gustave immediately spoke up.

"Why don't you hire my brother Charley? He has had experience on the road."

"All right, Gus," he replied; "I've got two Frohmans with me now. If Charley is as good as they are, he is all right."

Thus it came about that, for the first time, the three Frohman brothers were associated under the same employer.

Gustave wired the good news and transportation to the eager and impatient Charles, who had irked under the inactivity of a hot summer in New York. Gustave added ten dollars and instructed his brother to buy a new suit, for the Frohman family funds were in a more or less sad way.

Henry Frohman's generosity and his absolute inability to press the payment of debts to him had brought him to a state of financial embarrassment, and the burden of the family support had fallen on the sons.

In a few days Charles showed up, smiling and serene as usual, in Chicago, but he had suffered a disaster on the way. The ten-dollar hand-me-down suit had faded overnight, and when Charles met his brother it was a sad sight.

"You can't meet Jack Haverly in that suit," said Gustave.

"All right," said Charley; "I will go to a tailor and have it fixed in some way."

The tailor worked some miracle with the clothes, for Charles became presentable and was introduced to the great man, who, like most other people, readily succumbed to the boy's winning manner.

"You and I will work the public all right," he said to Charles. What was more important, he informed him that he was to act as treasurer of the Mastodons at a salary of ten dollars a week, with an allowance of one-fifty a day for board and lodging.

A serious complication now faced the boy. It was in the middle of July; the company was not to start until August, and he could draw no salary until the engagement began. With the assistance of Gustave he rented a two-dollar-a-week room and existed on a meal-ticket good for twenty-two fifteen-cent meals that he had bought for three dollars.

Charles sat at rehearsals with Haverly. He had a genius for stage-effects and made many practical suggestions. The big brass band, an all-important adjunct of the minstrel show, fascinated him. When the season opened with a flourish, the receipts amazed him. For the first time he was up against real money. The gross income of the Dillon company had never exceeded a thousand dollars a week; now he was handling more than that sum every night.

#### ON THE ROAD WITH THE MASTODONS

After a brief engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, in Chicago, which Haverly owned, the "Forty—Count 'Em" started on their long tour, which rounded out the amusement apprenticeship of Charles Frohman.

Charles now made his first real appearance before the public, and in spectacular fashion, too. It was the custom of a minstrel company to parade each day. With their record-breaking organization, the Mastodons gave this feature of minstrelsy perhaps its greatest traditions. Wearing



Charles Frohman, in 1878, when, much against his will, he had to wear a frock coat and silk hat in the street-parades of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels

shining silk hats, frock coats, and lavender trousers, and headed by "the world's greatest minstrel band," the "Forty—Count 'Em" swayed the hearts and moved the imaginations of admiring multitudes wherever they went.

#### THE MINSTREL PARADE

Charles Frohman, who to the end of his days despised a silk hat, now wore a tile for the first time—and under protest. But he manfully took his place in the front set of fours with the ranking officers of the organization and marched many a weary mile. So great was his dislike of a silk hat, even then, that he invariably carried a cap in his pocket, and the moment the parade was over, the abhorred head-piece was removed.

The first stop of the Mastodons was at Toledo, Ohio. A great crowd assembled around the theater, and the treasurer, a weak little man, seemed afraid to raise the window.

"They'll run over me," he whined.

"All right," said Charles; "I'll take the window and sell the tickets."

Up to this time, his only box-office experience had been as a mere lad at Hooley's Opera House in Brooklyn, but he handled that big crowd with such skill and speed that even "Big Bill" Foote, who was the manager of the company, patted him on the back and said a kind word.

Foote, who was Charles's superior officer on this trip, was a type of the big, loud, blustering theatrical man of the time. He was six feet tall and he towered over his youthful assistant, who was the exact opposite in manner and speech. Yet between these two men of strange contrast there developed a close kinship. The little, plump, rosy-cheeked treasurer could handle the big, bluff, noisy manager at will. Such was Charles Frohman's experience with men always.

The first tour was replete with stirring incident. When the company reached Bradford, Pennsylvania, they found the town in the throes of oil excitement. Oil was on everybody's tongue, and ankle-deep in some streets. A great multitude collected at the theater. After the first part of the show, the gallery, which was full of people, creaked and settled a few inches, creating a near-panic. While this was being subdued, an oil warehouse on the

outskirts of the town burst into flames. Most of the volunteer firemen were in the theater watching the minstrels, and when an agitated individual yelled, "Fire!" on the sidewalk outside, a real panic started, and there was a mad rush for the door.

Charles Frohman had just finished taking tickets and stood with the box in his hand trying to calm the crowd, but he was as a straw in the wind. The maddened people ran over him. When the excitement cleared away, he was found almost buried in mud, mire, and oil outside, his clothes torn to shreds, but he still grasped the precious ticket-box in his hand.

#### COMRADESHIP OF THE ROAD

Now began a comradeship that was unique in the history of theatricals. The Mastodons, destined for long and continuous association, became a sort of traveling club. It was really a fine group of men, and the favorite of the organization was the rosy, chubby treasurer, who, day by day, fastened himself more firmly into the hearts of his colleagues.

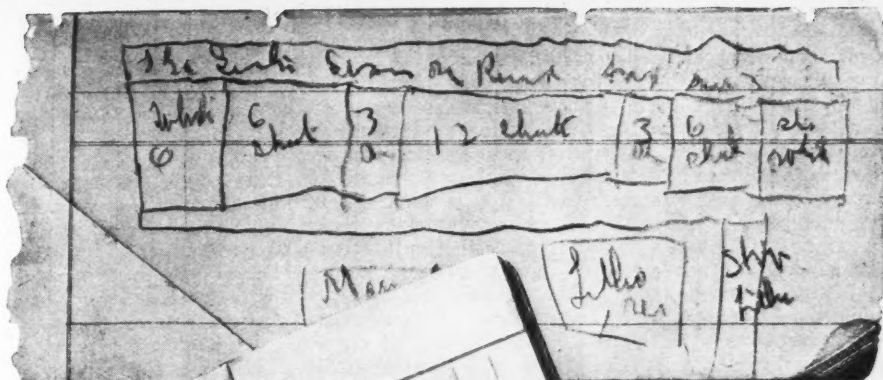
Nor was this due to the fact that he was "Haverly's pocketbook," as the men affectionately called him, and the first aid in all financial need. He was their friend and confidant—the repository of all their troubles. With characteristic humor, he gave each member of the company a day on which he could relate his hardships. He had a willing ear and an open hand.

When he could not give them the relief they sought, he invariably said, with that constant smile,

"Well, I sympathize with you, anyhow."

Frohman was custodian of the company's funds. One day, in Denver, four members of the company found themselves without a cent. Charles had tided them over so many difficulties that they hesitated to ask him again. As they talked their troubles over, they saw him coming down the street. Instantly all four went down on their knees and held up their hands in supplication. When Charles saw them he said, "How much do you want?" And they got it.

He was always playing some practical joke. With half a dozen members of the company, he formed a little club which often had supper after the play. This club was the fountainhead of a thousand jests and pranks. On one occasion, Charles



Pages from Charles Frohman's notebook, 1879. (Above) Design and layout for a 60-sheet "stand" as a guide to the printer in assembling the various sheets into a standard display for the season. (Left) Memorandum of a route of the Mastodons. Below is Sam Devere, the popular prize banjoist of the Mastodons, who once in Omaha held the audience from eleven-thirty to midnight.



suggested that, for the sake of the novelty of the thing, every member of the club have his head shaved. The group went to a barber shop. Only one chair was vacant, however, and Charles Cushman got that chair. While his dome was being shorn of every vestige of hair, Charles nudged the others

when the belated minstrels were ready to appear

and they crept away. When Cushman emerged, bald as a babe, he found himself alone. The joke was on him.

In his jokes, young Frohman was usually aided and abetted by Johnnie Rice, one of the many famous minstrels of that name. Rice could never resist the temptation to

stroke long whiskers. Whenever the house was unusually big, Charles took Rice out of the company for the first part and got him to assist him with the ticket-taking. Any spectator with a long, facial hirsute growth was sure to have it caressed to the accompaniment of, "Ticket, please!"

Sometimes the men in the company, knowing of Rice's eccentricity, watched the gallery for such a performance, and it invariably made them laugh. Once, while the Mastodons were playing an engagement at the Olympic, in St. Louis, they were surprised to find Rice sitting in a front orchestra seat wearing a long pair of Dundreary whiskers. He looked so solemn that everyone on the stage burst into laughter. It almost broke up the performance. Charles had provided the whiskers.

#### TALENT FOR PUBLICITY

It was on this first tour that Charles Frohman gave the first real expression to his talents for publicity. Everything about a minstrel company was showy and flashy. So Charles originated a unique idea of establishing a reputation for solvency. He bought a small iron safe about three feet high. On it was painted in large gilt letters: "Treasurer, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels."

In reality, there was very little need for this safe, because "Jack" Haverly's insistent demands for cash kept the company's coffers stripped of surplus.

Charles saw in this safe a spectacular means of advertising. It was put conspicuously on the top of the first load of baggage that went to the hotel. He always engaged at least four men to unload it from the truck. It was then placed in a conspicuous position in the hotel lobby and invariably drew a comment like this:

"Gee whiz; that Haverly show has got so much money that it's carrying a safe to hold it!"

This was precisely the response that Charles desired. No sooner was the safe unloaded in the lobby than Charles approached it with great ceremony, holding a bunch of one-dollar bills in his hand. This immediately attracted a crowd. With an admiring gallery, he would stow away the money. Just as soon as the crowd dispersed, he would be back on the job, removing this "prop" capital to where it was needed.

He was always alert to publicity possibilities. Among other things, he organized a drum-corps composed of volunteers who were only too glad to serve him. He inspired this corps to such proficiency that its marching and counter-marching became a feature of the parades. By diverting the drum-corps to one part of the town and the parade to the other, and having them unite later on, he was able to attract two big street-crowds and then bring them together at a common point.

All the while the boy was growing in responsibility. Without a murmur he assumed practically all the duties of manager. He routed the parades, visited the newspaper offices, devised new numbers for the company, handled all the money, and always remained serene, undisturbed, smiling, and optimistic.

Now came evidence of his initiative. While his first desire was to build up the attractiveness of his bill, he combined with it a genuine desire to develop his associates. Frequently he would say to men like the three Gorman brothers—George, James, and John—who were among his prime pals in the company:

"Why don't you rehearse some new steps? I'll go on and watch you at rehearsals, and we can put it on the bill."

Out of such incidents as this came a dozen new features.

#### COOL IN THE FACE OF DANGER

During this tour, Charles Frohman displayed on many occasions what amounted to a reckless disregard of danger. He had proved on the Dillon tour that he was always willing to take a chance.

Once, while climbing a steep incline on the way to Grass Valley, in California, their special train stopped. When he asked what the trouble was, he was told that they would have to wait on a switch while another train came down on the single track. He was afraid he would miss the evening's performance, so he asked the engineer if he could beat the down-train to the double track. On being told that there was a chance, he said,

"Take it, and go as fast as you can."

He made his town in time.

Again, in Colorado, his train was stopped by a slight fire on a bridge. He urged the conductor to go across and was so insistent that the official took the chance and got

across just before the flames leaped up and the structure began to crackle.

What would have been an ordinary season waned. A minstrel company seldom closed for the summer, so the tour continued. For the first time, Charles Frohman crossed the continent. Despite its high-sounding name and the glitter and splash that marked its spectacular progress from place to place, the long trip of the Mastodons was not without its hardship, for business was often bad. Nor did it lack interesting episodes. Once, while making an over-Sunday jump from St. Paul to Omaha, the train broke down somewhere in Iowa, and at seven o'clock in the evening the company was four hours from its destination. The house had been sold out. Charles

on the way. Tell them we will give them a double show."

From every station he sent some cheering message. When the half an hour from he sought out Devere, the prize of the company great fun-maker.

"Go up in the baggage-car and black up," he said to him. "I want to



A. L. Erlanger, at the time that he first met Charles Frohman

immediately began to send optimistic and encouraging telegrams.

"Hold the crowd," he wired. "We are



Alf Hayman, when he was advance agent for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence and his friendship with Charles Frohman commenced

rush you on to the theater as soon as we get to town."

They reached town at eleven-fifteen o'clock. Charles hustled Devere up to the opera-house in a hack. The comedian went before the curtain and entertained the audience until midnight. When the company arrived, not twenty people had left. The

final curtain dropped at two-thirty before a delighted but weary crowd. The telegrams from Charles Frohman, which were read to the audience, had saved the day and the receipts.

In the early stages of this long journey of the Mastodons came an episode that made an indelible impress upon the memory of Charles Frohman. In view of the later history of the two actors in it, it is both picturesque and historic.

It was a hot day in Cleveland. The Mastodons had just finished their parade, and Charles Frohman, weary, perspiring, and wearing the abhorred silk hat, entered the box-office of the opera-house. Sitting in the treasurer's seat at the window, he saw a sturdy lad fingering a pile of silver dollars. He slipped them in and out with an amazing dexterity. Hearing a noise, the boy looked up and beheld young Frohman with the tile tilted back on his head.

#### NEW FRIENDS

The boys' eyes met. Into each came a wistful look.

"I wish I had that silk hat of yours," said the boy at the window.

"I wish I could do what you are doing with that money," was the response from the envied one.

Such was the first meeting between Charles Frohman and A. L. Erlanger.

Here is another episode of those early days that resulted in lifelong and significant friendship: In a Philadelphia newspaper office Charles met a rangy, keen-eyed young man named Alf Hayman, who was advance agent for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. When they had concluded their business, they started out for a walk. The Colonnade Hotel, at the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, was then the fashionable hotel of the city. In the course of this walk, the two boys (they were each scarcely twenty) stopped in front of the hostelry, and Charles said,

"Some day, I hope to have enough money to stop at the Colonnade."

He never forgot this, and whenever he met Hayman in Philadelphia, he would always insist upon walking over to the hotel and recalling the conversation. Hayman afterward became general manager of all the Frohman forces and remained until the end perhaps the closest of all the business associates of Charles Frohman.

Thus passed the years 1878 and 1879. Charles was growing in authority and experience until he was really doing all of "Big Bill" Foote's work and his own. Now came a great experience.

#### FIRST TRIP TO ENGLAND

Haverly sent the Mastodons on their first trip to England, and Charles naturally went along. It was the first of the many trips he was to make to the country that he was to annex to his own amusement kingdom.

In July, 1880, the company sailed on the Canada, and their arrival alone in London created a sensation. The men, headed by "Big Bill" Foote and Charles Frohman—"The Long and the Short of It," as they were called—marched with their hat-boxes to the old Helvetia Hotel, in Soho.

Overnight their printing—the first colored paper ever used on an English billboard—startled the staid Londoners and made them realize that a wide-awake aggregation was in town. Charles realized that a real opportunity confronted him, and he rose to the occasion.

The engagement opened on July 30, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Here, the sacred precincts that Patti, Nilsson, Gers-ter, and Campanini had adorned resounded with the jokes and rang with the old-time plantation melodies of the American negro. The debut was an enormous success, and the prosperity of the engagement was insured.

Before long came a request from the royal household to make ready the royal box. The fun-loving Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, wanted to see an American minstrel show.

But it was the astute Charles Frohman who had started the machinery that led to this royal dictate. He realized, soon after his arrival, how important a royal visit would be. He got in touch with the right people, and the net result was that, on a certain night in December, the red canopy and carpet that betoken a royal visit were spread at Her Majesty's.

By virtue of his rank, "Big Bill" Foote should have received the royal party on behalf of the company. But Foote fled from the responsibility, and Charles, wearing his much hated evening clothes and the equally despised silk hat, did the honors. The royal party included Albert Edward,



Interior of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, (above) attended a performance of Haverly's In another box sat Lily Langtry, whose the minstrels paid more attention

where the Prince and Princess of Wales Mastodon Minstrels, in December, 1880. dazzling beauty was so distracting that to her than to the royal visitors

his wife Alexandra, now the queen-mother, his eldest son, who died, and a troop of royal children old enough to stay up late at night.

With his usual foresight, Frohman had prepared himself for all the formalities that attended a royal visit.

Among other things, he found out that precedent declared that the entire performance must be directed toward the royal box. With much effort, he carefully impressed



Lily Langtry, 1880, in the full tide of her marvelous beauty

this fact upon the company. He even had a rehearsal in the morning, and all eyes "dressed" toward the big canopied box. But these well-laid plans miscarried, for this is what happened:

The curtain had risen

on the assembled fun-makers; their swinging opening chorus had given the show a rousing start, and the interlocutor had said those well-known introductory minstrel-words:

# HAVERLY'S UNITED-MASTODON MINSTRELS.

## MANAGER'S DAILY REPORT OF CASH EXPENSES

At London, England, Sat. Aug 7<sup>th</sup> 1880

Cigars and cigarettes for Press on opening night	8 - 12-6
Nails for Stave Carpenter	1-7
Material for repairing plate	18-7
Repairing music stands & gal. fixtures in orchestra	2 - 2-0
Material for burning cork	1-1
Envelopes and elastic bands for Box Office	4-8
55 sets of tickets	32 - 17-6
Stamps for Box Office	19-0
One workwoman, one day	2-6
Material used by House cleaners	15-9
Making a forge & finding material, also making barrow	2 - 10-0
" of a cannon "	1 - 10-0
" a new anvil, also iron poles etc	2 - 0-0
Proportions for afterpiece	4-2

200 for week ending Friday Aug 6 <sup>th</sup>	
14 ticket sellers and	2-7-0
2 door keepers at 1-0-0	2-12-0
Refuge - Treasurer	5-0-0
Stage Carpenter and	
Painters, 1 week salary	10-0-0
Stage Carpenter and	
Painters July 20 <sup>th</sup> to 27 <sup>th</sup>	10-0-0
See man & assistants	5-15-0
" " July 21 <sup>st</sup>	16-8
2 fireman, 1 week each, 14 10-0	10-0-0
Property man & assistants	7-10-0
" " 1/2 weeks @ 5-	
Police - 1 week	22-16-0
Not Ranges paid 1 week	14-0-0
Celebrum lights one week	7-0-0
Admiral's light bell 2 weeks	10-0-0
Assistant " 1/2 "	2-0-0
Stage door keeper	2-0-0
4 horses - Royal Box	1-1-0
	£ 134-3-8

Total Salaries  
of Attaches of  
Her Majesty's  
Theatre

Treasurer Charles Frohman's report of cash expenses for the first week of the London engagement of Haverly's Mastodons, 1880. The salary-list of employees of Her Majesty's Theatre is attached

"Gentlemen, be seated." The royal party was well bestowed in its place, and every gleaming eyeball on the stage was centered upon the glittering representatives of the reigning house of Britain.

Just at that moment, a flutter ran through the auditorium. The only remaining vacant box, opposite to the one occupied by the royal family, was suddenly occupied by the most entrancing and radiant feminine vision

that these American minstrels had ever seen. It was Lily Langtry, then in the full tide of her marvelous beauty, and wearing an extremely low evening gown.

The Mastodons were only human. They had never beheld such a vision, to say nothing of a gown cut so low. They forgot all the careful coaching of Frohman and fixed their eyes on the beauty show in the box.



Charles Frohman stood anxiously in the back of the house, fearing that the royal displeasure would be aroused. But his fears were groundless. The hypnotized minstrels on the stage were only part of an admiring host that had for its most distinguished head the Prince of Wales himself.

The "Forty—Count 'Em" now became the vogue in London. Royalty had set the stamp of its approval, and aristocracy flocked. One night, in the momentary absence of the chief usher, Charles Frohman, who was always on the job, escorted a distinguished group of nobility to their box. After bowing them in, a member of the party slipped a shilling into his hand, which Frohman, of course, refused.

"Take it, you beggar!" said the peer, with some irritation, throwing the shilling at him.

"Thank you, sir," responded Frohman, picking it up and slipping it into his pocket. He kept it as a lucky piece for twenty years, often telling the story of how he got it.

#### APPRECIATION

On Christmas Day, 1880, came a concrete evidence of the affection in which Charles Frohman was held by his minstrel colleagues. They assembled on the stage of Her Majesty's and presented him with a gold watch and chain. The charm was a tiny reproduction of the famous safe that Charles had introduced into the company, and which was his inseparable companion. Curiously enough, Charles Frohman never carried a watch, and this timepiece, together with many other similar gifts, was put away among his treasures.

One day, accompanied by Robert Filkins, the advance agent, Charles had occasion to see Colonel M. B. Leavitt, who was a notable theatrical figure of the time, with extensive interests in this country and abroad. After Leavitt had regaled them with an account of his varied activities, Charles suddenly exclaimed to him,

"Gee, but you've got London by the neck, haven't you?"

Many years later, Leavitt again met Charles Frohman in London. The encounter, this time, took place on the Strand in front of the Savoy Hotel, where Frohman was installed in his usual luxurious suite. He now controlled half a dozen theaters in the British metropolis, and he was a world theatrical figure. Leavitt, whose

memory is one of the wonders of the amusement business, clapped the magnate on the shoulder and repeated the words spoken to him so long before,

"Gee, Frohman, you've got London by the neck, haven't you?"

After a tour of the provinces, the company returned home and opened in Brooklyn.

With the return to America came the first realization of one of Charles Frohman's earlier dreams. "Big Bill" Foote, fascinated by the lure of English life, bought a small hotel near London and settled down. This left the managership of the company vacant. Although Charles had practically done all the work for nearly a year, he was, as far as title was concerned, treasurer.

Immediately there was a scramble for the position of manager. Among those who sought it were Robert Filkins, William H. Strickland, and a number of mature and experienced men.

But when the company heard that an outsider sought the position to which Charles Frohman was entitled, there was great indignation. A meeting of protest, instigated by the Gorman brothers and Eddie Quinn, was held on the stage in Brooklyn, and a round robin, signed by every member of the company, was despatched to Haverly, insisting that Charles Frohman be made the manager.

#### A REAL MANAGER

A few days later, Charles Frohman walked back on the stage after the night's performance and quietly remarked,

"Boys, I am your new manager."

A great shout of delight went up. The little rosy boy (for he had scarcely entered his twenties) was lifted to the shoulders of half a dozen men and to the words of a favorite minstrel song, "Hear Those Bells," a triumphal march was made around the stage. None of the many honors that came to Charles Frohman in his later years touched him quite so deeply as that affectionate demonstration.

It was now 1881, and once more the "Forty—Count 'Em" set forth to rediscover America, with Charles Frohman as manager. His name now appeared at the head of the bill and, to celebrate the great event, Eddie Brooks wrote a "Frohman March," which had a conspicuous place on the program.

Strangely prophetic of the circumstances which brought about his untimely death was an incident which occurred while the company was going by boat from New York to New London. It was a bitter cold night when the aggregation boarded the old John A. Starin. The decks were piled with waste, cord, and jute for the New England mills.

"What a fine night for a fire on board," remarked Frohman, as he

tired early. At two o'clock in the morning there was great excitement. Men rushed frantically about; there were calls for hose, and the Mastodons, most of them clad in their nightclothes and trousers, rushed fearfully on deck. They found a fire raging aft.

Immediately panic reigned. The coolest man aboard was the smallest. Here, there, and everywhere went Charles Frohman, urging everybody to be quiet.

"There is no danger," he said; "let us all go to the cabin and wait."

Under his direction, the passengers assembled in the water-soaked saloon and there waited until the flames were subdued. Here, per-

**ROUSE'S HALL.**

**Haverly's Original Mastodon Minstrels,**

Direct from Her Majesty's Theatre, London

**THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1st.**

J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor		CHAS. FROHMAN.....Manager	
E. M. KAYNE.....Stage Manager		CHAS. McGEACHY.....Treasurer	

**40 — IN THE FIRST PART — 40**

Tambourine End Men		Horn End Men	
BILLY EMERSON	BOB HOOLEY	BILLY RICE	JOHN STILES
TOM SADDLER	W. KING	PETE MACK	JOHN GORMAN
JOHN RICE	G. GORMAN	B. MAXWELL	JAS GORMAN

E. M. KAYNE, Conversationalist in the Center

**PROGRAMME.**

Grand Introductory, "La Fille du Tambor Major".....

Mr. Barry Maxwell's Song	Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels
Mr. Fred Sidney's Pleasing Ballad	"Eli, You Can't Stand"
Billy Rice's Song Couplet	"Sally Horner"
Mr. Chas. Shattuck's Bass Song	"Never be Born on a Friday"
Borgie W. Harley's Pathetic Song	"Will Thou be True"
Mr. Emerson will Vocalise	"Morning Morning"
Chaucery Elliott's Beautiful Ballad by request	"When the Leaves Begin to Turn"

Concluding with Haverly's Burlesque Operatic Finale, introducing gems from

**"BILLYE TAYLOR"**

AND

**"OLIVETTE."**

Arranged by.....Paul Vernon  
Master Dancer

(Continued on next page)

**HAVERLY'S**

**ALCONY BAND CONCEDED**

WILEY & SONS



"Big Bill" Foote, manager of the Mastodons at the time of their London engagement. He put the responsibility of receiving the Prince and Princess of Wales upon Charles Frohman. (In circle) M. B. Leavitt, a noted theatrical figure of the 'Eighties



led his "soldiers," as he always called the Mastodons, aboard. The boat was cheerless, and all re-



Baldwin Hotel and Theatre, San Francisco, where David Belasco was stage-manager in 1881

haps, was evidence of the equanimity with which he faced disaster and which marked him on that ill-starred day in May, 1915, when he plunged to his death in the Irish Sea.

On through the summer of 1881 the Mastodons went their way. Charles was now able to watch the minstrel parade from the sidewalk, but he was still the friend, philosopher, and guide of the company, to which he had now been bound by nearly three years of constant association.

They played Washington during the Garfield inaugural week. Charles realized that here was a great opportunity for spectacular publicity. First of all, he took his now famous band down to the Willard Hotel and serenaded Garfield. A vast crowd gathered, the President-elect appeared at the window, smiled and bowed, and then sent for the little manager, to whom he expressed his personal thanks. Then a heaven-born opportunity literally fell into his hands.

To the same hotel came the Massachu-



David Belasco, in 1881, when his drama, "American Born," was playing

setts Phalanx, of Lowell, which had secured a conspicuous place in the inaugural parade. Their arrangement committee had seen the Haverly parade, was greatly impressed with the band, and asked if it might secure its services.

"Certainly," said Frohman; "you can not only have the band but the whole company will escort you in the parade."

Thus it came about that the Haverly Mastodon Minstrels headed the Third Division of the Garfield inaugural parade. Ever mindful and proud of his men, Frohman, at personal expense, bought a bouquet for all the members of the troupe and fastened them in their coats himself. From the sidewalk he followed, with admiring eye and flushed face, the progress of his company.

By a curious coincidence, the Haverly Mastodons played Washington during the week of the Garfield funeral, and the band marched in the parade that escorted the

dead President to the station, playing "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

A happier sequel of this episode came when the minstrels next played Lowell, where they were received by the Phalanx in full uniform, paraded through the town with Charles marching proudly at the head, and then given a banquet at the armory after the performance.

The Mastodons were now making their way to the Pacific coast. Gustave Frohman was in San Francisco with the Number One "Hazel Kirke" company, direct from the Madison Square Theatre in New York, which was playing at the California Theatre.

One morning in May, 1881, he received the following telegram from Charles, dated Salt Lake City:

I am stranded here with the "Big Forty." So is Frank Sanger with "A Bunch of Keys." Theatre management has failed to send railroad-fares. Wire me what you can. Will return amount out of receipts Bush Street Theatre.

The manager of the Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco had agreed to provide railroad transportation for the company from Salt Lake to San Francisco and had not kept his agreement. The receipts in Salt Lake did not leave a sufficient surplus to negotiate this jump.

#### A NEW OPENING

Gustave wired the needed cash, and Charles showed up in time in San Francisco. For the second and only other time in his theatrical career, Charles was somewhat downcast. Despite his efficient services during the preceding years, Haverly had raised his salary only to twenty-five dollars a week. The boy had handled hundreds of thousands of dollars and had helped in no small way to give to the organization its prestige and its *esprit de corps*. He was now, in the phraseology of his associates, "the whole show." His word was law with the company, and the men adored him.

He met Gustave at the Palace Hotel and said to him,

"I suppose the time has come for me to quit Haverly."

"All right," said Gustave, still the good angel; "I'll put you out ahead of our Number Two 'Hazel Kirke' Company at

a salary of seventy-five a week. You can start out right away. What do you say?"

Charles thought a moment and then said:

"Well, Gus, it's pretty tough to go ahead of a Number Two company, even at seventy-five a week, when you have been manager of Haverly's Mastodons. The money doesn't mean anything to me. I like the minstrel boys and they like me."

He still hesitated and walked up and down the room two or three times, as was his habit always. Finally, he came over to his brother and said decisively,

"I'll take it."

#### FIRST MEETING WITH BELASCO

During this memorable visit to San Francisco occurred another event that had large influence on the whole future life of Charles Frohman. One night, in a famous *Rathskeller* on Kearney Street, he saw an artistic-looking young man with curly hair and dreamy eyes sitting in the midst of a group of actors. He was David Belasco, who had passed from actor to author-stage-manager and whose melodrama, "American Born," was running at the Baldwin Theatre. Frohman had seen this play and was much impressed with it. Thrillers had interested him from the start.

Gustave Frohman, who was with Belasco, said to him:

"There's my brother Charley. You ought to know him."

Simultaneously, Charles was pointed out to Belasco. They glanced up at the same time, nodded smilingly across the space between, and later on were introduced. Charles expressed his great admiration for "American Born." Belasco had just received the offer from Daniel Frohman to come to the Madison Square Theatre in New York as stage-manager that was to shape his career. Out of this chance contact came the association between Charles Frohman and David Belasco that added much to their achievement.

Charles gave Haverly notice, and at Indianapolis he left the Mastodons. Now began his connection with the Madison Square Theatre, which was to register, in the revolution in theatrical methods that he brought about, the first really significant epoch in his crowded career.

In next month's instalment we find **Charles Frohman** taking his place at last in the whirlpool of New York theatrical activities—first as pioneer in the booking of road companies connected with the famous Madison Square Theatre; second, as a keen and discriminating judge of stage material.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"It is so simple," Graham urged. "All we have to do is to be straightforward. Let us go"

(The Little Lady of the Big House)

# THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

A STORY OF THREE PEOPLE IN A REAL WORLD

*By Jack London*

*Author of "The Valley of the Moon," "Smoke-Bellevue," "The Sea Wolf," etc.*

*Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*

**SYNOPSIS**—Dick Forrest is the owner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre farm and ranch in the Sacramento valley, California, which, through his genius for organization and his scientific knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising, has become famous the country over for the quality of its products. His father died when he was thirteen, leaving him a fortune of twenty million dollars; and the orphaned boy, resenting the restraint of his guardians, runs away from home. In three years he is back, having learned much of life and human nature. He then turns with great diligence to his studies, chiefly directed, in accordance with his bent, to stock and farm raising. At twenty-one, he buys the great tract of land, stocks it with the finest blooded animals, and builds the Big House for a home. Experts are installed in every department of the farm, and leaving affairs in their hands, Dick spends four years in travel, having many remarkable adventures. At thirty, he returns with a wife—"The Little Lady of the Big House." She is Paula Desten, daughter of a comrade of Dick's father in the "gold days" of California.

Ten years pass at home, with intervals of travel. Is Paula completely happy? A suspicion begins to take form in Dick's mind that, so absorbed is he in the management of the ranch, he does not give her all her passionate nature craves. But he does not believe she can be lonely. The Big House has always guests. It is a gathering-place for all who live in the neighborhood. Among these are four eccentric characters who talk, read, and dream, but won't work, calling themselves the "Jungle-birds," and whom Dick practically takes care of. They are Terrence McFane, an epicurean anarchist; Aaron Hancock, an amateur anthropologist and philologist; Theo Malken, a shiftless poet, and Dar Hyal, a Hindu philosopher and revolutionist. Staying in the house just now is Evan Graham, an American of roving disposition, whom Dick and Paula had met in South America two years before. He has just returned from a trip across South America and is to write a book about it. A great admiration for Paula immediately takes hold of Graham. She is indeed an extraordinary woman with great social gifts. A talented pianist and the possessor of a well-cultivated voice, she also excels in many sports; in horsemanship and at swimming she is a match for any man. She has a knowledge of stock-breeding that is based as much on instinct as upon study. Her vigor and energy are tremendous, although she has long suffered from insomnia. Graham is only one of many men who have fallen a victim to her charms, but she has always treated all except her husband as comrades.

The attraction of Paula for Graham does not pass unnoticed by Dick, but he dismisses any uneasy feeling that arises with the thought that he and Paula had been happily married for ten years. Moreover, he believes that there is no fairness or satisfaction in holding a woman one loves a moment longer than she loves to be held. Graham, with a strong feeling of loyalty toward Dick, feels that he ought to leave the Big House, but cannot tear himself away. He realizes that whenever he and Paula look into each other's eyes, it is with a mutual knowledge of unsaid things. Paula, too, appears to want to fight something off. She seeks distraction by filling the house with guests. She tries to spend more time with her husband, but he is very busy with his plans and projects. One day, while out riding, Graham meets Paula, also on horseback. They ride together when, suddenly, Graham, unable to resist the impulse, draws her to him and kisses her ardently. She returns the kiss with equal passion, but the next moment tears herself loose and, with blazing eyes and bloodless face, dashes away. That evening, however, she gives no sign of the momentous happening, and acts toward Graham as usual.

Graham is called away on business for a few days. It appears to Dick as if Paula does not wish to be alone in the Big House with him. She tries to get Mrs. Wade, a friend, to come with her children for a visit. Dick begins to be seriously troubled over the situation; but he says to himself that whatever the game is he will have to play it.

UP to the end of lunch, Paula had made no mention of Mrs. Wade's coming, and Dick knew definitely she was not coming when Paula queried casually, "Expecting anybody?"

He shook his head, and asked,

"Are you doing anything this afternoon?"

"Haven't thought about anything," she answered.

"I'll tell you what—" He paused and considered. Then his face lighted as with

a sudden idea. "It's a loafing afternoon. Let's take the rifles and go potting squirrels. I noticed the other day they've become populous on that hill above Little Meadow."

But he had not failed to observe the flutter of alarm that shadowed her eyes so swiftly, and that so swiftly was gone as she clapped her hands and was herself.

"But don't take a rifle for me," she said.

"If you'd rather not—" he began gently.

"Oh, I want to go; but I don't feel up to shooting. I'll take a book along and read to you in betweenwhiles."

## The Little Lady of the Big House

Paula, on The Fawn, and Dick on The Outlaw, rode out from the Big House as nearly side by side as The Outlaw's wicked perversity permitted. The conversation she permitted was fragmentary. With tiny ears laid back and teeth exposed, she would attempt to evade Dick's restraint of rein and spur and win to a bite of Paula's leg or The Fawn's sleek flank, and with every defeat the pink flushed and faded in the whites of her eyes. Her restless head-tossing and pitching attempts to rear (thwarted by the martingale) never ceased, save when she pranced and sidled and tried to whirl.

"This is the last year of her," Dick announced. "She's indomitable. I've worked two years on her without the slightest improvement. She knows me, knows my ways, knows I am her master, knows when she has to give in, but is never satisfied. She nourishes the perennial hope that sometime she'll catch me napping, and for fear she'll miss that time, she never lets any time go by."

"And sometime she may catch you," Paula said.

"That's why I'm giving her up. It isn't exactly a strain on me, but, soon or late, she's bound to get me if there's anything in the law of probability. It may be a million-to-one shot, but heaven alone knows where, in the series of the million, that fatal one is going to pop up."

"You're a wonder, Red Cloud," Paula smiled.

"Why?"

"You think in statistics and percentages, averages and exceptions. I wonder, when we first met, what particular formula you measured me up by."

"I'll be darned if I did!" he laughed back. "That was where all signs failed. I didn't have a statistic that applied to you. I merely acknowledged to myself that here was the most wonderful female woman ever born with two good legs, and I knew that I wanted her more than I had ever wanted anything. I just had to have her—"

"And got her," Paula completed for him. "But since, Red Cloud, since, surely you've accumulated enough statistics on me."

"A few, quite a few," he admitted. "But I hope never to get the last one—"

He broke off at sound of the unmistakable nicker of the Mountain Lad. The stallion appeared, a cowboy on his back, and Dick gazed for a moment at the perfect action of the beast's great, swinging trot.

"We've got to get out of this," he warned, as the Mountain Lad, at sight of them, broke into a gallop.

Together they pricked their mares, whirled them about, and fled, while from behind they heard the soothing "Whoa!" of the rider, the thuds of the heavy hoofs on the roadway, and a wild, imperative neigh. The Outlaw answered, and The Fawn was but a moment behind her.

Leaning to the curve, they swept into a cross-road and, in fifty paces, pulled up, where they waited till the danger was past.

"He's never really injured anybody yet," Paula said, as they started back.

"Except when he casually stepped on Cowley's toes. You remember he was laid up in bed for a month," Dick reminded her, straightening out The Outlaw from a sidle, and catching the strange look with which Paula was regarding him.

There was question in it, he could see, and love in it, and fear—yes, almost fear—or, at least, apprehension that bordered on dismay, but, most of all, a seeking, a searching, a questioning. Not entirely ungoverned to her mood, was his thought, had been that remark of his thinking in statistics. But he made that he had not seen, whipping out his pad, and, with an interested glance at a culvert they were passing, making a note.

"They missed it," he said. "It should have been repaired a month ago."

"What has become of all those Nevada mustangs?" Paula inquired.

This was a flyer Dick had taken, when a bad season for Nevada pasture had caused mustangs to sell for a song with the alternative of starving to death. He had shipped a train-load down and ranged them in his wilder mountain pastures to the west.

"It's time to break them," he answered. "And I'm thinking of a real old-fashioned rodeo next week. What do you say? Have a barbecue and all the rest, and invite the countryside?"

"And then you won't be there," Paula objected.

"I'll take a day off. Is it a go?"

They reined to one side of the road as she agreed, to pass three farm-tractors, all with their trailage of ganged disks and harrows.

"Moving them across to the rolling meadows," he explained. "They pay over horses on the right ground."

Rising from the home valley, they took a road, busy with many wagons hauling road-dressing from the rock-crusher they could hear growling and crunching higher up.

"Needs more exercise than I've been giving her," Dick remarked, jerking The Outlaw's bared teeth away from dangerous proximity to The Fawn's flank.

"And it's disgraceful the way I've neglected Duddy and Fuddy," Paula said. "I've kept their feed down like a miser, but they're a lively handful just the same."

Dick heard her idly, but within forty-eight hours he was to remember with hurt what she had said.

They continued on till the crunch of the rock-crusher died away, penetrated a belt of woodland, crossed a tiny divide, and dipped down through a young planting of eucalyptus to Little Meadow. But before they reached it, they dismounted and tied their horses. Dick took the .22 automatic rifle from his saddle-holster, and, with Paula, advanced softly to a clump of red-woods on the edge of the meadow. They disposed themselves in the shade and gazed out across the meadow to the steep slope of hill that came down to it a hundred and fifty yards away.

"There are three—four of them," Paula whispered, as her keen eyes picked the squirrels out among the young grain.

These were the wary ones, the sports in the direction of infinite caution who had shunned the poisoned grain and steel traps of Dick's vermin-catchers.

Dick filled the chamber and magazine with tiny cartridges, examined the silencer, and, lying at full length, leaning on his elbow, sighted across the meadow. There was no sound of explosion when he fired, only the click of the mechanism as the bullet was sped, the empty cartridge ejected, a fresh cartridge flipped into the chamber, and the trigger recoiled. A big, dun-colored squirrel leaped in the air, fell over, and disappeared in the grain. Dick waited, his eye along the rifle and directed toward several holes around which the dry earth showed widely, as evidence of the grain which had been destroyed. When the wounded squirrel appeared, the rifle clicked again, and it rolled over on its side and lay still.

At the first click, every squirrel but the stricken one had made into its burrow. Remained nothing to do but wait for their

curiosity to master caution. This was the interval to which Dick had looked forward. As he lay and scanned the hillside for curious heads to appear, he wondered if Paula would have something to say to him. In trouble she was, but would she keep this trouble to herself? It had never been her way. Always, soon or late, she brought her troubles to him. But, then, he reflected, she had never had a trouble of this nature before. It was just the one thing that she would be least prone to discuss with him. On the other hand, he reasoned, there was her everlasting frankness. Was it to fail her now?

So he lay and pondered. She did not speak. She was not restless. He could hear no movement. When he glanced sidewise at her, he saw her lying on her back, eyes closed, arms outstretched, as if tired.

A small head, the color of the dry soil of its home, peeped from a hole. Dick waited long minutes, until, assured that no danger lurked, the owner of the head stood full up on its hind legs to seek the cause of the previous click. Again the rifle clicked.

"Did you get him?" Paula queried, without opening her eyes.

"Yes, and a fat one; I stopped a line of generations right there."

An hour passed. The afternoon sun beat down, but was not uncomfortable in the shade. Dick added a third squirrel to the score. Paula's book lay beside her, but she had not offered to read.

"Anything the matter?" he finally nerved himself to ask.

"No; headache—a beastly little neuralgic hurt across the eyes; that's all."

"Too much embroidery," he teased.

"Not guilty," was her reply.

All was natural enough in all seeming; but Dick, as he permitted an unusually big squirrel to leave its burrow and crawl a score of feet across the bare earth, thought to himself: "No; there will be no talk between us this day. Nor will we nestle and kiss, lying here in the grass."

His victim was now at the edge of the grain. He pulled trigger. The creature fell over, lay still a moment, then ran in quick, awkward fashion toward its hole. Click, click, click, went the mechanism. Puffs of dust leaped from the earth close about the fleeing squirrel, showing the closeness of the misses. Dick fired as rapidly as he could twitch his forefinger on the trigger, so that it was as if he played a stream of



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"It can't be!" he cried, tearing himself from the



piano to make a hasty march across the room

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lead from a hose. He had nearly finished refilling the magazine when Paula spoke.

"My! What a fusillade! Get him?"

"Yes; but nine long smokeless cartridges on one squirrel doesn't pay. I'll have to do better."

The sun dropped lower. The breeze died out. Dick managed another squirrel and sadly watched the hillside for more. He had arranged the time and made his bid for confidence. The situation was as grave as he had feared. Graver it might be, for all he knew, for his world was crumbling about him. He was bewildered, shaken. Had it been any other woman than Paula! He had been so sure. There had been their ten years to vindicate his surety.

"Five o'clock—sun, he get low," he announced, rising to his feet.

"It did me so much good—just resting," she said, as they started for the horses. "My eyes feel much better. It's just as well I didn't try to read to you."

The third morning of Graham's absence, Dick saw to it that he was occupied with his dairy manager when Paula made her eleven o'clock pilgrimage, peeped in upon him, and called her, "Good-morning, merry gentleman!" from the door. The Masons, arriving in several machines with their boisterous crowd of young people, saved Paula for lunch and the afternoon; and, Dick noted, she made the evening safe by holding them over for bridge and dancing.

But the fourth morning, the day of Graham's expected return, Dick was alone in his workroom at eleven. Bending over his desk, signing letters, he heard Paula tiptoe into the room. He did not look up, but, while he continued writing his signature, he listened with all his soul to the faint, silken swish of her kimono. He knew when she was bending over him, and all but held his breath. But when she had softly kissed his hair and called her, "Good-morning, merry gentleman!" she evaded the hungry sweep of his arm and laughed her way out. What affected him as strongly as the disappointment was the happiness he had seen in her face. And it was on this afternoon that Graham was expected. Dick could not escape making the connection.

He did not care to ascertain if she had replenished the lilacs in the tower room, and, at lunch, which was shared with three farm-college students from Davis, he found

himself forced to extemporize a busy afternoon for himself when Paula tentatively suggested that she would drive Graham up from Eldorado.

"Drive?" Dick asked.

"Duddy and Fuddy," she explained. "They're all on edge, and I just feel like exercising them and myself. Of course, if you'll share the exercise, we'll drive anywhere you say, and let him come up in the machine."

Dick strove not to think there was anxiety in her manner while she waited for him to accept or decline her invitation.

"Poor Duddy and Fuddy would be in the happy hunting-grounds if they had to cover my ground this afternoon," he laughed, at the same time mapping his program. "Between now and dinner I've got to do a hundred and twenty miles. I'm taking the racer, and it's going to be some dust and bump and only an occasional low place. I haven't the heart to ask you along."

Paula sighed, but so poor an actress was she that in the sigh, intended for him as a customary reluctant yielding of his company, he could not fail to detect the relief at his decision.

"Whither away?" she asked brightly, and again he noticed the color in her face, the happiness, and the brilliance of her eyes.

"Oh, I'm shooting away down the river to the dredging work—Carlson insists I must advise him—and then up and in to Sacramento, running over the Teal Slough on the way, to see Wing Fo Wong."

"And in heaven's name who is this Wing Fo Wong," she laughingly queried, "that you must trot and see him?"

"A very important personage, my dear. Worth all of two millions—made in potatoes and asparagus down in the Delta country. I'm leasing three hundred acres of the Teal Slough land to him." Dick addressed himself to the farm students. "That land lies just out of Sacramento on the west side of the river. It's a good example of the land-famine that is surely coming. It was tule swamp when I bought it. It averaged me eighteen dollars an acre, and not so many years ago, either.

"You know the tule swamps—worthless, save for ducks and low-water pasturage. It cost over three hundred an acre to dredge and drain and to pay my quota of the river-reclamation work. And on what basis of value do you think I am making a ten years'

lease to old Wing Fo Wong? Two thousand an acre. I'll net more than that if I truck-farm it myself. Those Chinese are wizards with vegetables and gluttons for work. No eight hours for them. It's eighteen hours. The last coolie is a partner with a microscopic share. That's the way Wing Fo Wong gets around the eight-hour law."

Twice warned and once arrested, was Dick through the long afternoon. He drove alone, and though he drove with speed, he drove with safety. Accidents, for which he personally might be responsible, were things he did not tolerate. And they never occurred.

But drive as he would, transact business as he would, at high pressure with Carlson and Wing Fo Wong, continually, in the middle ground of his consciousness, persisted the thought that Paula had gone out of her way and done the most unusual in driving Graham the long eight miles from Eldorado to the ranch.

"Phew!" He started to mutter a thought aloud, then suspended utterance and thought, as he jumped the racer from forty-five to seventy miles an hour, swept past to the left of a horse and buggy going in the same direction, and slanted back to the right side of the road with margin to spare but seemingly under the nose of a runabout coming from the opposite direction. He reduced his speed to fifty and took up his thought: "Phew! Imagine little Paula's thoughts if I dared that drive with some charming girl!"

He laughed at the fancy as he pictured it, for, most early in their marriage, he had gaged Paula's capacity for quiet jealousy. Never had she made a scene or dropped a direct remark or raised a question; but from the first, quietly but unmistakably, she had conveyed the impression of hurt that was hers if he at all unduly attended upon any woman.

So it was, from the beginning, that he had restricted his attentions to other women. He had been far more circumspect than Paula. He had even encouraged her, given her a free hand always, had been proud that his wife did attract fine fellows, had been glad that she was glad to be amused or entertained by them. And with reason, he mused. He had been so safe, so sure of her—more so, he acknowledged, than had she any right to be of him. And the ten years had vindicated his attitude, so that he

was as sure of her as he was of the diurnal rotation of the earth. And now, was the form his fancy took, the rotation of the earth was a shaky proposition, and old Oom Paul's flat world might be worth considering.

He lifted the gauntlet from his left wrist to snatch a glimpse at his watch. In five minutes, Graham would be getting off the train at Eldorado. Dick, himself homeward bound west from Sacramento, was eating up the miles. Not until he was well past Eldorado did he overtake Duddy and Fuddy and the trap. Graham sat beside Paula, who was driving. Dick slowed down as he passed, waved a hello to Graham, and, as he jumped into speed again, called cheerfully:

"Sorry I've got to give you my dust. I'll beat you a game of billiards before dinner, Evan, if you ever get in."

## XXVI

"THIS can't go on. We must do something—at once."

They were in the music-room, Paula, at the piano, her face turned up to Graham, who stood close to her, almost over her.

"You must decide," Graham continued.

Neither face showed happiness in the great thing that had come upon them.

"But I don't want you to go," Paula urged. "I don't know what I want. You must bear with me. I am not considering myself. I am past considering myself. But I must consider Dick. I must consider you. I—I am so unused to such a situation," she concluded, with a wan smile.

"But it must be settled, dear love. Dick is not blind."

"What has there been for him to see?" she demanded. "Nothing, except that one kiss in the cañon, and he couldn't have seen that. Do you think of anything else? I challenge you, sir."

"Would that there were!" He met the lighter touch in her mood, then immediately relapsed. "I am mad over, mad for you. And there I stop. I do not know if you are equally mad. I do not know if you are mad at all."

As he spoke, he dropped his hand to hers on the keys, and she gently withdrew it.

"Don't you see?" he complained. "Yet you wanted me to come back?"

"I wanted you to come back," she acknowledged, with her straight look into his

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eyes. "I wanted you to come back," she repeated more softly, as if musing.

"And I'm all at sea," he exclaimed impatiently. "You do love me?"

"I do love you, Evan—you know that. But—" She paused.

"But what?" he commanded. "Go on."

"But I love Dick, too. Isn't it ridiculous?"

He did not respond to her smile, and her eyes delightedly warmed to the boyish sullenness that vexed his own eyes.

"It will work out," she assured him gravely. "It will have to work out somehow. Dick says all things work out. All is change. What is static is dead, and we're not dead, any of us—are we?"

"I don't blame you for loving Dick, for— for continuing to love Dick," he answered impatiently. "And, for that matter, I don't see what you find in me compared with him. This is honest. He is a great man to me, and Greatheart is his name; but if you continue to love Dick, how about me?"

"But I love you, too."

"It can't be!" he cried, tearing himself from the piano to make a hasty march across the room and stand contemplating the Keith on the opposite wall, as if he had never seen it before.

She waited with a quiet smile, pleasuring in his unruly impetuosity.

"You can't love two men at once," he flung at her.

"Oh, but I do, Evan! That's what I am trying to work out. Only, I don't know which I love more. Dick I have known a long time. You—you are a——"

"Recent acquaintance," he broke in, returning to her with the same angry stride.

"Not that—no; not that, Evan. You have made a revelation to me of myself. I love you as much as Dick. I love you more. I—I don't know."

She broke down and buried her face in her hands, permitting his hand to rest on her shoulder.

"You see it is not easy for me," she went on. "There is so much involved, so much that I cannot understand. You say you are all at sea. Then think of me—all at sea and worse confounded. You—oh, why talk about it?—you are a man with a man's experience, with a man's nature. It is all very simple to you. 'She loves me; she loves me not.' But I am tangled, confused. I—and I wasn't born yesterday—have had

no experience in loving variously. I have never had affairs. I loved only one man—and now you. You and this love for you have broken into a perfect marriage."

"I know," he said.

"I don't know," she went on. "I must have time, either to work it out myself or to let it work itself out. If it only weren't for Dick—" Her voice trailed off pathetically.

Unconsciously, Graham's hand went farther about her shoulder.

"No; not—not yet," she said softly, as softly she removed it, her own lingering caressingly on his a moment ere she released it. "When you touch me, I can't think," she begged; "I—I can't think."

"Then I must go," he threatened, without any sense of threatening. She made a gesture of protest. "The present situation is impossible, unbearable. I feel like a cur, and all the time I know I am not a cur. I hate deception—oh, I can lie with the Pathan to the Pathan—but I can't deceive a man like Greatheart. I'd prefer going right up to him and saying: 'Dick, I love your wife. She loves me. What are you going to do about it?'"

"Do so," Paula said, fired for the moment.

Graham straightened up with resolution.

"I will. And now."

"No, no!" she cried, in sudden panic. "You must go away." Again her voice trailed off as she said, "But I can't let you go."

If Dick had had any reason to doubt his suspicion of the state of Paula's heart, that reason vanished with the return of Graham. He need look nowhere for confirmation save to Paula. She was in a flushed awakening, burgeoning like the full spring all about them, a happier tone in her happy laugh, a richer song in her throat, a warmth of excitement, and a continuous energy of action animating her. She was up early and to bed late. She did not conserve herself, but seemed to live on the champagne of her spirits, until Dick wondered if it was because she did not dare allow herself time to think. He watched her lose flesh, and acknowledged to himself that the one result was to make her look lovelier than ever, to take on an almost spiritual delicacy under her natural vividness of color and charm.

And the Big House ran on in its frictionless, happy, and remorseless way. Dick

sometimes speculated how long it would continue to so run on, and recoiled from contemplation of a future in which it might not so run on. As yet, he was confident, no one knew, no one guessed but himself. But how long could that continue? Not long, he was certain.

He knew his Asiatic servants were marvels of discernment—and discretion, he had to add. But there were the women. Women were cats. To the best of them, it would be great joy to catch the radiant, unimpeachable Paula as clay as any daughter of Eve. And any chance woman in the house for a day or an evening might glimpse the situation. Trust a woman to catch a woman.

But Paula, different in other ways, was different in this. He had never seen her display cattishness, never known her to be on the lookout for other women on the chance of catching them tripping—except in relation to him.

Among other things of wonderment, Dick speculated if Paula wondered if he knew. And Paula did wonder, and, for a time, without avail.

But it was not for long that she was in doubt. Sometimes in a crowd, at table, in the living-room in the evening, or at cards, she would gaze at him through half-veiled lashes when he was unaware, until she was certain she saw the knowledge in his eyes and face. But no hint of this did she give to Graham. His knowing would not help matters. It might even send him away, which she frankly admitted to herself was the last thing she would want to happen.

But when she came to a realization that she was almost certain Dick knew or guessed, she hardened, deliberately dared to play with the fire. If Dick knew—since he knew, she framed it to herself—why did he not speak? He was ever a straight talker. She both desired and feared that he might, until the fear faded and her earnest hope was that he would. He was the one who acted, did things, no matter what they were. Graham had called the situation a triangle. Well, Dick could solve it. He could solve anything. Then why didn't he?

In the mean time, she persisted in her ardent recklessness, trying not to feel the conscience-pricks of her divided allegiance, refusing to think too deeply, riding the top of the wave of her life—as she assured herself, living, living, living. At times, she

scarcely knew what she thought, save that she was very proud in having two such men at heel.

She was proud, a woman of their own race and type, to watch these two gray-eyed, blond men together. She was excited, feverish, but not nervous. Quite coldly, sometimes, she compared the two when they were together, and puzzled to know for which of them she made herself more beautiful, more enticing. Graham she held, and she had held Dick and strove still to hold him.

There was almost a touch of cruelty in the tinges of pride that were hers at thought of these two loyal men suffering for her and because of her; for she did not hide from herself the conviction that if Dick knew, or, rather, since he did know, he, too, must be suffering. She assured herself that she was a woman of imagination and purpose in sex matters, and that no part of her attraction toward Graham lay merely in his freshness, newness, difference. And she denied to herself that passion played more than the most minor part.

Deep down she was conscious of her own recklessness and madness, and of an end to it all that could not but be dreadful to some one of them or all of them. But she was content wilfully to flutter far above such depths and to refuse to consider their existence. Alone, looking at herself in her mirror, she would shake her head in mock reproof and cry out, "Oh, you huntress; you huntress!" And when she did permit herself to think a little gravely, it was to admit that Shaw and the sages of the madroño grove might be right in their diatribes on the hunting proclivities of women.

She denied Har Dyal's statement that woman was nature's failure to make a man; but again and again came to her Wilde's, "Woman attacks by sudden and strange surrenders." Had she so attacked Graham, she asked herself. Sudden and strange, to her, were the surrenders she had already made. Were there to be more? He wanted to go. With her or without her, he wanted to go. But she held him—how? Was there a tacit promise of surrenders to come? And she would laugh away further consideration, confine herself to the fleeting present, and make her body more beautiful and mood herself to be more fascinating and glow with happiness in that she was living, thrilling as she had never dreamed to live and thrill.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

And ever, as they talked, her



eyes roved from one to the other

## XXVII

BUT it is not the way for a man and a woman in propinquity to maintain a definite, unwavering distance asunder. Imperceptibly, Paula and Graham drew closer. From lingering eye-gazings and hand-touchings the way led to permitted caresses, until there was a second clasping in the arms and a second kiss long on the lips. Nor this time did Paula flame in anger. Instead, she commanded,

"You must not go!"

"I must not stay," Graham reiterated for the thousandth time. "Oh, I have kissed behind doors, and been guilty of all the rest of the silly rubbish!" he complained. "But this is you, and this is Dick."

"It will work out, I tell you, Evan."

"Come with me, then, and of ourselves work it out. Come now!"

She recoiled.

"Remember," Graham encouraged, "what Dick said at dinner the night Theo fought the dragons—that even if it were you, Paula, his wife, who ran away, he would say, 'Bless you, my children!'"

"And that is just why it is so hard, Evan. He is Greatheart. You named him well. Listen: You watch him now. He is as gentle as he said he would be that night—gentle toward me, I mean."

"He knows? He has spoken?" Graham broke in.

"He has not spoken, but I am sure he knows—or guesses. You watch him. He won't compete against you——"

"Compete?"

"Just that—he won't compete. Remember at the rodeo yesterday. He was breaking mustangs when our party arrived, but he never mounted again. Now, he is a wonderful horse-breaker. You tried your hand. Frankly, while you did fairly well, you couldn't touch him. But he wouldn't show off against you. That alone would make me certain that he guesses."

"You watch and you will see what I mean by not competing. He is treating me like a spirited colt, giving me my head to make a mess of things if I want to. Not for the world would he interfere. Oh, trust me; I know him. It is his own code that he is living up to. He could teach the philosophers what applied philosophy is."

"No, no; listen!" She rushed over Graham's attempt to interrupt. "I want

to tell you more. There is a secret staircase that goes up from the library to Dick's workroom. Only he and I use it—and his secretaries. When you arrive at the head of it, you are right in his room, surrounded by shelves of books. I have just come from there. I was going in to see him when I heard voices. Of course it was ranch business, I thought, and they would soon be gone. So I waited. It *was* ranch business, but it was so interesting, so, what Hancock would call, illuminating, that I remained and eavesdropped. It was illuminating of Dick, I mean.

"It was the wife of one of the workmen Dick had on the carpet. She was whimpering out her trouble when Dick stopped her. 'Never mind all that,' he said. 'What I want to know is, did you give Smith any encouragement?'"

"Smith isn't his name, but he is one of our foremen and has worked eight years for Dick."

"Oh, no, sir," I could hear her answer; 'he went out of his way from the first to bother me. I've tried to keep out of his way, always. Besides, my husband's a violent-tempered man, and I did so want him to hold his job here. He's worked nearly a year for you now, and there aren't any complaints, are there? Before that, it was irregular work for a long time, and we had real hard times. It wasn't his fault. He ain't a drinking man. He always——'"

"That's all right," Dick stopped her. "His work and habits have nothing to do with the matter. Now, you are sure you have never encouraged Mr. Smith in any way?" And she was so sure that she talked a streak for ten minutes, detailing the foreman's persecution of her. It was all I could do to resist peeping. I wanted to see what she looked like.

"Now this trouble yesterday morning," Dick said, "was it general? I mean, outside of your husband, yourself, and Mr. Smith, was the scene such that those who live around you knew of it?"

"Yes, sir. You see, he had no right to come into my kitchen. My husband doesn't work under him, anyway. And he had his arm around me and was trying to kiss me when my husband came in. My husband has a temper, but he ain't overly strong. Mr. Smith would make two of him. So he pulled a knife, and Mr. Smith got him by the arms, and they fought all over the

kitchen. I knew there was murder going to be done, and I ran out, screaming for help. The folks in the other cottages'd heard the racket already. They'd smashed the window and the cook-stove, and the place was filled with smoke and ashes when the neighbors dragged them away from each other. I'd done nothing to deserve all that disgrace. You know, sir, the way the women will talk—'

"And Dick hushed her up there, and took all of five minutes more in getting rid of her. Her great fear was that her husband would lose his place. From what Dick told her, I waited. He had made no decision, and I knew the foreman was next on the carpet. In he came. I'd have given the world to see him. But I could only listen.

"Dick jumped right into the thick of it. He described the scene and uproar, and Smith acknowledged that it had been riotous for a while. 'She says she gave you no encouragement,' Dick said next.

"Then she lies,' said Smith. 'She has that way of looking with her eyes that's an invitation. She looked at me that way from the first. But it was by word-of-mouth invitation that I was in her kitchen yesterday morning. We didn't expect her husband. But she began to struggle when he hove in sight. When she says she gave me no encouragement—'

"Never mind all that,' Dick stopped him; 'it's not essential.'

"But it is, Mr. Forrest, if I am to clear myself,' Smith insisted.

"No; it is not essential to the thing you can't clear yourself of,' Dick answered, and I could hear that cold, hard, judicial note come into his voice. Smith could not understand. Dick told him. 'The thing you have been guilty of, Mr. Smith, is the scene, the disturbance, the scandal, the wagging of the women's tongues now going on forty to the minute, the impairment of the discipline and order of the ranch, all of which is boiled down to the one grave thing, the hurt to the ranch efficiency.'

"And still Smith couldn't see. He thought the charge was of violating social morality by pursuing a married woman, and tried to mitigate the offense by showing the woman encouraged him, and by pleading.

"Mr. Smith,' Dick said, 'you've worked for me eight years. You've been a foreman six years of that time. I have no complaint against your work. You cer-

tainly do know how to handle labor. About your personal morality, I don't care a damn. You can be a Mormon or a Turk, for all it matters to me. Your private acts are your private acts, and are no concern of mine as long as they do not interfere with your work or my ranch. Any one of my drivers can drink his head off Saturday night, and every Saturday night—that's his business. But the minute he shows a hold-over on Monday morning that is taken out on my horses, that excites them, or injures them, or threatens to injure them, or that decreases in the slightest the work they should perform on Monday, that moment it is my business, and the driver goes down the hill.'

"You—you mean, Mr. Forrest,' Smith stuttered, 'that—that I'm to go down the hill?' 'That is just what I mean, Mr. Smith. You are to go down the hill, not because you climbed over another man's fence—that's your business and his—but because you were guilty of causing a disturbance that is an impairment of ranch efficiency.'

"Do you know, Evan," Paula broke in on her recital, "Dick can nose more human tragedy out of columns of ranch statistics than can the average fiction writer out of the whirl of a great city. Take the milk-reports—the individual reports of the milkers—so many pounds of milk, morning and night, from cow So-and-so, so many pounds from cow So-and-so. He doesn't have to know the man. But there is a decrease in the weight of milk. 'Mr. Parkman,' he'll say to the head dairyman, 'is Barchi Peratta married?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he having trouble with his wife?' 'Yes, sir.'

"Or it will be: 'Mr. Parkman, Simpkins has the best long-time record of any of our milkers. Now he's slumped. What's up?' Mr. Parkman doesn't know. 'Investigate,' says Dick. 'There's something on his chest. Talk to him like an uncle and find out. We've got to get it off his chest.' And Mr. Parkman finds out. Simpkins' boy, working his way through Stanford University, has elected the joy-ride path and is in jail waiting trial for forgery. Dick put his own lawyers on the case, smoothed it over, got the boy out on probation, and Simpkins' milk-reports came back to par. And the best of it is, the boy made good. Dick kept an eye on him, saw him through the College of Engineering, and he's now working for Dick on the dredging-end, earn-

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ing a hundred and fifty a month, married, with a future before him, and his father still milks."

"You are right," Graham murmured sympathetically; "I well named him when I named him Greatheart."

"I call him my Rock of Ages," Paula said gratefully. "He is so solid. He stands in any storm— Oh, you don't really know him! He is so sure. He stands right up. He's never taken a cropper in his life. God smiles on him. God has always smiled on him. He's never been beaten down to his knees—yet. I—I should not care to see that sight. It would be heart-breaking. And, Evan"—her hand went out to his in a pleading gesture that merged into a half-caress—"I am afraid for him now. That is why I don't know what to do. It is not for myself that I back and fill and hesitate. If he were ignoble, if he were narrow, if he were weak or had one tiniest shred of meanness, if he had ever been beaten to his knees before, why, my dear, my dear, I should have been gone with you long ago!"

Her eyes filled with sudden moisture. She stilled him with a pressure of her hand, and, to regain herself, she went back to her recital.

"Your little finger, Mr. Smith, I consider worth more to me and to the world," Dick told him, "than the whole body of this woman's husband. Here's the report on him: willing, eager to please, not bright, not strong, an indifferent workman at best. Yet you have to go down the hill, and I am very, very sorry."

"Oh, yes; there was more. But I've given you the main of it. You see Dick's code there. And he lives his code. He accords latitude to the individual. Whatever the individual may do, so long as it does not hurt the group of individuals in which he lives, is his own affair. He believed Smith had a perfect right to love the woman, and to be loved by her if it came to that. I have heard him always say that love could not be held nor enforced. Truly, did I go with you, he would say, 'Bless you, my children!' Though it broke his heart, he would say it. Past love, he believes, gives no hold over the present. And every hour of love, I have heard him say, pays for itself, on both sides, quittance in full. He claims there can be no such thing as a love-debt, laughs at the absurdity of love-claims."

"And I agree with him," Graham said.

"'You promised to love me always,' says the jilted one, and then strives to collect as if it were a promissory note for so many dollars. Dollars are dollars, but love lives or dies. When it is dead, how can it be collected? We are all agreed, and the way is simple. We love. It is enough. Why delay another minute?"

His fingers strayed along her fingers on the keyboard as he bent to her, first kissing her hair, then slowly turning her face up to his and kissing her willing lips.

"Dick does not love me like you," she said; "not madly, I mean. He has had me so long, I think I have become a habit to him. And often and often, before I knew you, I used to puzzle whether he cared more for the ranch or more for me."

"It is so simple," Graham urged. "All we have to do is to be straightforward. Let us go."

He drew her to her feet and made as if to start.

But she drew away from him suddenly, sat down, and buried her flushed face in her hands.

"You do not understand, Evan. I love Dick. I shall always love him."

"And me?" Graham demanded sharply.

"Oh, without saying," she smiled. "You are the only man besides Dick that has ever kissed me this—way, and that I have kissed this way. But I can't make up my mind. The triangle, as you call it, must be solved for me. I can't solve it myself. I compare the two of you, weigh you, measure you. I remember Dick and all our past years. And I consult my heart for you. And I don't know; I don't know. You are a great man, my great lover. But Dick is a greater man than you. You—you are more clay, more—I grope to describe you—more human, I fancy. And that is why I love you more—or, at least, I think perhaps I do."

"But wait," she resisted him, imprisoning his eager hand in hers. "There is more I want to say. I remember Dick and all our past years. But I remember him to-day as well, and to-morrow. I cannot bear the thought that any man should pity my husband, that you should pity him, and pity him you must, when I confess that I love you more. That is why I am not sure. That is why I so quickly take it back and do not know."

"I'd die of shame if, through act of mine,

any man pitied Dick—truly, I would. Of all things ghastly, I can think of none so ghastly as Dick being pitied. He has never been pitied in his life. He has always been top dog—bright, light, strong, unassailable. And more, he doesn't deserve pity. And it's my fault—and yours, Evan."

She abruptly thrust Evan's hand away.

"And every act, every permitted touch of you, does make him pitiable. Don't you see how tangled it is for me? And, then, there is my own pride. That you should see me disloyal to him in little things, such as this"—she caught his hand again and caressed it with soft finger-tips—"hurts me in my love for you, diminishes me, must diminish me in your eyes. I shrink from the thought that my disloyalty to him in this I do"—she laid his hand against her cheek—"gives you reason to pity him and censure me."

She soothed the impatience of the hand on her cheek, and, almost absently, musingly scrutinizing it without consciously seeing it, turned it over and slowly kissed the palm. The next moment she was drawn to her feet and into his arms.

"There, you see!" was her reproach, as she disengaged herself.

"Why do you tell me all this about Dick?" Graham demanded, another time, as they walked their horses side by side. "To keep me away? To protect yourself from me?"

Paula nodded, then quickly added:

"No; not quite that. Because you know I don't want to keep you away—too far. I say it, because Dick is so much in my mind. For ten years, you realize, he filled my mind. I say it because—because I think it, I suppose. Think—the situation! You are trespassing on a perfect marriage."

"I know it," he answered. "And I do not like the rôle of trespasser. It is your insistence, instead of going away with me, that I should trespass. And I can't help it. I think away from you, try to force my thoughts elsewhere. I did half a chapter this morning, and I know it's rotten and will have to be rewritten. For I can't succeed in thinking away from you. What is South American ethnology compared to you? And when I come near you, my arms go about you before I know what I am doing. And, by God, you want them there; you want them there—you know it!"

Paula gathered her reins in signal for a gallop, but first, with a roguish smile, she acknowledged,

"I do want them there, dear trespasser."

Paula yielded and fought at the same time.

"I love my husband—never forget that!" she would warn Graham, and, within the minute, be in his arms.

"There are only the three of us for once, thank goodness!" Paula cried, seizing Dick and Graham by the hands and leading them toward Dick's favorite lounging-couch in the big room. "Come, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings! Come, milords and lordly perishers, and we will talk of Armageddon when the last sun goes down!"

She took more part in the talk than usual and strove to draw her husband out. Nor was Dick unaware of this, although he yielded and permitted himself to let go full tilt on the theme of the blond sun-perishers.

"She is trying to make him compete," was Graham's thought. But Paula scarcely thought of that phase of it; her pleasure consisting in the spectacle of two such splendid men who were hers. "They talk of big-game hunting," she mused once to herself; but did ever one small woman capture bigger game than this?

She sat cross-legged on the couch, where, by a turn of the head, she could view Graham lounging comfortably in the big chair, or Dick, on his elbow, sprawling among the cushions. And ever, as they talked, her eyes roved from one to the other; and, as they spoke of struggle and battle, always in the cold, iron terms of realists, her own thoughts became so colored until she could look coolly at Dick with no further urge of the pity that had intermittently ached her heart for days.

She was proud of him—a goodly, eye-filling figure of a man to any woman—but she no longer felt sorry for him. They were right. It was a game. The race was to the swift, the battle to the strong. They had run such races, fought such battles. Then why not she? And as she continued to look, that self-query became reiterant.

They were not anchorites, these two men. Liberal-lived they must have been in that past out of which, like mysteries, they had come to her. They had had the days and

## The Little Lady of the Big House

nights that women were denied—women such as she. As for Dick, beyond all doubt—even had she heard whispers—there had been other women in that wild career of his over the world. Men were men, and they were two such men! She felt a burn of jealousy against those unknown women who must have been, and her heart hardened. They had taken their fun where they found it—Kipling's line ran through her head.

Pity? Why should she pity, any more than she should be pitied? The whole thing was too big, too natural for pity. They were taking a hand in a big game, and all could not be winners. Playing with the fancy, she wandered on to a consideration of the outcome. It came to her that she saw doom ahead, doom vague and formless, but terrible.

She was brought back to herself by Dick's hand before her eyes.

"Seeing things?" he teased, as her eyes turned to meet his.

His were laughing, but she glimpsed in them what, despite herself, made her veil her own with her long lashes. He knew. Beyond all possibility of error she knew now that he knew. That was what she had seen in his eyes and what had made her veil her own.

"Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking," she gaily hummed to him.

Let come what would, she asserted to herself, she would play it out. It was all a madness—but it was life, it was living. She had never so lived before, and it was worth it, no matter what inevitable payment must be made in the end. Love? Had she ever really loved Dick as she now felt herself capable of loving? Had she mistaken the fondness of affection for love all these years? Her eyes warmed as they rested on Graham, and she admitted that he had swept her as Dick never had.

Dick talked less and less, and the discussion of the sun-perishers died of mutual agreement as to its facts. Finally, glancing at his watch, he straightened up, yawned, stretched his arms, and announced:

"Bed-time, he stop. Head belong this fellow white man too much sleepy along him. Nightcap, Evan?"

Graham nodded, for both felt the need of a stiffener.

"Nightcap?" Dick queried of Paula.

But she shook her head and busied herself at the piano, putting away the music.

Graham closed down the piano for her, while Dick waited in the doorway, so that, when they left, he led them by a dozen feet. As they came along, Graham, under her instructions, turned off the lights in the halls. Dick waited where the ways diverged and where Graham would have to say good-night on his way to the tower room.

The one remaining light was turned off.

"Oh, not that one, silly!" Dick heard Paula cry out. "We keep it on all night."

Dick heard nothing, but the dark was fervent to him. He cursed himself for his own past embraces in the dark, for so the wisdom was given him to know the quick embrace that had occurred ere, the next moment, the light flashed on again.

He found himself lacking the courage to look at their faces as they came toward him. He did not want to see Paula's frank eyes veiled by her lashes, and he fumbled to light a cigarette while he cudgeled his wits for the wording of an ordinary good-night.

"How goes the book? What chapter?" he called after Graham down his hall, as Paula put her hand in his.

Her hand in his, swinging his, hopping and skipping and all achatter in simulation of a little girl with a grown-up, Paula went on with Dick; while he sadly pondered what ruse she had in mind by which to avoid the long-avoided, good-night kiss.

Evidently she had not found it when they reached the dividing of the ways that led to her quarters and to his. Still swinging his hand, still buoyantly chattering fun, she continued with him into his workroom. Here he surrendered. He had neither heart nor energy to wait for her to develop whatever she contemplated.

He feigned sudden recollection, deflected her by the hand to his desk, and picked up a letter.

"I'd promised myself to get a reply off on the first machine in the morning," he explained, as he pressed on the phonograph and began dictating.

For a paragraph, she still held his hand. Then he felt the parting pressure of her fingers and her whispered good-night.

"Good-night, little woman," he answered mechanically, and continued dictating as if oblivious to her going. Nor did he cease until he knew she was well out of hearing.



James D. Phelan's record is one of conspicuous  
and devoted service to the common-  
wealth of California

## CALIFORNIA'S NEW SENATOR

*By John Temple Graves*

**D**URING the sixty-five years in which California has been a state of the Federal Union, only two of her sons have been honored with a seat in the Senate of the United States.

James Duval Phelan is one of these, and he was elected under circumstances that gave additional honor and distinction to the achievement. He was the first Federal senator to be elected by direct vote of the people of California—the constitutional reform



Easily the  
most popular  
man in the  
state

for which he had fought valiantly and effectively. He was elected when the Democratic party, to which he had always rendered conspicuous service, was apparently in a hopeless minority in the state. He was nominated by his party, because he was regarded by its leaders as the only Democrat in the state who had the ghost of a chance to win; and he vindicated the confidence of his friends by polling a plurality of more than thirty thousand votes over his Republican and Progressive competitors, with a Socialist thrown in for good measure—a vote far in excess of the registration of his party.

Of course "there were reasons." James D. Phelan was easily the most popular man in the state and was held by many to be the foremost male citizen of California. This popularity and prestige was logically the result of consistent, conspicuous, and devoted service to the city of San Francisco and to the commonwealth.

Since the day he graduated from St. Ignatius College, in San Francisco, James D. Phelan's life has been consecrated to public service and civic betterment. San Francisco owes to no man such a debt for service as to Phelan, and the commonwealth has joined with its metropolis in paying the obligation in its loftiest distinction.

James Phelan, Sr. was an early pioneer—a rugged, far-sighted Irish-American who voyaged across the Isthmus of Panama and helped to form a commonwealth on the Pacific. He utilized his opportunities and amassed a fortune which James Duval Phelan, the son and senator, is expending with princely and intelligent generosity.

#### THREE TIMES MAYOR

Three times elected mayor of San Francisco, James D. Phelan stood always for reform and achievement. The city was boss-ridden for years before he came upon the scene. Chris Buckley, "the blind white devil," was the keenest and cleverest of them all. Then there were Rainey and Martin Kelly, who held almost despotic sway.

One day, in 1896, Phelan was called upon to deliver the inaugural address at the great Mechanic's Fair, and he chose as his theme, "A New San Francisco," in which, without mentioning politics, he exposed the shame of the city, and indicated a clean path out.

He was nominated by the Democrats to carry out his plans, and was elected. He immediately appointed a committee of one hundred to draft a new charter for the city. They finished their work, incorporated home rule, or freedom from the legislature, fixed responsibility and civil-service reform, and the people gave the work prompt approval.

#### CONSPICUOUS CIVIC SERVICE

His mayoralty terms expired in 1902, and the Schmitz-Ruef régime followed. So corrupt was the government that the people turned again and elected a good mayor in the person of Doctor Edward R. Taylor, whom Mayor Phelan strongly supported. Mayor Phelan fixed on Sierra sources of water-supply for San Francisco during his administration and kept up the fight in Washington incessantly, both Mayor Taylor and his successor, Mayor Rolph, appointing him on official committees. The work was crowned with success on January 1, 1914, when the President and both Houses of Congress gave to the city of San Francisco the Hetch Hetchy water-supply.

In 1906, San Francisco was destroyed by fire. Phelan was elected by a citizens' committee of fifty chairman of the Finance Committee for Relief, with power to name the other members of the committee. President Roosevelt ordered that all funds collected throughout the country be sent to Chairman Phelan, and, as there were no depositaries open, the United States mint was put at his disposal as a depository. Car-loads of relief supplies were received, and more than ten million dollars in money. For the administration of this trust, Phelan gave two years' time, during which the "bread-line" was diminished from two hundred and fifty thousand to zero.

Only when the distress of individuals was relieved did Phelan set about restoring his own property, which had been totally destroyed. As an evidence of his undestroyed faith in his home city, he erected the largest office-building in San Francisco, bearing his father's name, the California pioneer of 1849.

In the first popular election under the amendment to the Federal Constitution for the election of United States senator, James D. Phelan's name was put forward in the Democratic interest. He won the

primary against his opponent in August, and won the election against the Republican and Progressive in November, 1914—as much a personal endorsement as a ratification of Woodrow Wilson's policies. Phelan had been, during his whole mature life, conspicuous in quasi-public and public affairs, and was very well known throughout California, where, as in Oregon, the average men and women give at the polls an expression of their personal choice. So that if a man has earned their confidence and they believe in him, he is very apt to receive their support, irrespective of his party label. That is a way they have in the West, where political organization is a loose and incoherent thing. This spirit makes the state of California, for instance, a free forum for men and measures, and it may be said of men and measures, in direct legislation and popular election, that much discrimination has been shown.

After his election in 1912, President Wilson tendered Mr. Phelan a first-class ambassadorship to Europe. Mr. Phelan's reply was that he preferred to do work at home, and said then that he would enter the primaries in 1914, if it would help the cause of the administration; and after he was elected United States senator and before he had taken his seat, President Wilson sent him as special commissioner in the matter of the diplomatic difficulties in Santo Domingo, and thither he went in the spring of this year on the United States cruiser Tacoma, and on his return made a report which tended to solve a difficult problem.

Mr. Phelan's active work as senator will begin with the Sixty-fourth Congress in December next. As an orator of more than ordinary force and culture, as a trained publicist, a balanced thinker, with an unimpeachable public and private record, the new senator from the great commonwealth of California must inevitably become a figure of power and national distinction in the upper chamber of the American Congress.

Senator Phelan is a thorough-going Californian, and is opposed to the immigration of coolies. He wants to build up and preserve a strong American commonwealth on the shores of the Pacific. He is big with the belief that California is the greatest and most resourceful state of the Union, with enormous potentialities, that manufactures and trade, in the immediate future, will be greatly augmented, and that it is the duty of the Federal government to cooperate in the development of the wonderful resources of the West, where millions of human beings may live in peace and happiness.



The new senator from California must inevitably become a figure of power and national distinction in the upper chamber of the American Congress



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

They laid hold on the black bag beneath the desk from opposite sides, and pulled and hauled

# Rough Stuff

## A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

We have some interesting news for the readers of Wallingford's adventures. Those two precious youngsters, Young Jimmy and Toad Jessup, have reached an age when they want to do real things for themselves, and they are going to do them. But they have their parents to reckon with. We know that neither J. Rufus nor Blackie wishes the boys to follow in their footsteps, and that Wallingford has been worrying about the way his son is going to turn out. We shan't say any more now than that the adventures of the bright kids will be full of entertaining surprises. In the mean time, here is a story that shows their elders in their very best form.

By George Randolph Chester

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

HOW strange are the vagaries of fortune! At the very instant when the ardent believers in Little Joe were filling their lungs for a final shout of triumph, a gay little red balloon darted out on the track, where the horses were pounding down the stretch, whirled saucily in front of the favorite's nose, shot straight up in the air, and sailed merrily across the infield toward the green hills and the blue sky. For only an infinitesimal space of time the nervous Little Joe had shied and checked his speed; but that space was enough to let a dun-colored stranger by the name of Tippy flash under the wire at eighteen to one.

"The hound!" mumbled a small man at the rail, and his face was so blank in the first moment of disappointment that the adjoining large gentleman with the round, pink face, chuckled.

"Cheer up, neighbor," he consoled; "the walking's good!"

The small man, thus addressed, cast on the florid big gentleman a sidewise glance—a slow glance and a cautious. Cordial of manner was the florid one, and jovial of eye and broad of white waistcoat, and in his rich cravat glowed a two-thousand-dollar diamond. Quite reassuring—but, nevertheless, the small man glanced once more to the right and to the left before he answered.

"Had a hundred on that rabbit," he complained.

"Well, a hundred's a hundred," chuckled the big man.

"It's a thousand when you lose it on a red balloon," objected a lean and lank gentleman, climbing down from the fence, where he had been perched like a jumping-jack on a stick. He set on his head the silk hat which he had been waving in encouragement to Little Joe, and smoothed his pointed black mustaches.

"What do you think of the next race, Jim?"

"Lady Lou," the big man promptly replied. "I know she's sure money, because she was touted to me by a barber whose cousin was a stable-boy in Nineteen-two."

"No chance," was the contemptuous answer. "I'll tell you why. No 'Lady' horse has won a race this meet. Lady Swiscoe came in last in the first race to-day; Lady Sandy fell down yesterday and broke her jockey's collar-bone."

The big man chuckled.

"Looks like I'm on a loser," he confessed, "but I'll give you a hundred even against the field, Blackie."

"You poor lollipop!" commiserated Blackie. "Nevertheless, you're on."

"Any more at that price?" observed a subdued voice at the big, pink-faced Jim's back—the small man, and he was moist-lipped with eagerness at the thought of a price so attractive.

Both Jim and Blackie looked at the "butter-in" with studious interest. His hat and his cravat were ten years too young for him; his pallid blue eyes were set too close together; his mouth was too close to his nose, and his chin too close to his mouth, and his ears too far from the front of his face. On general principles, the florid big man frowned at him, but the black-mustached one laughed.

"Piker!" he taunted his friend Jim. "If it's a good bet, why don't you take it?"

"Certainly!" A slight flash of temper in the broad-chested Jim, for taunting was a common diversion between these two. He turned to the stranger. "You're on, neighbor, for a hundred."

The pallid blue eyes almost sparkled.

"Make it two hundred!"

"Wouldn't you like to have my stick-pin?" sarcastically rejoined the big man. "Can't I donate something to your pet charity?"

"Ca'm yourself, Jimmy; ca'm yourself," soothed the grinning Blackie. "The gent knows a hick when he sees one, and give him credit. Urge him, stranger; he'll bite."

The stranger hesitated; then, with an uncertain smile, he walked away.

"The hundred goes anyhow," he assured them over his shoulder. "I'll be back in time for the race."

"What kind of a crook is Little Stranger?" inquired Blackie Daw, twirling his pointed mustaches.

"Can't sort him," returned J. Rufus Wallingford, equally puzzled. "Crook, though. Tell it by his irregularities, that walk, the set of his eyes, his ears—"

"Well, I didn't tell it that way," interrupted Blackie. "I know he's a crook, because he is."

Little Stranger was not there at the beginning of the next race; but as Lady Lou streaked past the judges, an easy winner over the field by three good lengths, there was a mumbling just back of the big, pink-faced Jim and the lean jumping-jack on the fence—the small man, imploring to the very last for some hound out of the pack to overhaul the winner.

"Oh, I guess I'm a boob!" exclaimed J. Rufus, turning his round and radiantly beaming countenance on Mr. Daw and Little Stranger. "I guess I'm a hick! Gentlemen, produce! And smile!"

"That wasn't in the bet," objected

Blackie, relinquishing his hundred, and, at that moment, both Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford turned in response to a low gurgle from Little Stranger. His hand was in his hip-pocket, and there was a green pallor on his face, a green glaze in his eyes.

"I've been touched!" he husked. "Somebody lifted my leather!"

Blackie and Wallingford looked at each other speculatively; Blackie grinned.

"Well, such things will happen, Mr. Welsh," said Wallingford, with a suspicion of a snarl. "If you will leave your pocket-book exposed just before you have to pay a bet, Mr. Welsh, we must all take the consequences, Mr. Welsh."

The small man, his green pallor turning to purple indignation, was struggling for speech.

"My name's Hutch," he hotly stated. "I get rolled for four hundred, and the only consolation I have is for a fresh fat man to call me a welsher! Would I have come back here if I had intended to welsh on this bet? No living man can put a finger on a crooked act of mine!"

"How about a dead one," grinned Blackie, by way of idle repartee, and keen Jim Wallingford lifted his eyebrows as he saw on the countenance of Mr. Hutch a fleeting something.

"I swallow my words," apologized J. Rufus genially.

"Thanks," returned the insulted one, somewhat mollified. "If you gentlemen are going into the city after the next race, I'd like to have you stop at my office and get that hundred."

Blackie Daw, standing just beside Wallingford and studying the features of Little Stranger, poked J. Rufus in the ribs.

"All right, sport!" agreed Wallingford.

It was a dim and a musty office into which Mr. Hutch ushered his chance acquaintances of the race-track, and on the floor lay five letters, the accumulation of three days, as J. Rufus noticed later from the postmarks. Apparently, Mr. Hutch had but small business in his office. He dusted a space on his desk for the accommodation of a check-book which he drew from a drawer; and while he was writing, the visitors inspected and catalogued and sorted everything in the place—a rusty safe, a row of dusty letter-files, a broken letter-press, a long-disused typewriter, a desk, four chairs, and an ancient horsehair

couch—nothing else. On the safe, "Amos Lundy"; on several of the letter-files, "Lundy Estate"; on several more, "Richard Lundy"; on a few, "P. W. Hutch, Personal"; on the glass panel of the door, "P. W. Hutch, Attorney."

"Here's your check, Mr. Wallingford," announced the attorney, with the air of one who stands clear before the world. He looked at a blot of ink on his finger. "Excuse me a minute."

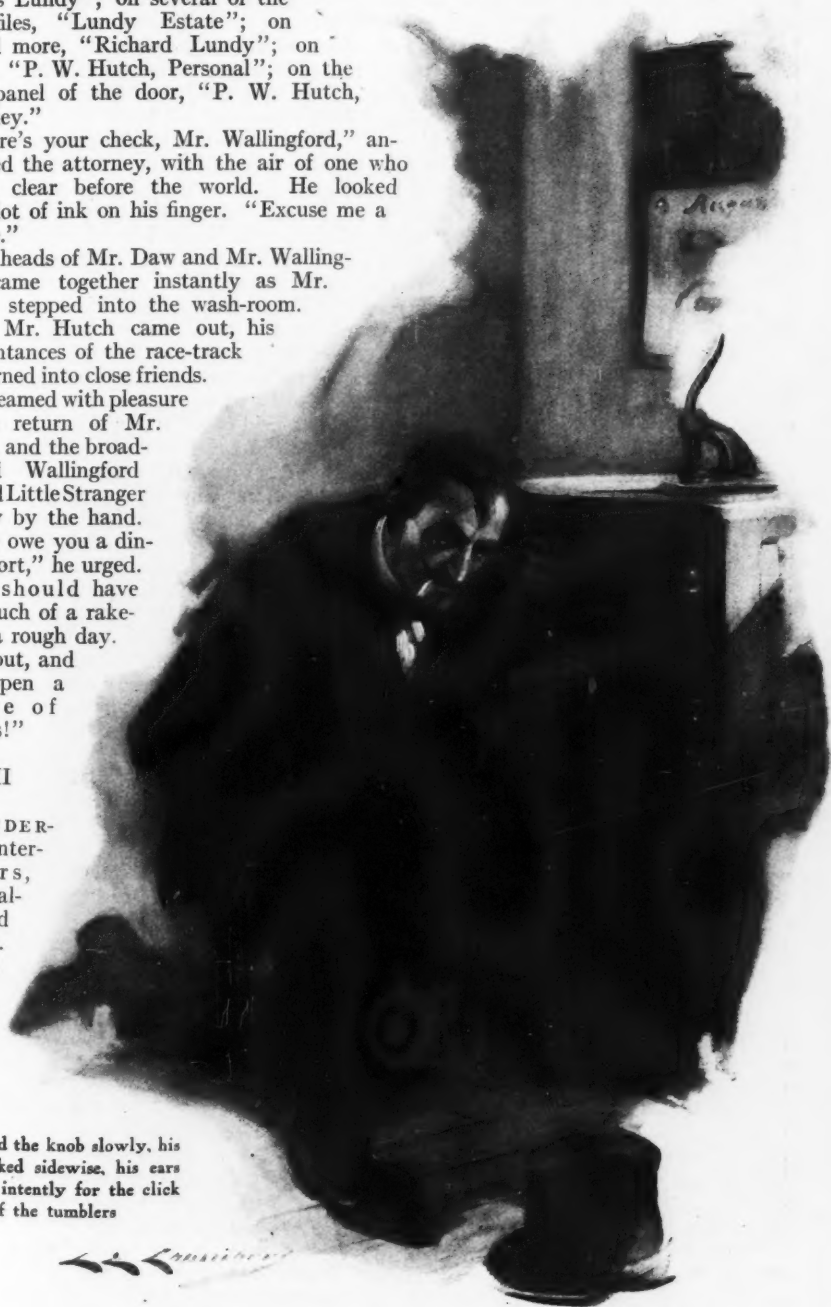
The heads of Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford came together instantly as Mr. Hutch stepped into the wash-room. When Mr. Hutch came out, his acquaintances of the race-track had turned into close friends. They beamed with pleasure at the return of Mr. Hutch, and the broad-chested Wallingford grasped Little Stranger warmly by the hand.

"We owe you a dinner, sport," he urged. "You should have that much of a rake-off on a rough day. Come out, and we'll open a bottle of bubbles!"

## II

WONDERFUL entertainers, Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw!

He turned the knob slowly, his head cocked sidewise, his ears listening intently for the click of the tumblers



A dinner for Mr. Hutch; an evening at the theater with Mr. Hutch; a supper to Mr. Hutch; a luncheon; a spin to a roadhouse; hospitality on tap all the time; but at the end of three days, the entertainment committee withdrew into Wallingford's down-town suite in a hotel near the pulsing red heart of Broadway, and glummed.

"If you can't do any business with this squint-eyed runt, why don't you can him?" grumbled the friend of the committee—a man so bald-headed that he was more restful to the eyes with his hat on—Onion Jones. "I ain't seen a piece of money for so long that I wouldn't know how to make change for a nickel."

"That's your own fault, you farmer!" growled big Jim Wallingford. "Every time you get a stake, you try to skin some wisenheimer, and get boobed."

"Not!" emphatically protested the Onion, mopping his bald head round and round in an apparently earnest effort to impart a superior polish. "It's because I try to play straight. This time I drop it on a wire-tapping game, but I'm on the level with it. I tap a sure-enough race-track wire, and get my first past the post all right; but the guy I send to clean up plays in with the pool-room, and hands me a double X the size of the Metropolitan tower. It's tough work trying to be honest."

"Do your whimpering outside," objected Blackie Daw, sitting in a corner, with his chin resting on his pointed knees, and tugging at his pointed mustaches. "We're here to discuss 'Hollow' Hutch."

"'Hollow's' right!" rumbled J. Rufus, walking the floor in scowling meditation. "I think his legs are hollow. We've poured enough six-dollar champagne into that human sponge to flush Fifth Avenue, and it goes everywhere but to his head. You know, I think that guy forgets his secrets."

"He's a hollow nut!" Blackie locked his lean fingers. "You can't get him pickled enough to even acknowledge that he had a mother."

"Can him!" again urged Onion Jones. "Can him, and sign up a live one! If you guys'll just come down with me to Wop Tony's and let me steer you against this spinach-whiskered pumpkin-husker I told you about——"

"Lay down and roll over!" ordered J. Rufus. "You can't expect to stack classy commercial people against a hundred-dollar

hick just because you want sandwich-money. Now, this Hutch has access to regular money, and, if I know anything about a face, he's a lawbreaker. If we turn him over, he might as well have lost his voice, so far as a chance to holler is concerned. How do we pull his facts?"

"Rough stuff, I say," counseled Blackie. "Find out if he carries any papers on him, Bermuda, and take him up an alley——"

"Not me; you!" hastily interposed Onion. "I worked in the state saddle factory once, and that's enough. Anyhow, I ain't any thief."

"Then duck!" Blackie looked at his watch and rose. "A certain party is due here in twenty minutes to be entertained, and he mustn't squint your globe, Onion. The only place you couldn't be identified is in a field of white pumpkins."

Onion Jones rose with reluctance.

"Ain't I in on this play at all?"

"Not prominently," returned Blackie dryly. "If you're getting too high-brow to go to the mat with a sucker for his entire bank-roll, your Uncle Horace is still young."

When Onion had departed with a borrowed twenty, Jim turned to Blackie.

"What is this new hope?" he demanded.

"Leave it to me!" And there was the snap of glee in the beady black eyes.

"Not if you're cooking up any strong-arm play," protested Wallingford. "I never saw the inside of a jail but once, and I got my first gray hairs just wanting out."

"You didn't get your streak of yellow there," retorted Blackie. "You took that in with you. Now you listen to me: I'm going to have the goods on Hutch before I go to bed to-night, and you'll help. Ring for a drink!"

"What'll you have?" asked Wallingford, going to the 'phone.

"Anything," grinned Blackie. "I want alcohol on my breath when Percy gets here."

When Mr. Hutch came blithely and eagerly to be entertained, at no expense to himself, he found Wallingford his clear-eyed and genial self; but the usually chipper Blackie Daw, redolent of whisky, the fumes of which rose chiefly from the lapels of his coat, sat nodding in a chair. He roused himself instantly, however, and grabbed Mr. Hutch by the hand.

"Glad to see you, sport!" he greeted the visitor with thick cordiality. "L'go out and get an appetite!"

"I don't need it," rejoined the caller pleasantly. These were great days for Percy W. Hutch, who loved the good things of life but hated to spend the money. If he had his suspicions as to the cause of the hospitality he was enjoying, he kept those suspicions locked up with the balance of his inmost thoughts. Pretty smooth people, Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw, but he could safely afford to enjoy their extravagant entertainment until they proposed that he invest something. Pretty smart himself, Mr. Hutch—pretty shrewd and pretty deep, and able to take care of himself.

Mr. Daw was rather a nuisance that afternoon. He was usually the life of the party, but now he was a deadener, and, moreover, a constant source of humiliation to his companions. He went to sleep in leather-padded nooks in several hotel bars, and he constantly went to sleep in the limousine, though whenever the machine stopped, he woke with a jerk. They couldn't lose him from the party. No, sir!

In the office of Mr. Hutch, where J. Rufus invariably left something to come after the next day, tired nature at last had its way. Mr. Daw stumbled onto the old horsehair couch, pillowed his head on the hard wooden arm, and had started to snore before he could cross his arms.

They couldn't waken him, either. They shook him; they jerked his legs off the couch; they yelled in his ear, and Wallingford, chuckling slyly, poured half a glass of water over his peaceful face. The only answer to that indignity was a splutter, though the muscles of the sleepy Mr. Daw's right fist twitched convulsively.

By George, it was nearly three o'clock! Wallingford had to get to the bank. Suppose they left Daw here for half an hour or so. Mr. Hutch looked to the right; he looked to the left; he looked at Mr. Daw. He shook Mr. Daw again—a lifeless lump, except for that even, unbroken snore. Perhaps it would be best to let Mr. Daw recuperate from his intense fatigue.

After the spring latch had clicked, the slumberer snored on and on for a solid two minutes; then he suddenly opened his bright black eyes, grinned, jumped up, and bolted the door. As swiftly and as silently as a cat, he crossed to the safe, stooped down, and took hold of the knob with his long, sensitive fingers. He turned the knob slowly, his head cocked sidewise, his ears

listening intently for the click of the tumblers; and when, at last, the door swung gently open, there came on his face a smiling beatitude which was almost angelic.

### III

BLACKIE DAW was still snoring when his companions returned to the office, and since he was totally useless for the purposes of entertainment, they took him to Wallingford's hotel to lay him away; and Onion Jones came anxiously out of his concealment in Jim's dressing-room as Mr. Hutch departed from Jim's parlor.

"Rough stuff wins!" exulted Blackie, raising from the bed with one jerk and exhibiting an astounding case of quick recuperation. "I had the time of my life burgling. If I were younger and didn't have a family, I'd go into the business."

"Aw, cheese!" grunted Onion Jones. "Is this guy alive or dead?"

"He's pink meat," reported Blackie. "It's a romance. Hollow Hutch's only business is the estate of the late Amos Lundy. Percy gets two thousand a year for that. And he's been spending ten thousand a year, which he is supposed to be sending the heir, one Richard Lundy." "Where's Richard?" inquired Wallingford. "Dead?"

"Nobody knows; but it's a strong chance. The first quarterly remittance was returned from South Africa five years ago. Hutch held back the check until three more were returned; then he cashed them, and he hasn't worked since."

"What a cinch!" Onion Jones groaned. Wallingford lit a fat black cigar and sat down to smile.

"I knew this fellow was a crook the minute I laid eyes on him," he observed.

"You couldn't make a mistake out at that track," glumly put in Onion Jones. "Get to it, fellows; talk about the money! I want to get used to the sound."

"It looks easy." J. Rufus puffed contentedly. "How much is there left of the estate, Blackie?"

"Only a little over fifty thousand. Hutch has been dipping in on the capital to pay himself that ten thousand a year."

"A little over fifty thousand, eh?" considered Wallingford. "Well, we can save that much of the Lundy estate from a crooked administrator. If Richard turns

out to be dead, Hutch will have to hand over the fortune to the state and go to the pen for what he stole; and if Richard turns out to be alive, Hutch will have to hand over the fortune to Richard, and go to the pen for what he stole."

"The scoundrel!" grinned Blackie.

"Say!" Onion Jones suddenly sat up and mopped his head agitatedly. Onion was seldom afflicted with an idea, but when he got one, he was a firm believer in it. "Did this squint-eyed runt ever see the missing heir?"

"Nix!" Blackie tossed over a faded letter. "I held this out, Jim, because the signature might be useful."

"No forgery," frowned J. Rufus.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Blackie impatiently.

"I'm going to get you an electric coupé and a foot-warmer!" Wallingford was studying the letter with interest.

"Mr. Lundy looks forward with pleasure to a meeting with Mr. Hutch. So they never met."

"Then I'm the missing heir!" announced Onion Jones, with eagerness.

"No, Onion," said Blackie; "you don't get a speaking part in this. All you do is hop a train for Chicago, and mail a letter from the missing heir, stating that he's on the way."

"Good dope!" Wallingford's approval was instant and hearty. "We only use the signature to throw a scare into Hutch. But I don't see how that rescues the balance of the Lundy fortune."

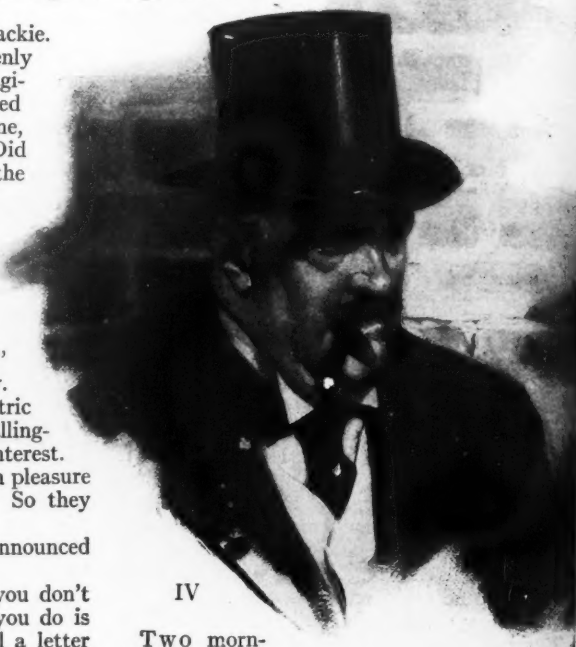
"You don't?" Blackie was sitting on a corner of the dresser, dangling a spiderlike leg and grinning with sardonic joy. "Well, Jim, it's the good old safe, sane, and sanitary way. The chief ingredients are your winning personality and a brick."

"Look here," put in Onion Jones discontentedly: "What do I get out of this?"

"Onion," protested Blackie, "why don't you be nice? You get a pleasant little trip to Chicago and whatever we think the errand is worth. Or do we hire a Western Union messenger to mail that letter?"

"All right," grudgingly gave in Onion. "I suppose I have to eat. But if you would only let me play the missing heir——"

"Hand me that letter again," interrupted Wallingford; "I want to practise on Richard's signature."



#### IV

Two mornings later, they were sitting in Hutch's office, watching the door. It was about time for that Chicago letter, and they were whiling away the time with tales which had a point and a moral.

"Bob Simmons was so crooked he could see the back of his own neck," laughed Blackie; "but he was the boy for quick action."

"And no piker," added J. Rufus. "He ran an American branch of a London leather firm, and, at the end of the first year he'd spent so much of the firm's money that the Bank of England began to sag; so they came over to see about it."

"Low-down trick," drawled Blackie. "When a man's used to spending a trust fund, the owner has no business to sneak in on him."

Wallingford and Blackie laughed. After an instant, Hutch laughed, too.

"That was Bob's idea of it," Wallingford went on. "The first he knew that the end

was near was when the British brothers got wedged in the custom-house and had to telephone for help. Bob didn't even stop to think." Jim paused to light one of his fat black cigars. It was Percy who broke the silence.

"What did he do?" he asked.

"To which?" smiled J. Rufus. "For what?"

"Play the ponies," urged Blackie, with carefully graduated enthusiasm. "Why, say—the slowest horse in a race down there goes so fast he's safe to put your money on! What about it, Jim?"

"Get your hat," promptly responded Wallingford. "If you're on the level, when's the next boat?" And he reached in his pocket for the morning paper.

Percy Hutch blinked. He was learning by degrees to be a sport, but this was too swift for him.

"You can lose enough money in little old New York," he observed, wondering if they were actually in earnest.

"There's a boat at three o'clock," announced Wallingford. "Blackie, look up the number of this steamship company, and I'll make the reservations. Better come along, Hutch."

"At three o'clock!" gasped Percy.

"Three's a lucky number," Blackie assured him, leafing through the telephone-book.

"Here's your party, Jim."

There was a thoughtful silence while



"Sh!" And the fat palm of Onion came up with a warning gesture. "Get rid of your party, quick!"

"Emptied the safe, rushed down to the bank, and converted everything of the firm's he could into cash, and, while the British brothers waited for help, Bob sailed for South America."

Mr. Hutch laughed and relaxed in his chair. He had been sitting up rather stiffly.

"Say, fellows, let's go to South America!" suddenly proposed Blackie Daw.

Wallingford secured his connection, and Percy Hutch's mind began to open to possibilities as the huge and capable Wallingford actually engaged passage for two on that South American boat.

"We'll have to circulate, Blackie," said Wallingford briskly, rising from the phone.

*L. E. Chambers*

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackie. "I can pack in an hour, and you can get money in ten minutes. We'll have time for lunch with Percy, and—" He stopped abruptly. The door opened, and the postman came in with a special-delivery letter. Wallingford and Blackie could almost see the Chicago postmark through the hand which held the envelop.

There was a polite wait as Mr. Hutch receipted for the letter and opened it. Then Wallingford slyly stepped on Blackie's foot, to make him look human.

"What's the matter, Hutch? Bad news?"

Blackie and Wallingford were both on their feet. Hutch's face had turned Nile green, and green was in his pallid eyes.

"Eh?" he husked, through dry lips. "Oh, nothing's the matter! I—" He glanced to the right; he glanced to the left. "I've—I've been sporting a little too much, I think. I—" His voice dwindled down into nothing at all. Richard Lundy would arrive in the morning!

There was a shadow on the glass panel of the door—a man with a wide-brimmed hat. The hat came off, revealing the outline of a perfectly spherical head.

"You're a little run down, that's all, Percy," sympathized Wallingford, and, at the sound of that voice, the shadow of the wide-brimmed hat flapped on the shadow of the spherical head, and the outline moved hastily away. "An ocean voyage would put you just about right."

"Better come along, old man," urged Blackie.

"Be a sport!" laughed J. Rufus. "Let's all go to the bank and get a pocketful of money and hike."

Mr. Hutch was standing up. Slowly the green pallor left his face; slowly the sparkle of resolve came into the pallid blue eyes.

"I—I guess I will," he blurted. "It might do me good to get away from New York."

"That's the talk!" exclaimed J. Rufus. "Blackie, you go over to the rooms and pack up, and I'll go and draw some money. Can I drop you off at your place, Percy? Where do you bank?"

"Eastern Trust," returned Mr. Hutch, in a mumble.

"Fine! I have an account there." And the genial Wallingford seemed pleased with the remarkable coincidence. As a matter of fact, he had opened the account two days

before, remembering Percy's bank from the check Hutch had given him on that first day. "Come on; we'll go together."

"Just a minute!" Hutch was all nervous eagerness now. He opened his desk, and drew from it a small packet of papers. He hurriedly threw open his safe and took another small packet of papers from a tin box. "How about a reservation for me?"

"I'll see to it," offered Blackie promptly. "Here's your hat, Hutch. I'll meet you here at two o'clock, boys. Can I pack some things for you, Perce? I know your rooms."

Percy stopped. It might be well not to go back to his rooms.

"Yes," he decided.

As the trio stepped into Wallingford's limousine, a bald-headed man with a wide-brimmed hat scowled at them from the shelter of the deep cigar-store doorway at the side of the office-building entrance.

## V

JUST nearing two o'clock, the shining limousine of J. Rufus Wallingford stopped again in front of Hutch's office, and from it there emerged, first, J. Rufus, an expression of great care and responsibility on his round, pink countenance. Then there emerged Percy Hutch, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and in his hand a battered leather bank-bag with strong hasps and handles. This he carried as cautiously as if it were a basket of eggs.

"Hist! Hist! Hist!"

Both Percy and Wallingford looked toward the cigar-store door, but there was nothing to be seen. J. Rufus, eternally alert, walked over in that direction, and there, behind the angle, he beheld Onion Jones, most marvelously got up, wide felt hat, red handkerchief around his neck, stiff brown shooting-coat, wrinkled top-boots with the trousers stuffed in them.

"What the —"

"Sh!" And the fat palm of Onion came up with a warning gesture. "Get rid of your party, quick!"

"Hunh!" Much perplexed, Wallingford joined the nervously waiting Hutch in the lobby. "Go on up to the office. I'll be there in a minute."

"What is it?" husked Hutch, fear suddenly filling him to the oozing-point.

"Better lay low," whispered J. Rufus, studying Percy with a dawning smile.

"Don't stir from the office till you hear from me."

"I won't," promised Hutch. And he hurried back to the elevator.

"Now, what's up?" demanded Wallingford, joining Onion Jones.

"Blackie wants you over at your rooms right away," mumbled Onion agitatedly. "No; you're not to telephone. You're to slam straight over, and I'm to sneak up-stairs and shadow the boob."

"Hunh!" said Wallingford, and he ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity. "Why are you wearing that fool make-up?"

"Ask Blackie. Hustle, Jim!" And he fairly pushed Wallingford out to the waiting limousine. The instant the car started, Onion Jones hurried into the elevator, and, a minute and a half later, entered the office of P. W. Hutch, attorney.

"This is Mr. Hutch," he stated, with pleasant assurance.

"What do you want?" asked Percy, standing behind the desk, the black bag between his feet.

"Well, Mr. Hutch, I'm the missing heir!" announced Onion, removing his soft-felt hat and resting it upon his hip, while Percy gazed in stupefaction on that glistening cranium. "When I sent you that letter from Chicago, I thought I wouldn't get here until to-morrow morning, but I beat it on the same train as the letter. Howdy-do?" And he extended a fat palm.

"Y—yes," acknowledged Percy, looking at the fat palm, but he drew back his own hand; "of course, Mr. Lundy, you'll have to identify yourself."

"Oh, will I?" The missing heir's nails made four pink streaks on his gleaming scalp. "Well, Mr. Hutch, if you're going to run in any ranikaboo on me, especially after holding out my ten thousand a year for five years, I'll have you pinched right now and identify myself afterward!"

"Th—there's no need to be hasty, Mr. Lundy," quavered Percy, struggling among a thousand depressing thoughts. "If you are Mr. Lundy—"

"If I am!" yelled the missing heir. "Look here, you Hutch: I'm Willie Hep to you! You've been putting a crimp in my rightful fortune, and if you hand me any of your lip, I'll stripe your coat crossways! Settle quick, and you get off easy. Give me what's left, and I won't say a word about what you swiped. I'll give you ten minutes."

And the missing heir glanced apprehensively toward the door.

Percy Hutch paused. The language of the missing heir was not quite the language of his letters, and the offer of the missing heir was suspiciously generous. On the other hand, the missing heir knew some important facts, and he seemed to have an idea of vigorous methods.

"You can't settle an estate in ten minutes, Mr. Lundy," argued Percy, in desperation. After all, he was an attorney. He glanced down at the black bag. Suddenly he lifted his head, and there was a glimpse of life in the pallid eyes. He had a saving thought. "You'll at least let me compare your signature. Write your name on this piece of paper."

Onion Jones gulped with the shock of that suggestion, and just then he heard a noise at the door.

"Give me that money!" he howled.

The knob turned and the door opened, and in walked J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, each focusing a deadly gaze on the guilty Onion. Blackie's taxi had dashed up just as Wallingford had started away, and they had compared notes. Blackie had sent no message to Jim, nor had he seen or heard from Onion.

"Ready, Hutch?" asked Wallingford suavely, ignoring the missing heir.

"Why, no," faltered the trustee of the Lundy estate; "this gentleman claims to be Richard Lundy, and I'll have to stay and settle the estate."

"Give me that—"

The speech of the missing heir was suddenly interrupted from behind by a clasp on his collar so firm and so tight that it choked him. The steel-like hand of Horace G. Daw was on that collar, and the other steel-like hand now clutched the missing heir by the slack of the corduroy trousers, while the pointed black mustaches of Mr. Daw lifted, displaying two rows of snarling white teeth. Thereupon, the missing heir, entirely outside his own volition, began to walk Spanish toward the door. It was the suave J. Rufus who opened that door, his own stubby mustache lifted to reveal two rows of snarling white teeth, and it was the toe of J. Rufus Wallingford's highly polished boot which assisted the missing heir into the hall.

"The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to Mr. Daw, as they slammed the door.

They found Mr. Hutch regarding them with widening eyes as they confronted him, and the upper lip of Mr. Hutch was lifted, revealing two rows of snarling white teeth.

"It's a frame-up!" charged Percy Hutch excitedly. "You got me to draw all this money so you could take me to South America and skin me!"

"Some guess," admitted Wallingford, as Blackie slipped the bolt of the door. "But this amateur double-crosser gummed the schedule."

"Now look here, Perce." Blackie stepped briskly up to the desk: "The first thing you're to remember is not to holler, or you'll get us all pinched. Where's that bag?"

"Between his feet!" called Wallingford, peering through the opening of the desk; and Blackie and Mr. Hutch bobbed down at the same time. They laid hold on the black bag beneath the desk from opposite sides, and pulled and hauled.

Suddenly Percy Hutch stopped the struggle with a loud "Huh!" For Jim Wallingford had pulled Percy's knees from under him and had sat on him.

Blackie threw back his raven locks as he rose with the bag, and set it on the desk.

"How much will we give him, Jim?"

"Oh, the tickets and a couple of thousand," considered Wallingford, and a shrill splutter came from beneath the desk.

"Let him up," advised Blackie. "He hasn't breath enough left to scream."

Percy rose with his hands on his stomach, and gasped violent objections until Blackie pushed him gently back in his chair.

"Hush, Percy," he admonished; "we're saving you from further crime. You've

been betraying a sacred trust, Percy, and we're removing temptation from you."

"Yes," agreed J. Rufus, looking down at him sympathetically; "see how well off you can be, in place of in jail, where you belong. You can go to South America and lead a better and a more useful life. How much is in the bag, Blackie?"

"Just a minute," begged the new trustee of the Lundy estate, and finished counting the neat little packs of big bills. "Fifty-six thousand, six hundred odd, Jim."

"Give him five thousand and the bag," generously decided Wallingford.

"I'll have you crooks pinched!" shrieked Percy.

"Don't aggravate us, you cheap embezzler!" scorned Wallingford. "You can't identify money, and you can't prove that we took this. All you'll get if you raise a holler is an investigation, and any honest jury would know that you charged us with the theft in a feeble attempt to hide your own. They'd soak you fifteen years. Why, we'd help send you over, you hollow nut! Give him four thousand, Blackie."

"Damn it, Wallingford——"

"Three thousand, Blackie." And Percy Hutch closed his lips tightly for fear he might say more.

"Do not be harsh, Jimmy," grinned Blackie. He had been looking down thoughtfully into the bag. He took out fifty thousand dollars and wrapped the money in a newspaper; then he dropped the steamer tickets in with what was left. "I prefer even money," he explained. "Percy gets Onion's share, Jim. I don't like the missing heir's work. It's rough stuff!"

### "Good-Morning!"

is the title of this month's **Harrison Fisher** picture. It has been printed without any advertising on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper, and will be sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents (25 cents to foreign countries), with safe delivery guaranteed.

### Most Important Announcement

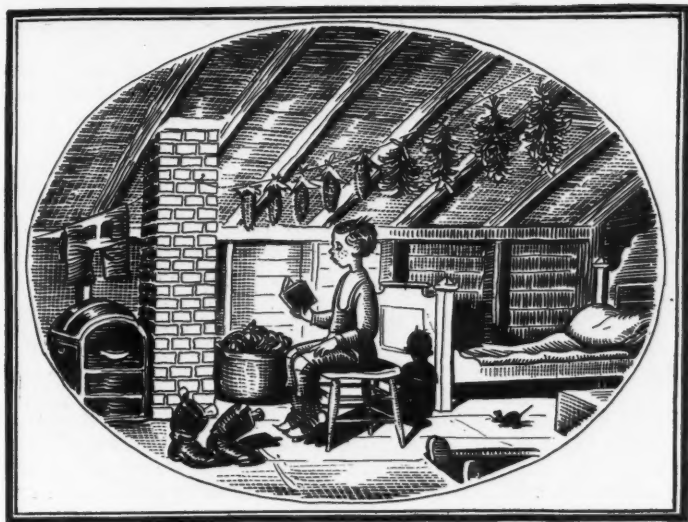
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He shared his truncated Apartment with the Seed Corn, Carpet Rags, Sage, and Medicinal Herbs

# New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

## The Fable of the Back-Tracker from the Hot Sidewalks

ONCE there was a Farm Dwelling that rested on a Knoll, inviting the Winds of every Quarter to come and take a Poke.

Above the faded Clapboards the Shingles were variously warped.

The unsubstantial Structure was envired by Agricultural Implements rusting in the Open and Domestic Animals of aimless Proclivities. As a Villa, it was a Phony.

Said Premises served as a Home for a Foundling who was getting his Board and Keep. He was a kind of removed Cousin. Being a Relation, he was different from regular Hired Help and more like an involuntary Serf.

The Orphan Lad went to roost each Nightfall in a dusky Hole just under the top Rafters. He shared his truncated Apartment with the Seed Corn, Carpet Rags, Sage, and Medicinal Herbs.

His Benefactors never compelled the

Urchin to crowd a Day's Work into 10 Hours. They gave him 14.

His rational Costume during the Heated Term was a two-part Affair with a frightful Responsibility devolving on the solitary Gallus.

When the Frost was on the Punkin, he shifted to some made-overs underlaid with a Red Flannel Effect, neatly set off with Glass Buttons.

Far from the deleterious influences of Urban Life, the Kid received a Training calculated to give him local leadership among the Populists.

He was up at 4 G. M. without leaving a Call. Throughout the elongated Day he was permitted to associate on terms of Equality with valuable heavy-draft Clydes and Percherons.

Sometimes, in the brief Interval between knocking off and beating it to the Flax, he would find time to sit by the Coal Oil Lamp

and con juicy Articles on Bee Keeping and Tile Drainage.

Then, on the Sabbath, his Benefactors would load him up and take him to Services, so that he could find out what Saint Paul wrote to the Thessalonians and also join in singing, "Work, for the Night is Coming."

The County Seat was undoubtedly a Boob Settlement to manicured Ike, the Cloak Salesman from N. Y. City, but to little Buddy, the adopted Waif, it looked like three or four European Capitals welded together.

As he drove up Main Street, perched high on a creaking load of Grain, and saw the favored Townies in their Boiled Shirts and wearing Neckties in the middle of the Week, he would be taken with a sudden Yearning to leave the Feed Lot far behind and zip away in a Day Coach with his Head out of the Window.

Even when he was old enough to wear Elastics on the Biceps and pitch Quoits, he could not get shut of the Notion that other and keener Joys awaited him in the large Beyond, from which came the Mail-Order Catalogues. He was hearing the Call of the City. When packing Hay into

the Mow or shucking the Down Row, he heard it every ten or fifteen Minutes.

Once he took in a Dollar Excursion and got a Line on the Enchantments. He saw the Sons of Mammon gliding about in Street Cars, while others watched Batter Cakes being juggled in Show Windows. After that, it seemed that every Hour devoted to breaking the Stubborn Glebe was so much time dissipated.

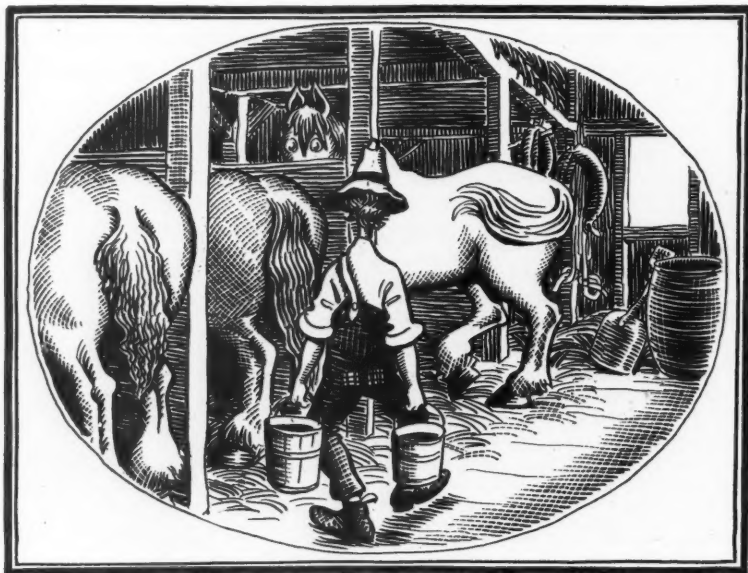
He brought home a Book of Views, including a glad throng in front of the Union Station and the Bear Pit at the Zoo, and the harder he perused it the more he was constrained to pull his Freight.

It was just about the time the Institutes began to discuss Ways and Means of holding juvenile White Slaves on the Farm that Bud counted up and found he was of Age and his own Boss.

He could have told the Lecturers that the only cinch Method for keeping a Boy in the Country would involve the use of a Ball and Chain.

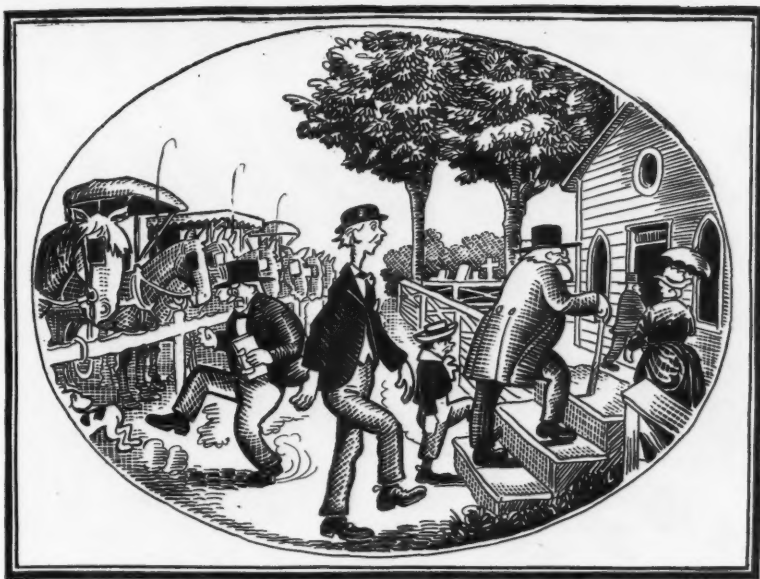
The Guardian had promised Bud a Horse, of the kind usually selected as a Gift, if he would toil unremittingly until he was 21.

When Bud looked at his Property and



— McCUTCHEN —

Throughout the elongated Day he was permitted to associate on terms of Equality with valuable heavy-draft Clydes and Percherons



Then, on the Sabbath, his Benefactors would load him up and take him to Services, so that he could find out what Saint Paul wrote to the Thessalonians and also join in singing, "Work, for the Night is Coming."

counted up his Time, he wondered why the country Newspapers were excited over the Wages paid to Laboring Classes in Great Britain and Germany.

Having formed habits of Industry and acquired the Knack of remaining alive by eating Fried Victuals, the sturdy specimen of Young Manhood started for the incandescent Pitfalls, determined to subsist on Oysters and take up some Vocation which could be practised while seated in a Rocking Chair.

Once a freckled Plowboy went to work in a Jobbing House, moving heavy boxes at Seven per, and 30 years later he owned the Joint. The story of his meteoric Ascension has dribbled its way into every tall-grass Township. It has served as a Come-On for thousands of corn-fed Huskies, who have gone bravely up to the cruel City, and about 98 per cent. of them are now working as Motormen.

Bud had read the pleasing Fable, and he knew that an honest Rustic with exposed Teeth and superfluous Warts stood a much better Show in the Marts of Gain than a blamed City Feller who kept fussing with his Finger Nails.

So he took his Farm Record up to Town and tried to collect on it, with the result that he found himself washing Vehicles in a

large Repository which had more or less of the familiar Farm Atmosphere.

He was drawing down big Pay. In fact, he got enough out of his Envelop every Saturday to enable him to pay for his Room and Board for the Week.

Bud knew all the time that no Livery Stable was big enough to hold him for long. He was willing to begin away down, so that, in later years, when he stepped out of a Bank under a silk Tile and carrying a gold-headed Staff, all the Pedestrians could point him out as a Guy that used to be a Hack-Wiper. He surmised that humble Employment had a certain Dramatic Value as Prologue to a self-made Career.

Consequently, we find him collecting for a Laundry, and the Overalls laid away forever. With Buckles on his Shoes and the necessary Makings in a side pocket, no wonder the Possibilities of his new Situation began to unfold themselves in panoramic splendor.

He continued to climb by easy stages. We see him, after three years, employed in a Department Store occupying one entire Block in the very heart of the City.

All he had to do was stand behind a Counter and talk about Pajamas. From where he stood, he had an unobstructed view of the Handkerchief subdivision, including two Brunettes and a Sorrel.

## New Fables in Slang

He was getting all primed to step into the Shoes of the General Manager, and so were 900 other Employees wearing Hats below size 7. It was a mortal Pipe that not all of them could cash on their Expectations.

Without overplaying the Biography, it may be recorded that our Hero earned a promotion to the Alcove filled with Pants for Youths, and twenty years after saying Adieu to the White Orpingtons and Poland Chinas, he was a perfectly good Floor-Walker with a double Watch Chain and iridescent Cuffs.

His Bank Book showed that he had nearly \$80 piled up awaiting Investment.

He had cut out the "Bud" and carried Cards showing that he was J. Buchanan.

When it is confided further that he shot a fair game of Pea Pool and had been admitted to a Fraternal Order with Insurance as a side issue, it will be evident that Dame Fortune had been far from chary with her Gifts.

And now, as so often happens with men who have fought and conquered, the haze of intervening Years softened the harsh Outlines of early Vicissitudes. The wounds to his childish Pride had partially healed and were now regarded as ornamental Birthmarks.

When he was not directing pop-eyed Ladies to the Lingerie or the Kitchen Utensils or the special drive in Foulard Remnants, he would lounge near the Soda Fountain and pull a few sentimental Reflections concerning the lonesome Farm House, the Corn Rows banked in Heat Waves, the untidy Shoats relaxed in their Wallows, the vivid Profanity lifting itself above the clatter of the Mowing Machine, the golden cloud of Dust that enveloped the Thrasher and then the somber Twilight, with a row of Dominick Hens outlined on the Ridge Pole.

He overcame the natural Hatred which one should feel for those who have brought him up by Hand. It struck him that he could afford to be Magnanimous. So he decided to set aside a few days of his Annual Vacation and back-track it to the Jungle and let the poor Flat-Heads look at his Palm Beach Suit and new Elastic Belt.

He never had the vaguest Suspish but what the same old Turkeys were nesting in the same old Brush Heap, and the same muscle-bound Yeomen were clustered around the wooden Pump to wash up for Dinner.

Alighting from the Flyer at the County Seat, he was handed his first Jolt. He



Once he took in a Dollar Excursion and got a Line on the Enchantments

looked about for the staggering Buck board drawn by Fan and Baldy, but the only Conveyance in sight was a red Touring Car about the size of a Revenue Cutter. The steersman of this imposing Juggernaut was a White Hope in creamy Flannels.

It was some Facer to the superior Cosmopolite when he learned that the Reception Committee was Roscoe, the only Son, whom he remembered as a sickly Runt of flabby and fungous Composition.

Roscoe did not seem to be abashed by the speckled Shirt, the almost Panama, and the Moss Agate Jewelry which supplemented the native Charms of the Floor-Walker.

He glad-handed the Visitor and concealed his wonder at the absent Specific Gravity of the low comedy Suitcase, which was made of woven Straw with paper Straps.

Roscoe then delivered a series of short-arm Smashes.

First, he asked for the Trunk Checks. J. Buchanan choked up and confessed that he was traveling light.

Then Roscoe apologized for not writing the honored Guest to put in a Dinner Coat, as some of the House Party gaities might call for Semi-Dress. This was Raw Stuff to pass over to a Lad who had been cooped up at a Prune Palace and didn't have open-front Clothes any more than a Rabbit.

"You should have brought your Clubs," said Roscoe. "Perhaps I can swipe a Set for you. What is your Handicap?"

Whereupon the dazed Traveler had to explain that there was no room for a Golf Course in the Third-Floor Back.

"What car do you drive?" asked Roscoe, soon after easing it into the High and stepping on it.



He was willing to begin away down, so that, in later years, when he stepped out of a Bank under a silk Tile and carrying a gold-headed Staff, all the Pedestrians could point him out as a Guy that used to be a Hack-Wiper

J. Buchanan had dodged all of the well-known Makes, but he was compelled to own up that never before had he enjoyed the Sensation of peering through the Wind-Shield at other people jumping.

By the time they came to the Open Country, the long-lost Cousin was not selling very high in the Mutuels. Roscoe had him buffaloed.

The returning Exile looked about for the Mud Roads with their Ruts and Bumps, but he saw only the spick-and-span Ribbons of Macadam.

He was all set to josh the Yokels as they came plodding along the Highways, but when they passed him he could distinguish naught except the toot of a Siren followed by a curlycue of Blue Smoke.

He saw the R. F. D. boxes, and the concrete Span over the Crick, and Kine of undoubted Lineage lounging in the Pastures. He sized up a countryside spotted with Windmills and Silos and Groves of Trees and Houses that looked big enough to be Institutions. It began to soak in on the proud Monarch of the Middle Aisle that while he had been writing his name on the Scroll of Fame up in the crowded City, the Rubes had been pulling off a few Stunts down among the Frogs and Crickets.

When he learned that Roscoe had been to the State University and came back with a Letter on his Chest and was supervising a Tract worth 200 Bucks an Acre, he admitted that certain phases of Country Life were being overlooked by the Colored Supplements. In fact, he remarked that he was stunned by the Metamorphosis.

"Quite so," responded Roscoe. "We cut out that Gosh Ding dialect and Business of chewing Straw 18 years ago this Summer."

The Chariot shot into a Park with avenues of Shrubbery and flowery Borders, the Vista being interrupted by a Tennis Court. Roscoe listened to the Compliments, and explained that they had won the Second Prize given by the Society for the Beautification of Rural Estates.

J. B. rubbered in vain for the mournful Shack surrounded by Jimson Weeds, and the Swine rooting among a miscellany of Rattletraps exposed to the Weather. What he saw looked more like the Private Estate of one who had prospered in the Steel Business.

When he learned that the Young Ladies were engineering a House Party in honor of the Alfalfa Expert from the Experiment Station, he began to see that he was in over his Head. He longed to be back in the quiet City.

Even as Roscoe had shown not a trace of Hickory Shirt, so the Débutantes were absolutely minus the Sis Hopkins regalia.

When it came to Face Powder and Doll Clothes, they were there and a little Plus.

They dragged the terrified Mokus out to the Veranda and propped him up in a strong Light and studied him through their Glasses and very soon tagged him as a



Directing pop-eyed Ladies to the Lingerie or the Kitchen Utensils or the special drive in Foulard Remnants

Golliwop, which is several degrees worse than a Mullygump and almost as bad as a Fush.

His wardrobe was a Year behind the Time-Table; he wore a massive Ring on his little Finger; he did not know how to play Bridge, and he could give them no recent Dope on what was being sprung at the *Thés Dansants*.

The polite Floor-Walker was not up on the Steps because, where he lived, the only persons who dared to Trot in public were either wanted by the Police or were featured in the Public Prints as triple-plated Children of Wealth. As for Bridge, he knew it was played with Cards.

After the Tessies withdrew and took a Vote, the name of J. Buchanan was among the Missing. They decided to remain off of Cousin.

Rip Van Winkle had an easy Reception compared with the poor Relation. He had expected to sit in the doorway of the humble Cot, with the breathless Yahoos clustered about him, and fill them up on tales of Charley Chaplin and the automatic Lunch Room and riding on the Switchback at Luna Park, just to show that he was up to the Minute.

He did not know that the Inter-urban, the Free Delivery, the flying Motor Car,

the handy Parcel Post, and the jingling Telephone had eliminated Distance, put Father Time into the Joke Division, and made every remote Township a suburb of the City. He did not know that the Jays of yesterday now billed themselves as Country Gentlemen.

It was evident, however, that Life among the Fields and Flocks had been transmogrified for fair.

The Old Folks were still on deck, but the Home had been thoroughly modernized, so they were kept in the Back of the House.

Thus it came about that Bud, instead of finding Triumphal Arches and awestricken Bumpkins, discovered himself shooed into a Sleeping Porch and supplied with Reading Matter.

Even the Periodicals were not the kind that used to circulate among the Grangers. He could find nothing about Hog Cholera, but there was a Show Girl on the outside Cover and the Table of Contents included the following:

"How to get back on your Irons."

"The Lob vs. the Drive in Net Play."

"Effect of the War on the Lushing at Newport."

"Seventeen Exercises for acquiring the Castle Droop."

The Talking Machine was tearing off the same Rags that he had heard in polite Vawdyville the week before, and the Young People were cavorting in the big Living Room.

He recalled the stuffy Bedroom under the bare Studding, with the Seed Corn festooned overhead, and the old dreary routine of Working and Sleeping, with some wolfing of Food in between, and he told himself that he would not have been so set on escaping from Bondage if the Cabaret Features had been introduced a few years previous.

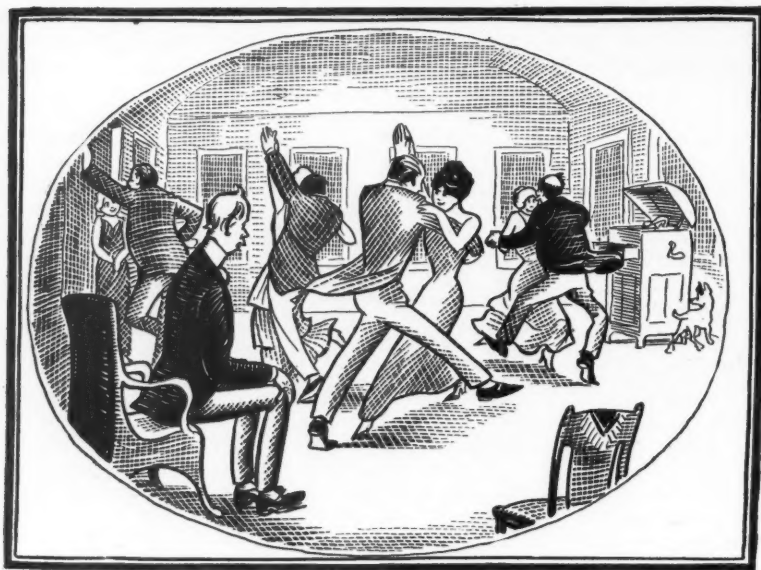
Also, he began to suspect that if Jake from the Cider Mill is a promoter of Merriment among the city Newsboys, by the same token a Floor-Walker is a farcical Hit when he exhibits himself to the white-faced Cattle.

In his own Boarding House up in the City, among the painless Dentists and the Hat Trimmers, he was a Whale and a Splasher at that. Among the landed Gentry, he was merely Whitebait.

After the other Guests had made up their mixed foursomes and motored away, the Greenie from the White Lights was taken in Tow by Roscoe, who showed him the sanitary Cow Parlor, where the Holsteins,



Alighting from the Flyer at the County Seat, he was handed his first Jolt



McCUTCHEON

The Talking Machine was tearing off the same Rags that he had heard in polite Vawdyville the week before, and the Young People were cavorting in the big Living Room

instead of being milked by a Swede, were quietly robbed of their Substance by a metal Device resembling a Long Distance 'Phone.

When J. Buchanan learned that the Plowing was done by a Tractor and that a Motor turned the Churn and that the improved Separator did everything in connection with handling the Grain Crop except going down to the Bank and cashing the Check, he told Roscoe it was a mistake to study modern Agriculture in the Movies

According to the Reel Drama, every Farmer wore a Tassel on his Chin and carried a Rake.

J. Buchanan said he knew plenty of People who slept on Fire Escapes and never had tasted Fresh Vegetables who felt sorry for the Moving-Picture Farmer because he had to live in a House made of Scenery and his Daughter was always in Trouble.

"I know they pity me," said Roscoe, "but when my Invoice shows that I am swinging a Fifty Thousand Dollar Proposition, I compare my Lot with that of the Strap-Hanger who has Cloth Tops on his Shoes and about \$6 in his Kick, and I manage to bear up."

Before they got through talking about

Commercial Fertilizers and Registered Ewes and the new kind of unblemished Apples, which are picked by Hand, the City Cousin was wondering if he couldn't ring in as Manager of the Card-Index Department, Registrar of Births, and double-entry Book-keeper. He put it up to Roscoe, who hated to turn him down, but said a Special Training was required.

At Dinner they tried to draw J. Buchanan out on recent Fiction, but he was thoroughly citified and for many years had confined his reading to Head Lines that were printed in Red.

He ducked the Company and was shown to a Guest Chamber with a Reading Lamp but no Seed Corn overhead.

Lying there and looking up at various copies from the Salon, he made a quick shift of his Plans. He was in wrong, overweighted, and outclassed.

Next morning he arose early and grabbed a Train to a Bathing Beach where the Red Hots were very Superior and where he could get 12 likenesses of Himself, mounted on Post Cards, for the small sum of 25 cents.

*Moral: It must be dull for the People away out in the Country, without any Fire Engines passing in front of the House.*

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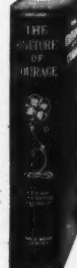
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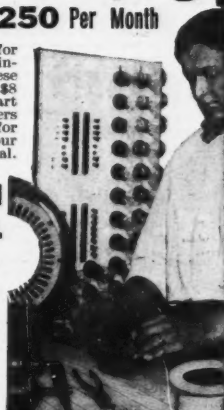
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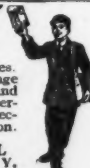
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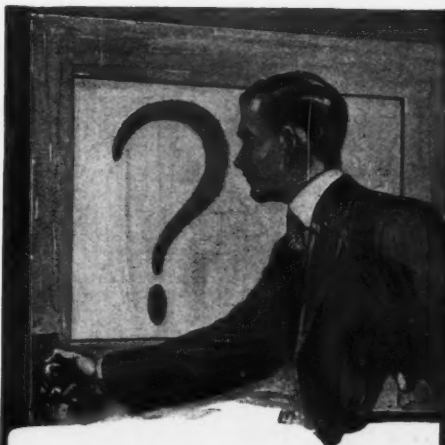
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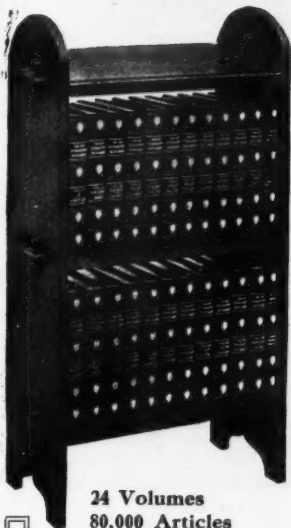
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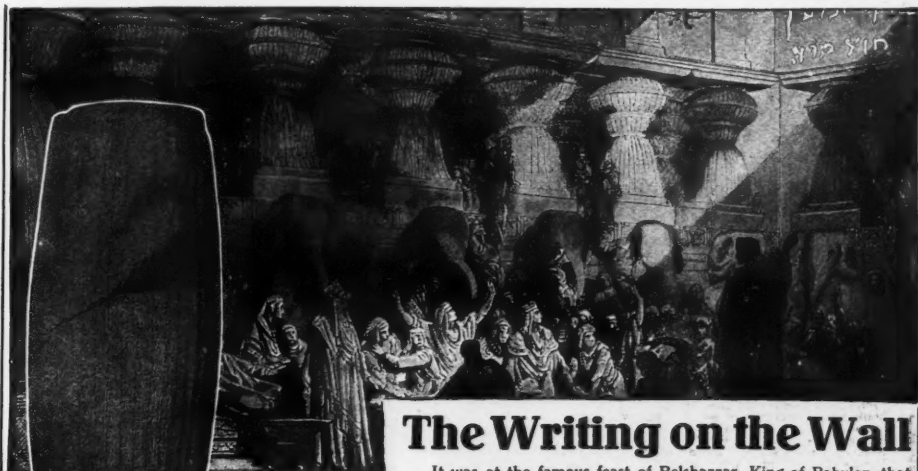
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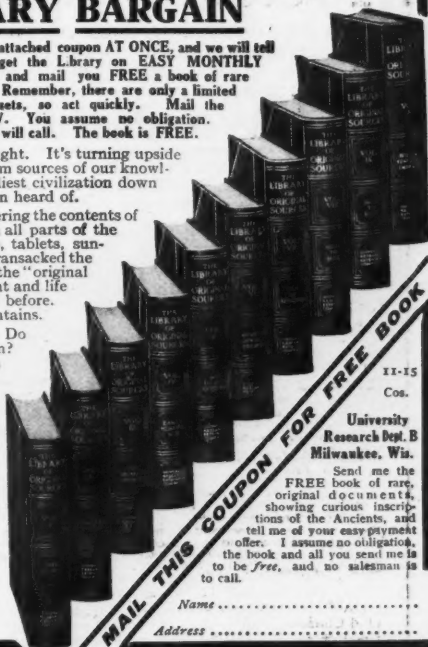
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By Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., M.S.

A Scientific Course of Will-Training Which Has Helped Over 75,000 People—Sent Free Without Deposit

This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

All psychologists will testify that great men are not born with more gifts than others. They simply make something of their gifts, and others do not. They learn how to use their wills. We, on the contrary, allow the great powers we possess to lie dormant.

## How to Develop Inflexible Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—by intelligent exercise and use. The trouble with almost every one is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstances.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life.

## Helps Everybody

"Power of Will" provides the shake-up that ninety-nine out of every hundred people need. Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co., Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty-Gen'l of the U. S., E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Cons. Co., are owners and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them—read, use and praise "Power of Will."

Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a god to young and old alike. It has reawakened ambition in men and women who have been turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambition into consummation.

## Send No Money—Examine Book First

The price of the book—although it is really a complete course in Will-Training—is only \$3.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon below, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill out the coupon now, before you forget.

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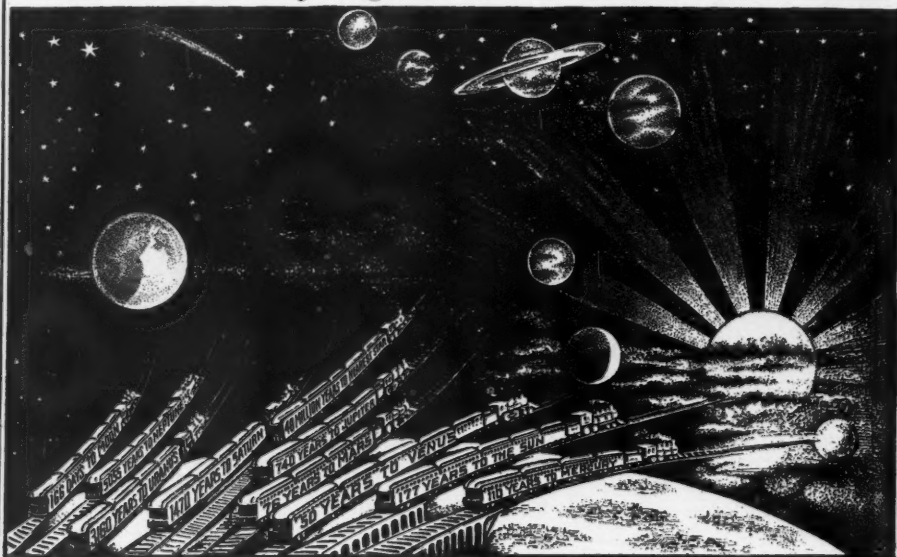
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## Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.  
The Four Factors on which it depends  
How to develop analytical power.  
How to think "all around" any subject.  
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.  
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.  
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.  
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.  
How to guard against errors in Thought.  
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.  
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.  
How to develop Reasoning Power.  
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How the Will is made to act.  
How to test your Will.  
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.  
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The Six Principles of Will Training.  
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The NINETEEN - NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.  
Seven Principles of Drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.  
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.  
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.  
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.  
The First Principles for Success in contact with others.  
How to keep the body well-poised.  
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.  
The fifty-four Master rules in the control of others.  
How to throw off Worry.  
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nerves.  
How to secure steady nerves.  
How to maintain the Central Factors of Health.  
The Law of Will-Power in Habits.  
The Mental Attitude you must hold to impress people.  
Fifteen Methods of Mastering Anger and Irritability.  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

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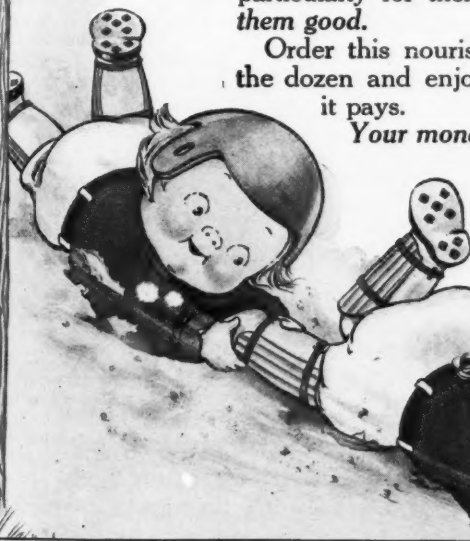
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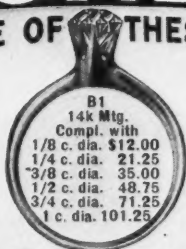
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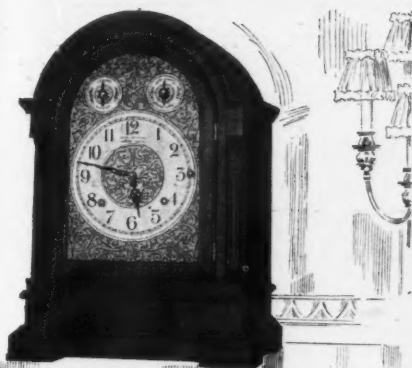
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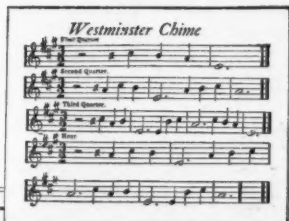
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15 Maiden Lane, New York City  
*Established 1813*



## You are Careful of Your Complexion

but do you pay the attention you should to your hands? You doubtless have found by experience the value of

## Daggett & Ramsdell's PERFECT COLD CREAM

*"The Kind That Keeps"*

in making and keeping a complexion. D & R Perfect Cold Cream is a supreme aid to soft and white hands. A little rubbed into the fingers after embroidery or sewing will smooth the roughened skin and remove the objectionable needle marks.

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is not only a first aid to facial beauty, but it is unequalled to produce a beautiful throat and shoulders, to give the arms and elbows a roundness and smooth texture, as well as to whiten and preserve the hands. And after a toilsome day at home, in the shops, or after motoring, there is nothing as delightful and refreshing as a cold cream bath. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50.

## TWO SAMPLES FREE

A sample of D & R Perfect Cold Cream, that you may see its superiority, and a sample of D & R Poudre Amourette, the most charming and delicate of face powders, will be mailed. Free, on request. Write to Department R.

**Daggett & Ramsdell**  
New York



Men have run 100 yards in the time you can save every morning by wearing the

## Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

Clip ten seconds off your dressing time every day in the year—all wasted now if you button nine or ten buttons on your underwear instead of one master button.

Wasted, too, is the chance to enjoy the smooth comfort of this perfect-fitting garment.

And wasted, too, the endless time of sewing on buttons and mending buttonholes.

The Hatch One-Button Union Suit is obtainable in cotton or wool for every temperature and any temperament. For the warm-blooded man who lives and works in well-heated city rooms there is a moderately heavy garment. And for the man much outdoors there is true comfort in the sheltering warmth of the winter weights.

This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores; but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send us your size with remittance and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery free.

**Prices**  
Men's Suits—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50.  
Boys' " —50 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25.  
Ladies' " —\$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.00.  
Misses' " —Age 2, 75 cents plus 10 cents each even year to age 16  
Sleeping " —Ages 2, 3, 4 and 5—50 cents.  
Garments " —Ages 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—75 cents.

Our illustrated booklet describing the complete line of winter and summer weights of Hatch One-Button Union Suits will be sent free.



Fuld & Hatch Knitting Company  
Albany, N. Y.

**Pull! Pull! The shade won't go up—  
if the roller is not right**

**H**OW often has this happened in your home? And how often, too, have you had shades which couldn't be made to stay down? Hartshorn Shade Rollers avoid these annoyances. That is why they are used in over 10,000,000 homes. No tacks

Stewart Hartshorn Co.  
E. Newark, N. J.

are necessary. They cost but a few pennies more than the worst rollers you can buy. **FREE.** Send for valuable book, "How to Get the Best Service from Your Rollers." To be protected in buying rollers, always look for this name in script

*Stewart Hartshorn*

## HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS





# Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write Dept. 7-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

*Resinol Shaving Stick also contains the Resinol medication, making it most agreeable for men with tender faces. Trial size sent on request.*

## Apples With Flavor

THE KIND GRANDMA ATE  
**Solid, Sweet and Juicy**



3.00


NOTHING HAS EVER TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE OLD FASHION N.Y. STATE APPLE, GROWN IN GOD'S FRUIT COUNTRY WHERE THE AIR AND SOIL ACT LIKE MAGIC, WHERE APPLES GROW LARGE AND ROSY WITH A FLAVOR, WHICH MAKES YOUR MOUTH WATER.

THE DORION MILLER ORCHARDS, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE FINEST APPLE VALLEY IN THE STATE, DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR HOME HAND-PICKED, SCIENTIFIC, ANTISEPTIC APPLES PACKED IN A GERM-PROOF BOX

### 100 DELICIOUS APPLES THREE DOLLARS

EVERY APPLE IS A GEM IN ITSELF—THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE YOU WILL WANT—AN APPLE A DAY WILL KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY. WE USE EVERY KNOWN SCIENTIFIC METHOD TO PRODUCE THE FINEST FRUIT NO MATTER WHAT THE COST MAY BE—YET WE CHARGE YOU NOTHING EXTRA. WE GIVE YOU THE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT. WE SHIP DIRECT FROM ORCHARD TO YOUR HOME—TRY THE APPLE TREATMENT ON YOUR CHILDREN AND SAVE DOCTOR BILLS—ORDER A TRIAL BOX TO DAY AND BE CONVINCED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. REMIT BY CHECK, MONEY OR EXPRESS ORDER. WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO

**The DORION MILLER ORCHARDS**  
PLAINLY  
POMONA, ROCKLAND CO., NEW YORK



*It imparts that Youthful Charm*

## AZURE

*The de Luxe*  
**FACE POWDER**

Made by **LT. PIVER**, PARIS, France

Purest—Softest—Finest

Made in Four **BLANCHE—ROSEÉ**  
**Delicate Tints RACHEL—NATURELLE**

At All Best Dealers

**SEND 25c** For "Surprise Box" containing charming miniature packages of "Azure" Face Powder, Sachet and Perfumes.

CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent  
for U. S. and Canada, Dept. "A"  
24 E. 22nd St., N.Y. City

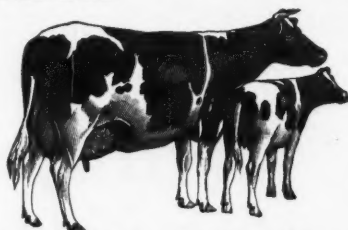
## Holstein Cows Are Noted For Health

For over 2,000 years the Purebred Holstein cow has been developed by dairy experts who have not sacrificed the vitality of the breed. That a cow must have a strong vigorous constitution to give milk that imparts vitality is plain. You would not select as a wet nurse for your baby a weak puny woman, but a strong vigorous woman with a good ancestry and a healthy child.

The most eminent authorities agree that the Purebred Holstein cow is the most perfect milking animal known, having every characteristic of a cow suitable for producing an infant's milk supply, and that Holstein cows' milk comes nearer to human milk than that of any other breed.

Holstein milk is naturally light colored. Don't imagine that yellow milk is better, for it isn't. Investigate the milk of this black-and-white cow.

Ask your milk man for Holstein cows' milk. If he fails to provide you send us his name and we will try to secure a supply for you. Send for our new free illustrated booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."



**Holstein-Friesian Association of America**  
F. L. HOUGHTON, Sec'y  
15-D American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

## Crippled Children

**ARTHUR FURNISS**, 13 years old, son of Mr. A. J. Furniss, 647 So. 21st St., Louisville, Ky., was afflicted with a deformed foot, due to paralysis. He came to us December 12, 1914. These photographs convince you beyond the shadow of a doubt that his foot was made straight and strong here. Read also this evidence in black and white:

"Both Mrs. Furniss and myself are more than pleased with Arthur's condition on his arrival home after five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium. He is continuing to improve. Whenever we can say a good word for your institution we will certainly do it."

A. J. FURNISS.

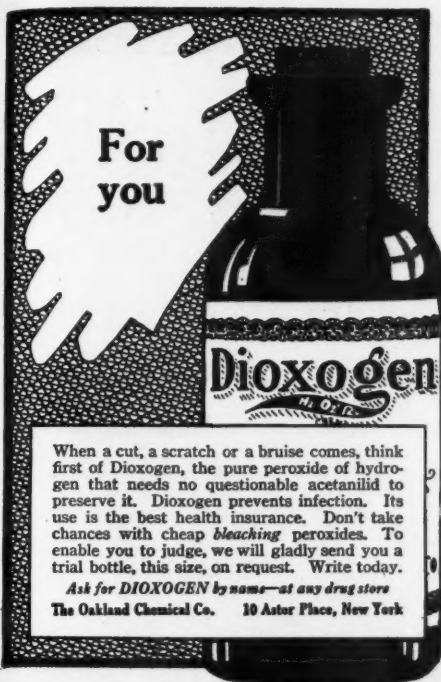
### DEFORMITIES

For thirty years this private institution has been devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Complete modern equipment.

Write for information and our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also book of references. Both free.

**THE McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM**  
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**Dioxogen**

When a cut, a scratch or a bruise comes, think first of Dioxogen, the pure peroxide of hydrogen that needs no questionable acetanilid to preserve it. Dioxogen prevents infection. Its use is the best health insurance. Don't take chances with cheap bleaching peroxides. To enable you to judge, we will gladly send you a trial bottle, this size, on request. Write today.

Ask for **DIOXOGEN** by name—at any drug store

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Moisten cheese cloth with a little 3-in-One. Then wipe your piano, mantel, dining room table, buffet—any varnished or veneered surface.

3-in-One will collect every single particle of dust—every atom will adhere to the cheese cloth. No dust, no germs can be scattered about. 3-in-One keeps everything clean and sanitary. 3-in-One contains no grease, no acid. 3-in-One positively leaves no residue on furniture to rub off on your clothes.

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### Try 3-in-One Free, Now.

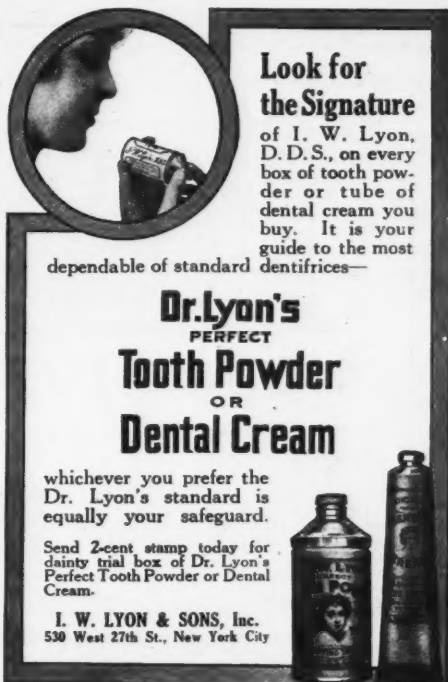
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For sale at all good stores in 3 size bottles—10c—25c—and new size ½ pint for ½ dollar.

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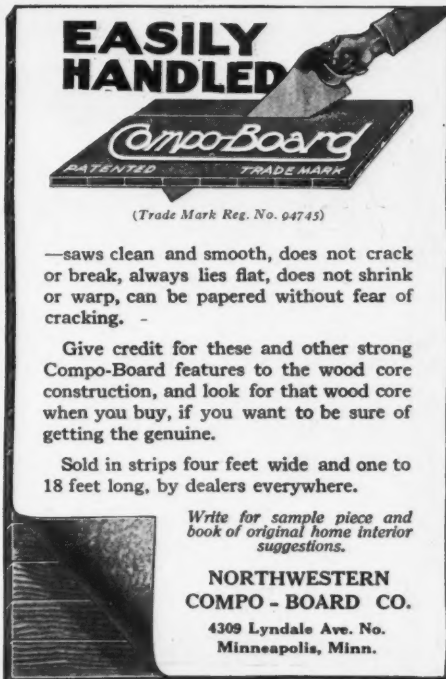
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**Compo-Board**

(Trade Mark Reg. No. 94745)

—saws clean and smooth, does not crack or break, always lies flat, does not shrink or warp, can be papered without fear of cracking.

Give credit for these and other strong Compo-Board features to the wood core construction, and look for that wood core when you buy, if you want to be sure of getting the genuine.

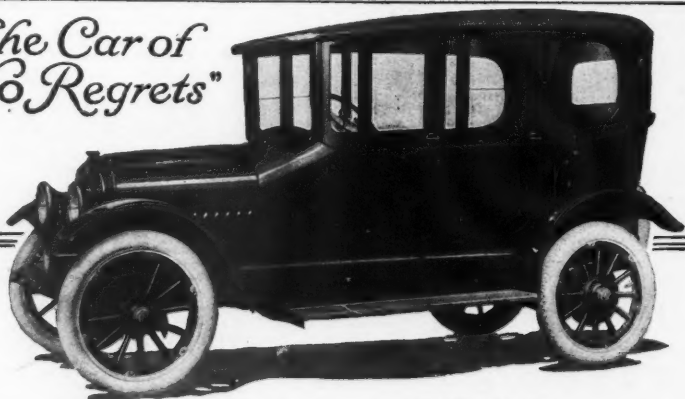
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Write for sample piece and book of original home interior suggestions.

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\$150 EXTRA CONVERTS THE  
**KING**  
 EIGHT CYLINDER  
 INTO AN ALL-WEATHER SEDAN

*"The Car of  
 No Regrets"*



Model D with Sedan top

**A**LL King dealers can now supply their patrons with a detachable Sedan top especially built for the King Eight Cylinder Model D Touring Car. This top is a splendid example of fine coach work and is in every way worthy of the King. It is provided with a dome light, and the side sections may be removed for fair weather. An hour's work puts it in place, making car and top a rigid, harmonious unit.

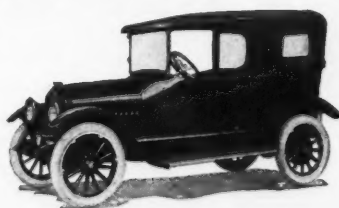
**King Model D with SEDAN TOP \$1500**  
**King Model D (without Sedan Top) \$1350**

Two body styles—Touring Car and Roadster

**Prices F. O. B. Detroit**

There's a King dealer in your locality  
 Write for his address and the new Eight catalog

**KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.**  
 New York Showroom, Broadway at 52d Street



—with side sections removed



—without Sedan top



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for men who prefer to roll their own cigarettes, can only be attained with Riz La Croix "papers." Because the supreme *Quality* of these world-famous cigarette papers insures absolute smoke-satisfaction at all times and on all occasions.

# RIZ LA+

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Give the best results with any tobacco.  
Smooth, round, firm cigarettes that  
hold their shape—rolled in a  
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or fuss.

The extreme thinness and  
lightness of Riz La Croix make  
cigarette rolling easy—a real  
pleasure. You get the pure  
flavor of the tobacco—no "paper  
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Naturally adhesive, because  
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**PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMP**

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### "The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M.D.

Contains information that is worth hundreds of dollars to any married couple or those contemplating marriage. Endorsed and recommended by the leading medical and religious critics throughout the United States. Unfolds the secrets of a happy married life, which are in many cases learned too late. No other book like it to be had anywhere at the price. Note a few of the chapters.

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Send No Money. We will send you a trial of Plapao absolutely FREE, you pay nothing for this trial now or later. Write for it today, also full information.

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"The house put it up to me to write this advertisement to persuade you to buy Wright's Underwear.

"Talk about long wear! Wright's Union Suits will average three or four seasons. They wear that long for me.

"No wonder they wear so well. The boss himself goes to market each year and buys the finest long-fiber Egyptian cotton and fine-combed wool.

"Besides the extra wear in Wright's Union Suits, they are tailored to fit perfectly and have a liberal closed crotch.



Ray Locke  
Salesman

While they are light in weight, they are as comfortably warm as any garment you ever heard of.

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"They sell at good haberdashers' for \$2 up; separate shirts and drawers, \$1 up."

# Wright's UNDERWEAR

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### BARGAIN PRICES

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American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.



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Allows air to enter the interior without causing drafts. Stops dirt, soot and dust.

Perfect ventilation for homes, offices, schools, hospitals and institutions.

Stickley Good Health Screen is a specially treated gold colored cloth mesh. Fitted in an attractive frame of enduring design; well-seasoned, close-grained wood, finished in mahogany. Held tight between weather strips by strong brass springs.

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Makers of Well-known  
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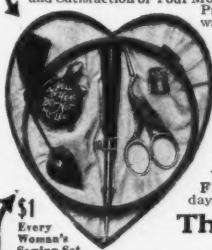
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Sewing Set, \$1.00

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## HEALTH UNDERWEAR

### FOR MEN

**Safety First, Last and All the Time**—against Sudden Chills, Colds, Pneumonia and Rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

Every garment shaped to the figure and **guaranteed not to shrink.**

**Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat Knit Spring-Needle Underwear** is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

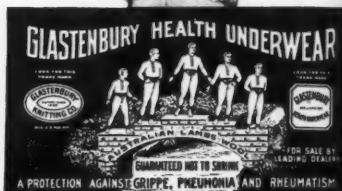
See special feature of **adjustable drawer bands** on

Natural Gray Wool, winter weight.....	per garment	\$1.50
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)....	per garment	1.75
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight.....	per garment	1.50
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight....	per garment	1.75
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SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6% MILLION DOLLARS

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"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Ala. Continuing he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble can be removed. To answer this purpose Anti-Kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headaches, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Actoids," and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-Kamnia Tablets so as to have them ready for instant use. These Tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Anti-Kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

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Your clothes will "fit better," you will enjoy greater physical comfort, and your health will have greater protection, if you wear

# Setsnug UNDERWEAR

Warmth without bulk. The soft, elastic-ribbed fabric with its silky inner fleece, the extra wide bust, the close fitting cuffs, and the fully proportioned sizes will make you like Setsnug and always want to wear it.

Tailored right from living models and daintily trimmed. Setsnug is actually *snug-fitting*—a smooth, wrinkleless covering for the body.

Sold in union and two-piece suits, all sizes and styles for men, women, and children—at popular prices. Ladies' two-piece suits have pant with our famous, patented Sliding Waistband, adjustable to any waist, without wrinkling.

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Ask any dealer for Setsnug. He has it or can easily and quickly get it.

Union Suits - \$1.00  
2-piece Suits .50  
per garment, .50

Send for Setsnug Booklet

Avalon Knitwear Co.  
Sparrow St., Utica, N. Y.



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"More strangely sweet than anything else that grows."

Of all our sachets this one is meeting with the most pronounced favor. The beautiful, craftwoven package, redolent of old-fashioned gardens, will cause you to exclaim with delight. Made of green silk, the color of the plant itself. Boxed with quaint gift card, postpaid, 50 cents.

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You can be **Strong, Vigorous**—full of Life and Energy.



You can be free from **Chronic Ailments**—every organ in your body strong as nature intended.

You can have a **Clear Skin.**

You can have a **Good Figure**—as good as any woman.

You can **increase or reduce** your weight.

I no longer need to say what "I can do" but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 75,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to arise to their very best—why not you?

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My pupils simply comply with Nature's Laws.

**What my pupils say:**

"Every one notices the change in my complexion, it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me. Last year I weighed 216 lbs., this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no rheumatism, or sluggish liver. I can breathe now, too. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

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My interesting book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. You are welcome to it. Write for it. It is **FREE**. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend. I have had a wonderful experience and I'd like to tell you about it. I am at my desk daily from 8 until 5.

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If what you want is not advertised on these pages, see page 6 of this issue



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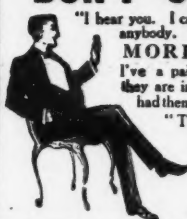
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November 1915

Cosmopolitan Magazine

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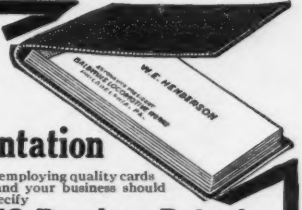
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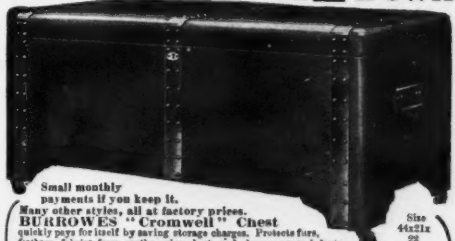
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36278 \$150. 36034 \$45. 36030 \$25. 36184 \$100.

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When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

*There is much of value and interest to you in these pages*

## REAL ESTATE

### ARIZONA

**Come and Make Money in Salt River Valley, Arizona.** The Great Roosevelt Dam is watering a farm for you. Fertile, easily worked soil—rich enough to enrich you. Delightful place to live. Low prices. 20 acres enough. Easy terms. Free folder. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Col. Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1874 Ry. Exch., Chicago, or Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona.

### CALIFORNIA

**California Land. \$1 Acre Cash.** Balance entire purchase 90 cents month per acre. Immediate possession given. No taxes. No interest. Merced County 5-acre tracts up. Clear, ready to plow; gravity irrigation, \$1 acre per annum. Particulars, maps, free. Stevinson Colony, 785 Market St., San Francisco.

**Sunny Stanislaus** where the farmer not only owns the land, but also the water to irrigate it. The home of Alfalfa, Fruits and Berries. Write Dept. "C," Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal., for free booklet telling about it.

### FLORIDA

**A Winter Farm on South Florida's attractive Gulf Coast.** An independent income from a small cultivated area in the heart of Florida's frost-proof fruit and vegetable growing district. All the early vegetables, marketed at highest prices, can be grown. Oranges, grapefruit, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries, etc., ripening under a winter sun, bring big returns. Three and four crops on same land each year—growing season 348 days. Beautiful, progressive little cities with every advantage. Hospitable people, formerly from all parts of United States. Delightful climate affords ideal living conditions year round. Our 64-page book of facts and photos mailed free. Ask—J. A. Fride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite D-6, Norfolk, Va.

### MISSISSIPPI

**Is he crazy?** The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 727 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

### VIRGINIA

**Virginia Farms \$15.00 per acre and up.** Easy payments. Fruit, Dairy Stock. Mild Climate. Raise Spring Lambs for early market. On Railroad. Best markets nearby. Write for farm lists, information and N. & W. Rwy. Homeseeker, all free. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., Norfolk & Western Rwy., Room 243, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Southern Lands are low in price, but high in productive value,** make two to four crops a year and give largest profits in grain, vegetables, fruits, live stock and dairying. Unsurpassed climate, good markets. Southern Progress is on the Southern Railway. Publications on request. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 23, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

**Money-Making Farms throughout 15 Eastern States;** one acre to 1,000 acres, \$10 per acre up; many with livestock and tools included; big illustrated catalogue free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 2720, 47 W. 34th St., N. Y.

## COINS, STAMPS & POST-CARDS

**Would You Exchange** post cards with people in other cities, towns or countries? Then try our splendid club; exchange list widely circulated; membership ten cents. The Halcyon League, Box 133, Erie, Pa.

**Constitutionalist Money,** issued by Francisco Villa, Chief of Northern Army, containing Photo Sr. Francisco Madero, Ex-President of Mexico, (assassinated), \$5 bill for 50c or 11 bills, \$55 pesos for \$5. Collections incomplete without them. List other Mexican bills and coins upon request with 4c stamps. Old Mexico Export Co., Mills Bldg., El Paso, Texas.

**\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856.** Keep all money dated before 1895, and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 115, Le Roy, N. Y.

**\$50.00 paid for dollar 1873 S. Mint; \$2 for 1904 Proof Dollars;** \$7 for 1853 Quarters, no arrows, etc. Watch your change. Many valuable coins circulating. Get posted. It may mean large profits to you. Send only 4c for large illus. Coin Circular. Send to Numismatic Bank, Dept. P, Fort Worth, Tex.

**Old Coins bought and sold.** Full catalog list of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Buying catalog, quoting prices I pay for coins, 10 cents. Wm. Hesslein, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**Write Moving Picture Plays! \$25 to \$100 each paid by Producers.** Big demand, write in spare time. No correspondence course. Send to-day for free details explaining everything. E. Z. Scenario Co., 609 W. 127th St., New York.

**Manuscripts? Certainly. Scenarios also.** Criticized free. Revised and typewritten at reasonable cost. Sold on commission. Write today for free folder, also prize contest details. Manuscript Revision Bureau, Dept. C, Rochester, N. Y.

**Every Life Contains Three Stories.** Let us criticize your playlet and revise it, if available, for sale. Send dime (coin) for model form. Sell manuscript yourself. Why? Write Photoplay Criticism Company, Box 226, Bradford, Penna.

**Write Moving Picture Plays:** Producers pay \$10 to \$100 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. No correspondence course. Start work at once. Free details tell all. Atlas Pub. Co., 301 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**How to write Photoplays** is a brand-new volume devoted to motion picture playwriting. Contains a model scenario, a list of 36 Scenario buyers, and all information necessary. Price 35c. Photoplay Book Co., 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

**Have you manuscripts to sell?** We can show you how to market them profitably; no courses. Submit us your scripts in any form, and receive criticisms free. Sold on commission. Write today. Manuscript Sales Co., 600 Main, Hazelhurst, Pa.

**Photoplays wanted by 48 companies; \$10 to \$500 each paid for plays.** No correspondence course or experience needed; details sent free to beginners. Sell your ideas. Producers League, 324 St. Louis, Mo.

**Motion Picture Plays Wanted.** Buyers pay \$10 to \$100 each. Demand increasing daily. No flowery language wanted; good ideas the only requirement. Send at once for our free descriptive book, "How to Write Photoplays." Enterprise Co., CM-3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

**Plays, Photoplays, Novels, Feature Stories Wanted.** Sales agents for all standard Literature. Immediate Market. Literary agents Equity Motion Pict. Co., Small charge listing. Manuscripts Universal, Soc. of Writers, Inc., 220 5th Ave., N. Y.

**Motion Picture Plays Wanted, \$25 to \$500, paid by Producers** for good ideas. Full particulars will be sent on request. Write editorial department—Pyramid Motion Picture Co., 418-421 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

## SHORT STORIES

**Short Stories, Poems and Photoplays Wanted by 100 companies.** Constant demand. Big prices. Course of lessons not required. Details free. W. L. Gordon, Publisher, Dept. 101, Cincinnati, O.

**Authors—Book manuscripts of fiction, poetry, biography, travel and special subjects may be considered for immediate publication.** Submit to us. We aid in publishing and selling. Minimums 5,000 words, prose; 200 lines, poetry. Send prepaid to Eastern Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

**Wanted—Short Stories, Articles, Poems, etc., for new magazine.** We pay on acceptance. Send prepaid with return postage if unavailable. Handwritten MS. acceptable. Cosmos Magazine, MSS Div., Washington, D. C.

**Writers—Attention! Short Stories, Poems, photoplays, etc. are wanted for publication.** Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS.

National Literary Bureau, C5, Hannibal, Mo.

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**500 Typewriters at \$10-\$15, Prices Smashed!** Factory rebuilt Underwoods, Remingtons, Smiths, Oliverts, etc., perfect—guaranteed for 3 yrs., including all repairs. Write today for descriptive circular. C. E. Gaerte, Pres., Dearborn Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 278, Chicago, Ill.

**Largest Stock of Typewriters in America.** All makes. Underwoods, Oliverts, Remingtons, etc.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mfrs. prices. \$15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog O. Typewriter Emporium (estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

**Typewriters, all makes, factory-rebuilt by famous "Young Process."** Look like new, wear like new, guaranteed like new. Our big business insures "square deal" and permits lowest cash prices—\$10 and up. Also machines rented—sold on time. No matter what your needs are, we can best serve you. Write and see—now. Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 144, Chicago.

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## Opportunity Adlets

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**Write Moving Picture Plays:** Producers pay \$10 to \$100 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. No correspondence course. Start work at once. Free details tell all. Atlas Pub. Co., 3015 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Be a Show-Card Writer.** Pleasant, Fascinating, Profitable. Men and women. Unlimited field. Earn money after few lessons. Taught by an expert, \$1.00 per lesson. Easy Show-Card System, Dept. 13, 105 Chambers St., N. Y.

**Wanted—Persons to color art pictures at home;** easy work; no experience; good pay; sample free. Gleason Wheeler, Dept. 102, 337 Madison, Chicago.

**Persons to be prepared by us for positions as Topographic Draftsmen** at good salaries. Previous training not required; shortage of eligibles. Request full information. Columbia School, 10th & G Sts., Washington, D. C.

**Ladies—Make Shields at home,** \$10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 33, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Help Wanted—U. S. Government Wants Clerks.** Men—Women, 18 or over. \$70.00 month. Vacations. List of positions now obtainable free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-14, Rochester, N. Y.

**Dandy Home Business.** Collect names, information, etc., for business concerns. Sell your ideas, plans and knowledge by mail. Some clear \$100 monthly. Booklet free. National Information System, 180 Marietta, Ohio.

**Agents make big money** and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing business of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

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**Big pay and sure work for you with Uncle Sam.** Thousands of government positions open this year. Write for my big free Book 5 to-day. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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**Five bright, capable ladies to travel,** demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 99, Omaha, Neb.

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**Lady or Gentleman to Travel** for old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. \$18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. Address G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Penna., Pepper Bldg.

**Wanted—Men and Women—18 or over** for U. S. Government Jobs. \$75 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. C10, Rochester, N. Y.

### GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

**Prepare for Railway, Mail, Post Office, Custom House and other Government Civil Service Exams** under former Government Examiner. Write today for free booklet J-115. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

### CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**Paragon Shorthand—Learned in 7 Days.** Valuable invention by expert—not by mere theorist. Speed capacity beyond reach of hand. Is being used in service of United States Government. Request names of writers and fee. Paragon Institute, 135 Coliseum St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

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### TELEGRAPHY

**Telegraphy—Morse and Wireless**—Also Station Agency taught. R. R. and W. U. Wires and complete Marconi Station in school. Graduates assisted. Marconi Co. employs our wireless graduates. Low living expenses—easily learned. Largest school. Investment, \$25,000. Correspondence courses also. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, 12th St., Valparaiso, Ind.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**Don't be a Drudge for others.** Be independent. Have a business of your own. We tell you how. Particulars for stamp. Sanitary Paint and Color Co., 1073 East Main Street, Columbus, Ohio.

**We will start you in the cleaning and dyeing business;** splendid field, excellent profits, little capital needed to start. Write for booklet.

Ben-Vonde System, Dept. D, Charlotte, N. C.

**Sell Goods by Mail.** We will show you how to start and furnish complete working plans for Three Dollars. Send to-day. The Genesee Advertising Service, Stewart Block, Utica, N. Y. Dept. 4.

**Operate Mail Order Book Business.** Easiest, best paying line in Mail Order field; large profits; small outlay; everything furnished; send for folders, wholesale price lists, etc. Rollins Co., Dept. 22, Boston.

**Own a Business.** Make big money. Here is a chance. Co-operate with me evenings at home in a big money proposition. Everything furnished. Don't worry about capital. Boyd H. Brown, Dept. J-11, Omaha, Neb.

**Hire Yourself as Boss.** Big corporation will back you in money-making Mail-Order Business, selling Guaranteed Goods. Start spare time. Small capital required. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr. Dept. C-11, 20 W. Lake Street, Chicago.

**Manufacturers, Promoters, and Patent Buyers** are invited to write us, stating the line of invention in which they are interested, as we can supply their wants in any class of patents. Victor J. Evans & Co., 164 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

**I Made—\$50,000 in five years** with a small mail order business; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, 885 Lockport, N. Y.

**How to Operate a Mail Order Business.** 30 plans, Baggage Building and year's mailing service required. 10c. Mail Dealers Wholesale House, 245 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

**Use your spare time** to build up a mail order business of your own. We help you start for a share in profits. 27 opportunities. Particulars free. Mutual Opportunities Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Learn to Collect Money.** By a sure, simple system. Good yearly income. Quick results. No capital required. Instructive book, "Skillful Collecting," free. National Collectors' Ass'n, 41 Park Place, Newark, Ohio.

**Let the Parcel Post Help You.** Add (\$15 to \$25 weekly) to your present salary or income. Start during spare time and build up a permanent mail-order business of your own. We show you how and help you make it good. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. The Parcel Post makes success doubly sure. Our new ideas and up-to-date plans bring the money. No so-called "Course of Instruction" to sell. We give that free. Write today. Address Pease Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. J., 70 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

**I need branch managers** for my world-wide mail order business. Operate from your own home in spare time; no canvassing or peddling unnecessary; you should make good money. Butler, 457 Factories, Toledo, Ohio.

**Mistakes are expensive.** We have indispensable information for anyone in or about to start in the Mail Order Business. Be sure to investigate this before taking up any Mail Order proposition. Premium Sales Co., 4302 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

**Would you like to own a good paying Mail Order Business?** We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. You can start in spare time; invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own. Particulars free. Nadico, 4305 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

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**10 cents buys \$100 mortgage.** Part of first mortgage on real estate in San Francisco or country California, paying 6% per annum interest. Guaranteed by oldest, largest Mortgage and Guaranty Company on Pacific Coast. Payments of only 10 cents day. Your interest begins with first payment of \$3. For interesting particulars, Howard H. Hogan, 785 Market St., San Francisco.

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**Send 12c for "Sexual Philosophy,"** clearest, best, most instructive sex manual published. Actually teaches, not merely argues. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today. "Health-Wealth" Pub. House, 77 Bennington St., Lawrence, Mass.

**Learn another man's language** by the Easy practical Hossfeld Method for Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, each one dollar. Free circulars. Peter Reilly, Publisher, Dept. Co., Philadelphia.

### LOOSE LEAF BOOKS

**Everybody should carry a Loose-Leaf Memo Book.** Why? Because it is economic. Send 25c for a sample book with Genuine Leather covers and 50 sheets. Name on cover in gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 81½ E. 125th St., N. Y.

## Opportunity Adlets

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**\$120 in 3 days is Big Profit** but Jennings did it in 3 hours. This is unusual—but many do it in a few days. How? Selling our wonderful, brand new, repeat advertising proposition to retail merchants, stores, etc., everywhere. Work when you like—make what you want. Experience unnecessary. Our book tells all—write quick. Salesmanager, Winslow Cabot Company, 84 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

**Agents: Kleanol Sanitary Wire Twisted Brushes** pay big profits; new low prices; freight paid and delivery guaranteed; quick service; exclusive territory; profit-sharing; full line fast sellers; oldest, largest wire brush makers. Kleanol Brush Company, Inc., Dept. 2, Springfield, Mass.

**Agents—Live agents—men who can earn from \$35 to \$60 per week**—are wanted to sell the well-known J-O line of vermin destroying preparations. Easily sold and we help you. 40 years on the market. 500,000 cans sold annually in New York. You will be interested in our liberal proposition. Write for it. John Opitz, Inc., 184 East 3rd St., New York.

**Agents: New Mighty Money Making Marvel:** strange scientific discovery; all clothes washing ideas revolutionized. Positively abolishes drudgery; rubbing; wash-boards; washing machines, etc.; \$1000 guarantee; absolutely harmless; \$50,000 Corporation; inventors and Mfrs; nature's mighty elements work wonders; women astounded; Franklin, Idaho, realizes \$245 in 30 days; exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a fascinating repeat order business; pocket big profits; hurry! Write today, get overwhelming proof; all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 330—215 W. Superior, Chicago.

**Canvassers' Magazine.** Monthly; valuable information for canvassers; tells how to buy from manufacturers, illustrates newly patented specialties, exposes "fakes" and a hundred and one other things salesmen should know; yearly subscription \$1; special rate, 3 months 15c; 6 months 25c (none free). Canvassers' Magazine, Dept. A, South Whitley, Ind.

**Agents—you can make big money selling Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils to consumer.** Large Cash Prizes—protected territory. Answer quick. Div. Cos. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

**Agents—Get Particulars of One of the Best** paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make big money. Address E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 3075 Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

**Specialty Salesman Wanted.** Big commission being earned; write for particulars.

E. L. Amott,  
Greenfield, Ohio.

**Large Profits.** Manufacturing "Barley Crisps," new Confection costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine and instructions prepaid \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1208 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.

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C. Brown Mfg. Co., 4701 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Salesmen: Pocket side line, new live proposition,** all merchants in towns of 100,000 and under want it. Pays \$5.00 commission on each sale. No collecting, no risk to merchant. Write back to us, enclosing \$1.50. Eastest, biggest paying side line. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigt St., Chicago.

**Specialty Salesmen:** Large Eastern Organization manufacturing patented, popular-priced office efficiency devices wants representatives in unoccupied territory. Splendid proposition. Fine line "repeaters." Full protection. Ask for Folder A1. Chelsea Mfg. Company, 111 Broadway, New York.

**Don't be an Agent—You take the money:** be your own master. Dave Crawford, W. Va., writes: "Made \$42.75 first week." Smith, Pa., writes: "301 in two weeks." Bostwick, N. Y., "Make an average of \$10 a day." We have started hundreds of others. Gray's cutlery, pens and up. Plate Gold, Silver, Nickel, Metal, etc. We furnish recipes, formulas, trade secrets and teach you the art; work easy. Royal new dipping process. Every family, hotel, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be replated. Every other business overcrowded, few plating shops. Send Postal, free sample plating. Gray & Co., Plating Works, 921 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Agents Make Big Money.** The best line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. Over 250 light weight, popular priced, quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters—large profit. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Just a postal today. American Products Co., 3076 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**The Prosperous Agent is the Davis Agent.** Why? Our soap and toilet combinations get the money with large profits. Constant repeat orders. Great crew managers proposition. E. M. Davis, President, K-31, Davis Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Advertisers—Drop us a line today** without fail and let us tell you the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small advertiser. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

**Agents: An Opportunity to Increase Your Income.** Big profits. Selling our up-to-date Show Cards. Write for particulars. Francis A. Sorber, Jr., 5733 Germantown Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Agents: Identification Tooth Brush Holder.** Place for the brush, place for the name. High-class article needed in every home. Retail at 35c and 50c. 100% profit. Write today. B. B. Flint & Co., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

**General Representatives with little capital** for Jap Silk nonbreakable Gas Mantle; America's latest invention; throws greater light; outlives others; substantial income assured handling subagents and trade. Jules, 211 W. 48th, N. Y.

**Vacuum Cleaner Men: You all know Hugro.** Biggest vac. factory in world. Best and latest models. All styles. Blue bird indoor and outdoor clothes reels. Lowest factory prices. Hugro Mfg. Co., Warsaw, Indiana.

**Agents: Here is an article of merit.** A patented ventilator for home, office and public buildings. Instantly installed without tools and adjusts to fit any window. Unlimited market. The Chapman Brothers Co., Box 10, Saybrook, Conn.

**Agents Make Big Profits** selling our Pure Aluminum Specialties; guaranteed 20 years. \$200,000 firm and liberal Credit Plan backs you. We have an attractive General Agency offer. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. C-1, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

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**Get new one: Evans outdoor reel complete;** bolts, pulleys, hooks, etc.; best ever; tons of money made selling this new device. Buy direct at sample \$1; information with sample order: Evans Mfg. Co., 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

**We are the largest manufacturers of twisted Wire Brushes in America.** Highest grade goods, best service, largest profits. Our New Auto Specials are winners. Send for catalog. Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.; Rock Island, Ill.

**Agents—Large Profits.** Free Sample Gold and Silver Sign Letters for store fronts and office windows. Anyone can put on. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. Metallic Letter Co., 420 N. Clark, Chicago, U. S. A.

**Salesmen—Get Our Plan for Monogramming Automobiles,** motorcycles, traveling bags, trunks, etc., by transfer method; very large profits. Motorists' Accessories Company, Ashland, Ohio.

**Responsible Lady Canvassers Wanted** in every town to take agency for exclusive Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, etc. Make a good income during your spare time. Write today. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 48, No. 8 Beach St., N. Y. C.

**We'll appoint one exclusive sales agent** in every county, position is worth \$1200 a year. We train the inexperienced. Write to the largest Mfr. of Transparent handled Knives for Special Offer. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.

**You can be your own boss** with our Key Check Outfit. Good for \$5 a day, stamping names on Pocket Key Checks. Fobs, etc. Sample check with your name and address, 15c. Pease Die Works, Dept. F., Winchester, N. H.

**We Start You in Business,** furnishing everything; men and women earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillyer-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

**Salesmen Wanted—To sell Shilon Products** to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices—attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission, nets large income. All or part time. Shilon, Rochester, N. Y.

**Great Opportunity for General Agents** selling New Specialty to merchants. Retail \$5, \$10, \$15 each. Your profit 200%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free Samples. Sayers Co., 404 Wainwright St., St. Louis, Mo.

**We will pay you \$120.00** to distribute religious literature and take orders in your community. 60 days' work. Man or woman. Experience not required. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 777 Winston Building, Philadelphia.

**Just Show Them—the new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and sanitary brushes** sell themselves. Big line. Big profits. Agents write Silver-Chamberlin Co., 1-5 Maple Street, Clayton, N. J.

**Biggest Hit Ever!** 11-Piece Toilet Article Set selling like blazes at \$1 with \$1 carving set free! Enormous profit! Tremendous sensation! Engle made \$51.00 first week. Write quick! Pierce Co., Dept. E, Chicago.

**We want men and women in every section of the United States to act as our Representatives.** We pay a generous commission in addition to a Monthly Salary. The work is very simple, and anyone with even ordinary selling ability can make a success of it. All necessary equipment supplied free. For particulars address: Cosmopolitan Magazine, Room 27, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

**Agents make money every day selling Lenox Hosiery** Our Silk and other Hosiery sell on sight. Exclusive rights. We teach you how to make sales. Earn while you learn. Lenox Silk Works, 108 West 34th St., New York.

**Do you want agents?** These advertisers are getting good live salesmen every month, and have been for years. There are plenty for you among the 5,000,000 readers of Cosmopolitan. A card to Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department 119 W. 40th St., N. Y., will bring complete information.

## Opportunity Adlets

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**Agents Sell Dozane Washing Paste.** Wonderful compound washes and whiten clothes without boiling, rubbing or bluing. Guaranteed absolutely harmless to finest fabrics or hands. Nothing like it. Every single family needs and will use it, often. Not sold in stores. First time offered to agents. Sells for 25c and 50c. Agents make 100%. Splendid repeater. Opportunity for permanent customers, steady, profitable business. We help and protect you. Send 10c for sample (enough for 4 family washings) and agents' proposition. Geo. H. Donah Co., Ash St., Utica, N. Y.

**We want agents in small towns** to introduce our gasoline lamps and mantles. Big money for the man who can sell. Grand Rapids Novelty Co., 545 Woodlawn St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Big money Easily Made Selling Jules Folding Portable Electric Lamps,** containing 10 ft. concealed extension cord automatically lengthened or shortened. Other features. Demonstration insures sales. Homes, Offices, Factories, Hospitals, Students. Rose-Strauss Co., 211 W. 48th, N. Y.

**Man or Woman of Good Character** in each town to distribute free goods, as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., 4 South Clinton St., Chicago.

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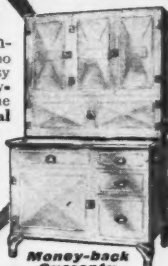
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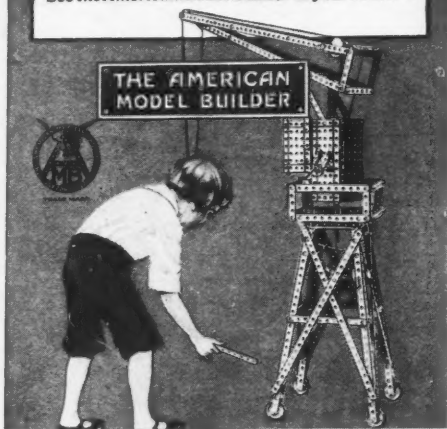
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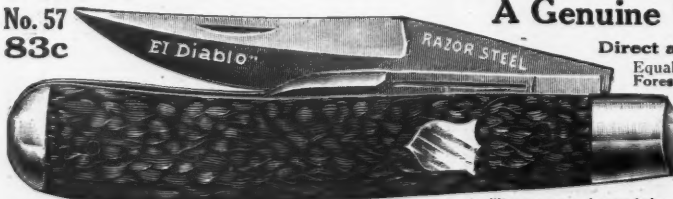
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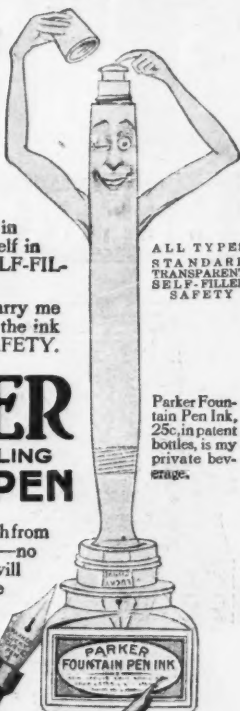
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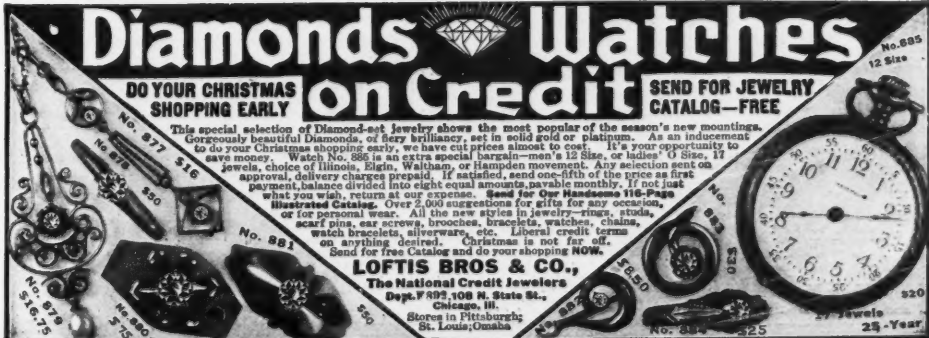
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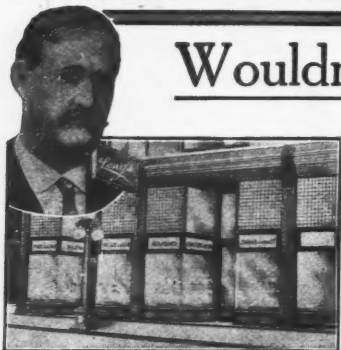
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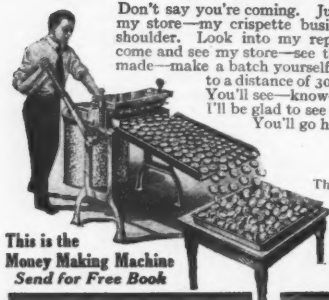
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Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture. See the machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

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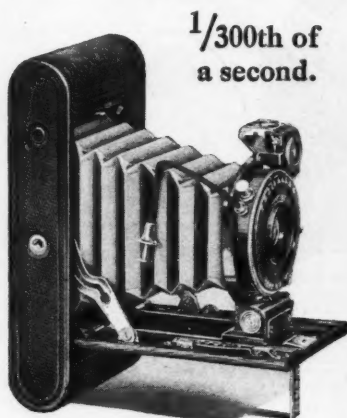
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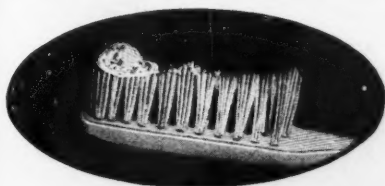
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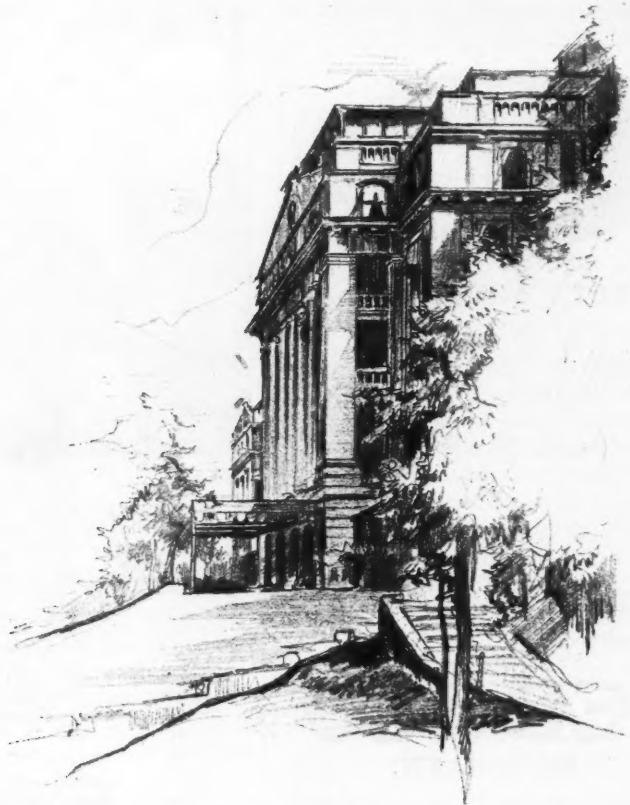
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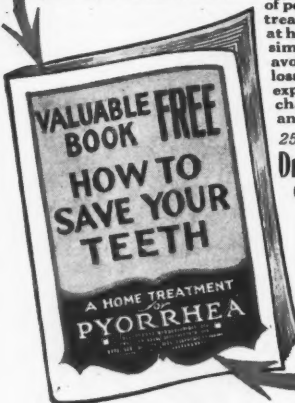
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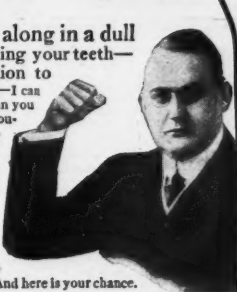
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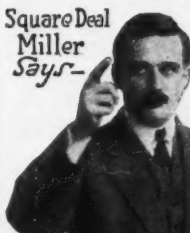
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For that reason the Royal delivers perfect presswork and the triple service of writing, billing-and-charging, and typing cards—all without an extra attachment.

For that reason the Royal cuts the cost of typewritten letters so that it pays part of their postage for you.

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## You can make your skin what you would love to have it

Is your skin coarse-textured? Or, is it tender and sensitive so that it chaps easily and looks scaly when you powder?

If your skin is coarse-textured, you have allowed the delicate pores to lose their power of contracting and expanding because of cleansing methods unsuited to your skin. If your skin is tender, it is very likely that you have been misled by the superstition that washing the face is bad for such a complexion. Dr. Pusey, in his book on the care of the skin, says: "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a poor substitute for a clean, clear skin, and is a constant invitation to various disorders."

Whichever of these conditions is keeping your skin from being attractive, you can begin at once to change it. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. As the old skin dies, new forms. This is your opportunity. Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely! Find out which of the following Woodbury treatments your skin needs, and begin that treatment tonight. It will help you as it has thousands of others—to make the new skin that is constantly forming just what you would love to have it.

### How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible rub the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days and your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

### Begin your treatment tonight

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of the above treatments. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to go to your druggist or toilet counter and get a cake today.

**Write today for sample.** For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., 1410 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1410 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

### The new treatment for tender skins

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clean, cool water and dry carefully.

This Woodbury treatment is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant. See what a difference it will make in your skin in ten days. Use it regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and watch your skin take on that greater loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings to a tender, sensitive skin.



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**Japanese Wadded Robe, \$8.75 — Oriental Crepe Kimono, \$3.50**



No. 3136C.  
Price prep'd, \$8.75

**JAPANESE** wadded robes are made by hand from very heavy Oriental silk, carefully quilted with cotton to insure warmth, and cut to conform to American taste. Our importations include men's robes and jackets, women's robes, jackets and vests, plain and embroidered in Habutai silk and Kabe Crepe. Prices \$1.50 to \$16.50. (Beautifully illustrated in actual colors in the new Vantine Catalog.)

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No. 3013C. Japanese cotton crepe kimono with obi (sash), daintily stencilled in floral designs and made by hand of genuine Japanese cotton crepe that improves with each washing; come in pink, old blue, lavender, gray, white, green, navy, and red. Price prepaid, \$3.50.



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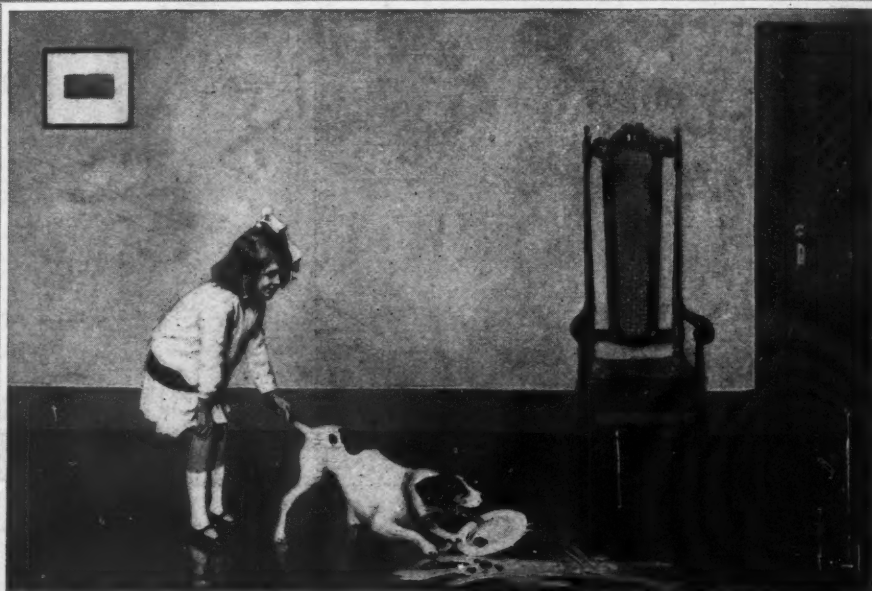
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